

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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ENGLISH WAYS—AND BYWAYS. I

I

SUNDAY AT BARCHESTER

JOHN has not written lately, because the car has been running well! He says you care only for 'Thrillers,' and there have been none since he last wrote — *Laus Deo!* add I! So to-day, which is a Sunday, I am writing in his place.

I am sorry to say I am not at all pleased with him! You know how unconventional and outspoken he is: well, I have had to tell him more than once that, while his way of talking is well enough at home, where people know and love him, and where, even if they do not know him, they are more or less like him, and so understand that what he says is not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, here people are different — their yea is yea and their nay nay. The English are not only matter-of-fact, but have an awful reverence for truth and do not understand what John means when he says that 'lying can be the highest form of truth!' So when a man says a thing, they not unnaturally think he means it.

Well, all this introduction leads to the events of the day. This morning we went to the Cathedral. I must say it was a shock to find that there were less than a hundred people in the Choir — where the service was held. However, all went well enough until the sermon: the preacher announced — *no, sang* — his text: 'Blessed among women shall

Jael the wife of Heber the Kennite be. Blessed shall she be among women in the tent'; and then proceeded, 'We will think of Jael, my dear brethren, not merely as the wife of Heber the Kennite, but rather as a type of the Blessed Virgin.' What followed I shall never know, for at this moment John picked up his hat and umbrella, and left, and I, fearing he was faint, quickly followed.

When he got outside, I said, 'Are you sick, dear?' and he replied, 'Not yet, but I should have been had I waited a moment longer.'

'Was the air close?' I innocently asked.

'No, it was as damp and draughty as usual, but I could not have stood that creature another minute.'

Then followed a diatribe on the Established Church, which I will spare you. Before he had finished, there was not one stone left upon another of the Cathedral system! 'Such an array of clergy, such a choir, such an organ, such everything to make the service glorious, yet fewer people than could be found in a Mission chapel — the extravagance, the futility of it — why half the people there were American tourists! Why don't they take the money and use it for some good purpose?'

"This ointment might have been sold for much," I quoted.

'No, you don't,' he growled. 'Was the "whole house filled with the odor of the ointment"? Is England? Is

this town? Was the great Cathedral? Was the Choir even? There was no odor of ointment. There was nothing but a *stench*!

'John!' I protested.

'Well, perhaps that was too strong. But honestly, was there any feeling of the Majesty of God there?—I say nothing of his love—any pity for poor struggling souls? "A type of the Blessed Virgin," forsooth! If he must talk of Jael, why did he not tell the truth and remind the people that if she were living to-day she would be in jail—no, that is not a pun—waiting for the report of the grand jury? Is it not due to Mary's Son that she can no longer be counted "blessed"? It is not the blasphemy, it is the unreality of the whole performance which is so dreadful. The preacher no doubt is a decent, law-abiding Englishman, who would be horrified if he read of such a thing in the *Times*; but because it is embedded in the Bible, he considers it his duty to find a mystic meaning in it. This sort of talk is what leads to moral confusion, and is one of the reasons why the Church is losing its hold on thoughtful people. The day was, when the "world" was full of darkness and the Church full of light, but now the "world" has a clearer moral vision than the Church—or, at any rate, than that preposterous creature has.'

By this time, as you may believe, there was not much of the 'Joy of the Sanctuary' left in me! We walked down to the river and, after a long silence, John began to recite, —

'O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.'

The tears came to my eyes, and John said, now quietly and reverently, 'He was a man,'—meaning Kingsley,— 'and there must be some like him. But, not "in king's houses"! Why did not

the preacher call *that* Mary a type of the Virgin? Why did n't he recite the "Sands o' Dee"? Is it not as truly inspired as Judges?'

By this time my ill-humor had passed, and I said, 'Perhaps because he could not do it as well as you.'

John laughed, and then said, 'I am sorry. Let us try and forget him'— meaning, I suppose, the preacher, who probably was at that moment eating his Sunday roast and listening to his wife's praises of the sermon!

In the afternoon, I announced that I thought of going to Even-Song, and, to my dismay, John said he would go with me! I thought it was running into temptation, and intimated as much; but he said he was going to do penance. Well, it proved to be a lovely penance! The sermon was so beautiful and simple, on the words 'I know where thou dwellest.' It was about home—where we dwell. 'Is it such,' said the preacher, 'as we should wish Our Lord to visit?' He was an old man, and the sermon was like the talk of a father to his children. It radiated love. Then came the Anthem 'Love Divine'; and as the voice of the tenor was lifted up, the boys' soprano followed, rising still higher, till in one final 'Love Divine' the great arches of the roof reëchoed with the melody. I confess that I wept; and John said softly, 'How perfect it all was! I understand now why the townspeople come to such a service.'

So we wended our way back to the hotel, feeling that the day had not been altogether lost.

I said that the day was not altogether lost; but, alas! it was not yet over. We were sitting in the garden, after the cold supper always served in lieu of dinner on Sunday evenings. John was smoking his pipe and all was peaceful, when a man sitting near us turned to John and said, 'I saw you in the Cathe-

dral this morning; as you left hurriedly, I feared you might be ill. I hope not.'

Why can't John be good all the time? Or, if that is not possible, why can't he tell a lie? Surely the latter would have been better than to blurt out, 'No, thank you. I was quite well, but when I found the talk was to be about Jael, I thought it best to take my wife out. I don't think she is a proper person to be spoken about in the presence of decent people.'

'God bless me!' exclaimed the other; 'how extraordinary!'

Fortunately, at that moment, the man in charge of the garage appeared, with the information that he had succeeded in getting the distilled water needed for the batteries, as the chemist's shop was now open; and John departed with him to see to dropping it in.

There was a long silence; then the stranger said, 'Are you an American?'

When I told him, he said, 'Really, I should never have suspected it!'

How thankful I was that the chemist had opened his shop just when he did; for that 'compliment'—for such of course it was intended to be—affects John as 'Sheeny' does an Irishman.

'Of course,' continued my neighbor, 'I saw at once that your husband was an American. But how does it happen that you speak without an accent?'

I laughed and said, 'Probably because I had lived until my marriage in Boston, and am of pure English stock; whereas my husband is of mixed race, possibly having no English blood at all.'

'Dear me! You don't mean to say Indian or negro, do you?'

Thank goodness that distilled water has to be put in drop by drop, or John would have been in the place he said the wife of Heber should be in! I explained that my husband's ancestors, on one side, had come from Ulster, and on the other from Wales, so that he did not have quite the same feeling about Eng-

land that I had, whose people came from Norfolk and Devon.

He remarked it was a pity—I suppose for John, not for me; but I did not inquire. It is, however, a funny thing that, while the English speak of curiosity as an American characteristic, they never seem to think there is any reason they should not ask us any questions which come into their heads. John, to whom, I need not say, I am indebted for this observation, says that it is because they look on us as freaks! And that, just as children at the circus will pinch the legs of those unfortunate creatures called freaks,—a thing they would never dream of doing to 'humans,'—so the English take liberties with us which they would never take with their own countrymen. But you know how he talks!

My new acquaintance was evidently not yet satisfied, for he continued, 'You know that was rather an original remark of your husband's about the sermon this morning.'

I replied that he was rather an original person.

'But,' he said, 'if you once begin that sort of thing, where will it end?'

'What sort of thing?' I asked.

'Why, talking about those people in the Bible as if they were real people living to-day, don't you know.'

'Don't you think of them as real?'

'I don't think of them at all!'

'But when they are spoken of in a sermon, what do you think?'

'Why, to tell you the truth, I am apt to take a little snooze. I have done my part in the service, made the responses and that sort of thing, you know, and when it comes to the sermon, that's parson's job. He has to do something, and I take it for granted he knows his business and pay no attention to him. But if I once started in to consider whether he was right or wrong, where should I end? I know jolly well that

Sunday would be no day of rest! Look at your husband now—he is all worked up over the sermon this morning, but it did me no harm. To tell you the truth, I don't think I ever met a man before who cared what a parson says. Well, perhaps I don't quite mean that, but what surprised me was that he talked as if he'd been listening to a speech by Lloyd George or Asquith or one of those men, on a subject that really matters.'

'But you think the clergy ought to talk on things that really matter?'

'In a way, yes. But not as a regular thing. That is the mistake the Non-conformists make. I have a son-in-law who goes to Chapel, and at Sunday dinner the family talk over the sermon as if they had been to a political meeting. Why should I want to have a parson tell me what to think or what to do? What does he know about the life of *men*? I expect I know what I *ought* to do as well as he does.'

'Why, then, have a sermon at all?'

'Well, it's the custom, and I believe in keeping up the old customs. And, besides, the parson ought to have something to do. Of course, in a large town, where there are working people, with a lot of drunkenness and fighting and that sort of thing, the parsons are pretty busy. As I said to my son-in-law a fortnight ago, when he was saying the Established Church ought to go, the money ought to be taken for other purposes, and all that sort of thing the radicals are always saying,—well, I said to him, "You don't look deep enough. Think what the Church saves the country every year in police alone! The Established Church is the bulwark of society," I said, "and if you break that down, what will take its place? The people who need it least will build churches for themselves, and those who need it most will have none. And, let me tell you, when that day comes, you will soon learn whether you are paying

less or more to maintain order. And that is not all," I said, for by this time I was pretty hot; "the Established Church keeps alive the spirit of the Empire. But in your chapels, your ministers talk as if there were other countries as good as England. They are a lot of radicals and have no respect for Land, yet it is on the Land England depends, and the Church knows that and never offends the landlord." He did n't like this overmuch, and I doubt if I go there soon again. No, I am all for the Church: what I say is, "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, Amen!"'

And with that confession of faith, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and stumped off to bed.

How will it all end? Will the Church set its face against the rising tide of democracy and make Canute its patron saint? I don't dare to ask John. I wish you were here that we might talk things over! You would be so sympathetic, for you love England dearly, which I fear John does not, and therefore, I feel, cannot understand her. Well, I comfort myself by thinking what I believe you would say: 'England has the "root of the matter" in her, and if a great crisis were to arise, Englishmen will show that they are to-day what they have always been, and the Church will follow the higher call. England will never do penance and sit in a sheet, in the face of the nations confessing the "sins and offenses of her youth"; but she will set her house in order and meet the new age with courage and faith and hope, as she has ever done, and the "glory of the latter house will be greater than that of the former!"' "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be" expresses a great truth, and that was what your muddle-headed friend tried to express. He thought, and alas! he is not alone in so thinking, that the *form* makes the stability, whereas it is the

eternal stability of the English character in which he believes, and so do I.'

So with these comforting thoughts, I am going to bed. My Tory friend was right in one respect — it has not been a restful day!

II

THE BLACK COUNTRY

My letter was from Archdeacon Williams. I had never met him, but had read his books and been much influenced by them, as I know you have been. To tell the truth, I hesitated about accepting his invitation to spend the 'week-end,' for I feared I might be disappointed! Authors are like miners: they put the precious metal into their books; but when one gets to the mine, there is apt to be a lot of 'slag' about! But it was not so in this case. The books are the man; he lives as he talks.

England is the land of contrasts. Shropshire seems to belong to another planet, when one gets into the dark and chilly atmosphere of the Black Country. It was most depressing. Instead of the charming vicarage I had pictured, I found a plain brick house right on the street; and instead of a blooming garden, a few sickly shrubs, blackened, like everything, by the smoke from the mills.

But within all was sweetness and light. The house was overflowing with delightful children, and everyone seemed to be at work. Or, perhaps I should say, everyone seemed to have a purpose; for, as I arrived at tea-time, work had been suspended.

There was but one drawback: the Archdeacon does not smoke, and does not seem to have heard that anyone else does! I thought that three days would be more than I could bear. But, indeed, mind and body were kept so busy, that I hardly missed my pipe at all! Can I say more?

The Archdeacon and I sat up until

all hours of the night, talking of the things which are most worth while.

He is an extraordinary man — not only a good classical scholar, but also a notable mathematician. He is quite at home in all the scientific theories which are the vogue to-day, and insisted that theology can have no interest for the modern mind until theologians abandon the mediæval, *a priori* method for the inductive, and use words as the symbols of truths which can be verified. Then it will be found that the 'Faith' for which the saints contended was the reality without which man cannot live. He said many things, of which I will tell you when we meet; but one I send you now, for you might have said it yourself! 'Men are forever talking about "faith" as if the important thing were the *quantity* of it, whereas the thing that matters is its *quality*. The faith which overcame the world is not the mass of opinion which has accumulated through the ages, but the deep conviction that God is Spirit and that the character of that Spirit has been revealed in the person of Jesus.'

The way the man works would, I think, astonish you. This is what we did on Saturday. Breakfast at 8, then prayers in the parish church at 9. He agrees with Bishop Creighton, that it is better to have many of the parish come together for prayers each day, than to have family prayers; with which, I am sure, you will no more agree than I do! At 9.30 he shut himself in his study and did not appear again until one. Then we had dinner, all the family taking part in the talk, and I listened. The last you will not believe, but it is true!

Mrs. Williams is as remarkable in her way as he, and is a real intellectual companion. When I spoke to him of her, he said, 'Think of the men who are asphyxiated by dull wives!' I did!

The children adore their father, though Rose — a girl of about twelve —

told me they could have a pony if their father did not give so much to the poor. When I suggested that this was a good way to use money, she agreed, but added, 'It seems a pity there is not enough for both.'

At 2.30 a large van drove up to the door, and into it we all piled, except the very little ones, to go to the Sunday-School Treat. We stopped at many a corner to pick up the teachers, — all of whom were workers in the mills, — and drove to a grove some miles away, where the feast was spread.

I sat next a man of about fifty years of age, who, when he learned that I was an American, 'let himself go.' He had friends who had migrated to the States, and admitted that the wages were much larger than in England, but added that, as the expense of living was so much greater, there was not much in it. I did not remind him that the greater expense meant also better living conditions, for I wanted to hear him talk. He complained that our people worked longer hours than they did, and were so tired at the end of the day, that they could not enjoy the rest when it came. He wanted to know if the tariff helped our trade. I laughed and told him there was great difference of opinion on that subject, and that I did not pretend to be an authority, but that I was inclined to think that the willingness of the workers to use new machinery had more to do with our prosperity than anything the government did.

'Aye,' said he, 'that is what the masters tell us, but we do not heed them. We know this new machinery can be speeded up till a man's heart is broke.'

It was not the man's opinion that interested me so much as his willingness to talk; for I had heard frequent complaints that the workingmen would talk freely only with their mates. But I got a new light, for, when we had risen and sung 'God Save the King,' my

neighbor turned to me, and said, 'You will excuse me if I have talked too free, but this is the first time in my life that I ever talked with a gentleman.'

I could have wept. 'But,' I said, 'you must often have talked to the vicar?'

'Aye,' he replied, 'but he is a *man*.' And with this cryptic saying I had to be content!

One other thing he told me, that I am sure will interest you. He said that, in the dark days of the cotton famine, during our Civil War, he could remember as a little boy seeing his father go, with many others, to receive the food distributed to the poor. 'That was the only time any of my name received anything from the rates, and it was bitter hard for father. There were men who came up from Liverpool and told us that if the workingmen of Lancashire would send a deputation to Parliament, the war would be stopped and we could get cotton to open the mills. But my father was one of those who said that it was the cause of free labor you were fighting for, and that, if the men would hold on a bit, God would come to our help. He learned that, I know now, from John Bright. So the men held out. But it was hard.'

Is n't that fine? And does n't it make Lord John Russell and Gladstone look cheap?

By some ill chance Rose and I got separated from the rest of the party, and the van drove off without us. When Rose learned this, she thought it a huge joke, and said we should have to walk. I said, 'Not on your life!' This familiar slang filled her with delight, and she cried, 'Oh, I say, that is a jolly saying; I must tell that to Dick, and he can take it back to school!'

'That is all very well,' said I; 'but what is going to take us back to home?'

She suggested a 'fly.' I solemnly remarked that I did not believe there was a fly big enough to carry us both.

She looked at me for a moment in astonishment, and then cried, 'Why, I believe you are thinking of an *insect*!'

I asked what else one could think of. She pondered this a moment, and then said she believed I was making game of her. Nothing, I assured her, was further from my thoughts.

'Well,' she said, 'if you are sure you don't know, I will tell you: a fly is something that a horse pulls.'

I asked if it was a cart? But apparently she had given me up as hopeless, and led me to a livery stable, where the proprietor produced a fly and announced that the price would be ten shillings, and asked if he should 'put it down' to the vicar? Rose looked much alarmed at this, and was proportionately relieved when I paid the amount.

There was silence for a little space after we started; then Rose said, as if to herself, 'Daddy would have walked.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'but you must remember he is over six feet tall and his stride is about three-foot-three, whereas I step only about two-foot-six; so you can calculate how much longer it would take me to walk seven miles than it would him.'

'Don't you hate arithmetic?' she exclaimed.

I admitted that I was not fond of it.

'I simply *loathe* it,' she declared. 'Such a silly thing, I call it! Why should one spend *hours* in trying to find out how many yards of carpet it takes to cover the schoolroom floor, when all one has to do is to run through Tod Lane and ask Mr. Small, who keeps the shop, and he can tell in a moment, without even looking at a book.'

'But, suppose Mr. Small thought it to his advantage to sell you more carpet than you needed?'

'Why, he would n't do such a thing,' she indignantly replied: 'he is a churchwarden.'

There was another short silence and then she began again: 'Ten shillings is a lot of money.'

I agreed.

'However,' she continued, 'I suppose it does n't signify. Americans are very rich, are they not?'

I said some were.

'But you must be — to hand out ten shillings just like that!'

'Oh, I don't know. My share is only five shillings. You will pay half, will you not?'

'*Not living!*' she hastily exclaimed. 'There, I have that wrong. Please say it again.' When I had repeated the familiar slang, she echoed it. Evidently, it gave her great satisfaction, for I heard her muttering it to herself over and over again. Finally, she said, 'That is a jolly saying.' Then, with apparent irrelevance, — but that no doubt was due to my slowness in following her mental processes, — 'I *am* glad you came.'

I laughed, and said I was glad, too.

'Not,' continued this artless young person, 'that we were glad when we first heard you were coming, I mean except Daddy. Mother said, "Dear me! I fear he will expect a bathroom to himself!" and Dick said, "Is he as dirty as all that?" Even Daddy laughed at that. And Dick was so much pleased with himself that he did not know when to stop, and went on to say that all Americans were "bounders." So Daddy stopped his "sweet" and he *did* look silly! But it seems to me, you are just like other people, only rather *drôle*.'

As we drew near the house, she evidently began to think that, after all, Dick might be an authority on 'bounders'; for she remarked, with studied carelessness, 'I should n't think it necessary to repeat everything we have been talking about, at home.'

I gravely assured her that I made it a rule never to repeat the conversation I

had with the young lady I took buggy-riding.

'Buggy-riding!' she cried. 'What is that?'

'Why, what you call a fly, we call a buggy.'

Her reaction was rather deliberate, but finally she exclaimed, 'Oh, I see. "Bug" and "fly." That's awfully good. I must tell Dick that!'

Sunday was 'some day'! Early service at 8 o'clock, a hurried breakfast at 8.45, and then we started for the mission chapel, where the Archdeacon was to preach. I was curious to see how this scholar would adapt himself to the sort of congregation I knew he would meet there. Nothing could have been better. He did not 'condescend to men of low estate,' but gave them as thoughtful a message as he would have delivered at the university, yet clothed in such simple language as the most unlearned could understand.

'Truly,' I said to myself, 'here is a scribe who bringeth out of his treasure things new as well as old.'

The Archdeacon has, of course, besides his duty as vicar, many calls for work outside the parish. I was told that this day he was to preach at a church some twelve miles distant, and, therefore, there would be no time for dinner! However, Mrs. Williams made us a package of sandwiches, which we munched as we drove to the church where he was to preach the annual sermon on Education.

The church was a barn of a place and the atmosphere decidedly 'Evangelical.' There were the old square pews which we see in pictures of the eighteenth century; and when we knelt down, my legs were covered by the voluminous folds of a bright blue silk dress, worn by a farmer's wife; so that I was not quite sure of my identity, till a pair of stout white stockings, en-

casing most solid ankles, showed me that my own legs had not yet emerged.

The sermon was a plea for parochial schools, which would have left me cold, had it not been for the interpretation of the Parable of the Sower, from which the text was taken. 'The soil,' said the preacher, 'is human nature. At the first glance, it might seem as if man was no more responsible for his character than is a field for the different conditions of its soil. But there would have been no "gospel," that is, "good news" in that. No, what it means is what every farmer will understand. There is no soil that is hopeless and none that does not need to be cultivated. Our schools are to make poor soil good and good soil better.' And so on.

On the way home, the subject of education could not be ignored. The Archdeacon was none too pleased to learn that I did not think well of parochial schools, and insisted that 'godless' schools were worse than none. He would not agree that dogmatic teaching might be dispensed with and yet character be built up. When I pointed out that Jews and Catholics made up a large part of our urban population, and, not unnaturally, objected to Christian or Protestant teaching, he could only see how unfortunate it was that we had no Established Church! Once more I was impressed by the fact that no man is liberal all through! Though he had been in the States, his journey had led him only to the South—and that too in the days of Reconstruction. He had never seen New York or Ohio or New England, so that I could not feel that he was to be blamed for thinking poorly of our school system. But he made one remark worth remembering, to see if he is a 'Seer' as well as a Prophet, which latter he assuredly is.

'You are doing the thing on the "cheap." You do not pay your teachers enough to make it worth while for men

to make teaching a profession, and, as a result, not only the girls, but the boys as well, are for years under the influence of women. This is bad and cannot fail to affect the national character — as you will find if a great crisis were to come. It may, as I have heard it said, tend to “refinement” of speech and manners, but the price is too high. It will make them effeminate, that is, sentimental and, sometimes, hysterical. It is the manly virtues of endurance and disregard of trifles, which men alone can inculcate, which have made England what she is. Should a great war come, — and I fear that cannot be long delayed, — you will find your boys cannot bear the strain.’

I hope that, as Nehemiah liked to say, ‘It may be counted to me for righteousness’ that I refrained from mentioning 1776, or 1812, or even the Civil War, — the ‘Bloody Angle,’ and Pickett’s charge at Gettysburg, — for that might have raised the Alabama!

In the evening, I preached in the parish church — ‘the noblest parish church in England,’ I was told Ruskin called it. Well, the sermon was not worthy of the church. I don’t know what was the matter. You know how such things go! One trouble was that, all the time I was speaking, I wished to say something else! Ruth haunted me! I could hear her whispering, ‘Better be dull and decent than “start something.”’ So I was dull!

At nine o’clock, we sat down to a supper of cold beef and bread and cheese, and mighty good they tasted. Now was not that a day? I asked the Archdeacon if it had been an exceptional one.

‘Oh, no,’ he said, ‘I should say an average day. I often go to the Town Hall after evening service, and speak to the men who do not care to come to church. “Securalist,” they call themselves, and as they are almost sure to “heckle” one,

it is generally interesting and sometimes exhausting.’

There is no doubt that the English clergy work harder than we do — that is, those who pretend to work. While Americans find the climate trying, I am inclined to think one can accomplish more in a climate like this than in ours, which alternately exhilarates and depresses one. But, I suspect there is a deeper reason, which we do not like to admit, which is that they are better educated than we are! With us there is too much ‘cramming’ for the occasion; whereas they have a treasury from which they can draw as they have need. It is possible also that there is an advantage in an established church which has not been recognized. While the ‘dumb dogs’ take advantage of the ‘vested interest,’ to do as little as possible, the best men work in an atmosphere of leisure almost unknown to us. Unconsciously we are influenced by the competition which is the ‘life of trade.’ I do not mean that we do this in any unworthy manner, but with the subconscious feeling that we are expected to ‘make good,’ and this leads to ‘pressing,’ which is as fatal to the best work as it is to the best golf! Men like Williams seem to me to work without haste and without rest.

It was no ‘Blue Monday’ to which I awoke. All was healthy activity, as if Sunday had been indeed a day of rest. The children were shooed into the schoolroom; for though it was the holidays, there were tasks which must be done before the next term. Mrs. Williams had a meeting of women, for some good work, and the Archdeacon went to his study as soon as breakfast was finished, to talk over and arrange with his curates the work of the new week.

So I drove to the station in a ‘fly,’ and bought a third-class ticket. But, as I was about to take my place, the guard appeared and, touching his cap,

asked if I was from the vicarage. When I said, 'Yes,' he said, 'This way, please,' and showed me into a first-class carriage, the door of which he promptly locked, when he had again touched his cap and said, 'Thank you, sir.'

'But,' you will say, 'this was "graft"!' How crude you are! Do you not know that 'graft' is confined to Tammany Hall? This was proper respect to persons of importance!

"Convey," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!

III

DOWAGER AND COWBOY

John left me on Friday for Saltbridge to visit Archdeacon Williams, whom, as you know, he is always quoting. They have never met and I do hope they will not be disappointed in one another, and that John will behave! I feel like a mother whose child has gone to visit strangers. However, I comfort myself with the thought that children often behave better when they are left alone—I suppose because they then have a keener sense of responsibility!

I expect him back this afternoon and am hastening to write you before his return, for I would not have him see this letter for worlds. He would never cease teasing me about my 'beloved English'!

He had scarcely gone before a telegram came from Gertrude Shelburne, asking me to come to them for the weekend. I was glad to get it, first, because I am devoted to her, and second, because I wanted to see their place, which I had been told was beautiful. I suppose I ought to add that I had already begun to be a trifle *triste*, without John.

On the map it did not look far from Shrewsbury to Deepford, but the porter told me I would save time if I went up to 'town' and caught the Brighton ex-

press, which would stop at Deepford if I told the guard I was for Admiral Shelburne's. This did not seem probable, but it proved to be true.

I arrived for tea, which was being served on the lawn, quite as in an English novel. I felt somewhat like the poor governess in such stories, who is destined ultimately to marry the heir to the adjoining estate, but has not yet discovered her fate! For I was feeling a little shy—not because the people were so fine, but because they were so intimate. If one does not know the people talked of in an English household, it looks as if one did not know anybody! However, that did not last long, for Gertrude, who had been motoring with a young man when I arrived, soon appeared and made me feel at home.

If I were a human pig, I should arrange to have, each day, an American breakfast, a French dinner, and an English tea! What would I do for luncheon? Do as I did to-day. Go without one in order to enjoy the tea.

Admiral Sir George Shelburne, as I believe he is formally called, is as delightful as ever. He kissed me, not quite with the paternal air which should go with his years, but rather like one who has a sweetheart in every port! He is under the impression that he rules the house as he once ruled a man-of-war. As a matter of fact, Gertrude manages him and everyone else!

After tea, the Admiral asked me if I would like to see the gardens. As this was the 'first time of asking,' I was able to say with a clear conscience that I should be delighted. How I wish you might see these gardens! There is a 'lady's walk' that you would rejoice to make a water-color of. It is walled in by brick walls of a deep red, and the borders are a riot of color. Take down your Latin dictionary and read anywhere in it, and you will get a notion

of the names the Admiral called off to me! Whether they were right or wrong I have no means of knowing, but it sounded very learned. I asked the Admiral if his taste had laid out the lady's walk, and he modestly admitted that it had; and the best of it is, he believes it. Gertrude is a wonder!

The 'guests' were a young man who is secretary to someone in the government, and never moves without a dispatch-box, supposed to contain international secrets, upon which the peace of the world depends. I do not think I ever met anyone who took himself quite so seriously. He is supposed to be devoted to Gertrude, and is probably as much interested in her as he can be in anyone besides himself. So I fear she is, at best, but a bad second! There is, however, trouble brewing for that young man, as I learned as soon as I saw a 'photo.' (By the way, one never says 'photograph' in polite society, but 'photo,' and 'pram,' and 'bike.' It is a liberty the owners take with their language. This sounds like John, the reason being that for the moment I feel like John.) But, you will be saying, 'What about the photograph?' How curious you are! Well, if you must know, it is of a young naval officer the Shelburnes met at 'Gib,' two years ago. He has a straight nose, and a firm chin *à la* Gibson, and blue eyes, and his name is Guy. Does n't this tell you all you need to know? The Admiral is supposed to favor the young man with the dispatch-box—possibly because he knows too much about sweethearts in every port. How do you guess it will end? See what powers of condensation I have! It took Gertrude two hours to tell me what I have written in a few moments!

There are two perfectly uninteresting men besides the one already spoken of, and three nondescript women who devoted themselves to me. Only one of

them calls for any attention. This is Lady Agatha Bumstead. She is handsome and really means to be nice; but unfortunately she has been in the 'States,' and does not want to hear, but only to tell about them.

After dinner, while the men were sitting over their wine, she suddenly said to me, 'Have you any honest judges in America now?'

I said I hoped so.

She replied, 'I am glad to hear it. When I was in New York, with my dear husband [she is a dowager], I remember they were trying a judge for taking a bribe, and I was told it was quite common.'

I said that I supposed that was in the time of the Tweed régime.

'Yes,' she replied, 'that was the name of the Governor' (*sic*).

I said that I thought things had improved since then, and that, after all, that was but one of the hundreds of American judges, and that it was hardly fair to condemn the whole bench because of the iniquity of one Tammany judge.

'But,' she said, 'I thought all the judges in America were appointed by Tammany. I remember my husband said, when he was trying to recover some of the money he had put into that awful Erie, that all the judges were appointed by Tammany.'

Hoping to get a more favorable view of America if I moved out of New York, I asked if she had traveled much in the States.

'Far more than I wished,' she dryly remarked.

I expressed my sympathy.

'You see,' she continued, 'it is hard for people of refinement to put up with the lack of manners in America. Of course, you will not misunderstand me, my dear: I do not mean people like yourself; indeed, as I was saying to Sir George at dinner, I should hardly know

you were an American. I had in mind the lower classes.'

I feebly remarked that I thought they meant to be 'kind.'

'Kind, my dear,' she exclaimed in a shocked tone. 'What business have they to be "kind"? It is for us to be kind, for *them* to be respectful. I cannot say I met any such. I had an experience once which left an indelible impression on my mind. You,' she continued, turning to one of the other women, who were drinking in this unprejudiced view of our country, 'can have no conception of what that country really is. While we were in New York, trying to save something out of the wreck of the Erie, my husband met a man from the West who told him that there was a fortune to be made in silver mines, and he started with him to look into it. I may say here that he lost every penny he put into this venture. The mines were "pickled" — no, I think the word they used was "salted."

'However, that does not signify now — what I was going to tell you was, that he was detained longer than he had expected, and wrote me to join him in a place called Cheyenne. So I started; but what I endured in those sleeping-cars, I never told even my husband. It was n't proper! The passengers were of the most ordinary type, mostly bag-men, I should say. And the women! vulgar and overdressed. I must say, however, I was rather pleased with the black man who waited on the passengers. He was rather grotesque, but was the only one I saw who seemed to have at all the bearing of a servant, and even he had a habit of smiling when spoken to, which looked like impudence, till one learned that the poor creature had never been properly trained. Well, at length we reached Cheyenne. I had been told that it was the capital of the state, or whatever the district was

called, and you may imagine my disgust when I found that it was a mere jumble of miserable wooden houses.

'My husband was not there to meet me — he had gone into the mountains to inspect a mine, and there had been a "wash-out" or a "hot-box," I am sure I do not know the difference; I only know it was either the one or the other which continually caused delays. So there I was, with no one to meet me, and it was night. I looked round for a porter and, of course, there was none. I saw a rough-looking man leaning against the station-house, and said to him, "My man, carry my portmanteau to the hotel, please."

The pause which followed was so long that I thought the story ended, or that the narrator had fallen asleep. But I was mistaken — her emotion choked her. Finally one of the others said, —

'And what happened then?'

In a sepulchral tone, she answered, '*He spat!* Then, without a word, he picked up the bag and led the way to the hotel. I handed him a shilling and, instead of touching his cap — by the way it was not a cap at all, but a hat with a huge brim, — which, if you please, he took off with a flourish, and declining the tip, remarked, "Always a pleasure to help a lady!" I thought I should have died of shame at his insolence!'

I nearly choked, but fortunately did not, for everyone else was shocked. After a painful silence, Lady Agatha continued, 'I must say, some people have a peculiar sense of humor. I told this shocking story to Charlie Beresford, and he laughed till the tears ran down his face, and asked me to let him put it into a book he is writing on America. But I would not consent. It might give offense, — the Americans are very sensitive, — and I think it most important that nothing should be done to cause ill-feeling between the two countries,

for, as Sir George was saying at dinner, one cannot tell how soon we may need one another's help.'

Here Gertrude, who had been walking on the terrace with the complacent secretary, came in and took me to her room to talk about the blue-eyed Guy.

Now you see why I do not want John to see this letter. He thinks he has a strong sense of humor, but it is ten to one he would no more understand the

dowager than she understood the gentleman in the sombrero. How I should like to meet Sir Charles Beresford and hear him on dowagers and cowboys!

But, honestly, are not the English the most impossible people? I do not mean ridiculous, — no one would accuse them of being that, — but funny, as the camel is. 'There ain't no sich animal.' Only there is!

Leighton Parks.

(To be continued)

REFLECTIONS OF A GRUNDY COUSIN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

THINGS have a way of focusing. An article by 'Mr. Grundy' in the May *Atlantic* synchronizes with the receipt of a protest which I am asked (as a 'woman writer') to sign, against the prevailing immodesty of women's dress. Yesterday, between the arrival of the protest and the reading of the article, I attended a 'movie,' given for the benefit of the local hospital — a movie during which some incredible people danced at a place called 'The Green Lantern.' The screen-dancing aroused the loud laughter of the undergraduates in the audience; and I (who have not danced since waltz and two-step days) asked: 'Are they laughing because people do dance that way, or because they don't?'

'Because they don't — I think,' my companion replied.

Later, in an historical film, the young man kissed the girl very shyly, and she slapped his face — gently, but seriously.

Laughter again — this time, only too obviously, because they *don't* do it that way. And just now, before taking up my pen, I discovered an advertisement — in the *Atlantic* — which displayed a costume that the good ladies whose protest I have not yet decided about signing would certainly have thought should be included in their anathemas. Yesterday, I had been reading a very young novel, which affects to describe the sort of life that can be lived nowadays by boys and girls who have had 'advantages.' Things have a way of focusing, as I said. Add to this the fact that no one who lives in a university town can be unaware of the problems stated by Mr. Grundy; and that they furnish, inevitably, at this moment or that, the stuff of passionate discussion.

The fault I find with Mr. Grundy's interesting article is that, somehow, by

making everybody share the blame equally, he relieves any one of very much blame; and that he ends too optimistically. He is quite right, doubtless, in saying that fathers, mothers, boys, and girls are all responsible for the state of affairs. When a youth brings a girl of doubtful morals to dance on the floor with his friends' sisters, he is, on more counts than one, to blame. When a 'nice' girl behaves as if her own morals were *nil*, she is to blame. When a mother sends her daughter off to a ball unchaperoned, she is at fault; and when a father allows his daughter to drive a young man about for a few hours after midnight, in her own car, after supplying him with whiskey filched from the parental reserve, the father has not precisely lived up to his responsibilities.

Granted — all of it. 'It is the war, I believe,' said one mother, the other evening. 'It is the mothers,' say other women who keep a proper tab on their own girls. 'It is the motor-car,' says a man who does not give his *débutante* daughter a car of her own. 'It is the girls: they want you to make love to them,' say the boys. 'It is the men: they won't dance with you if you wear a corset,' say the girls. Passing the buck, as Mr. Grundy implies.

But it is really — is it not? — more than this. It is everything. That is why it seems to me that Mr. Grundy's final optimism is perhaps unjustified. Give the motor-car its due share of responsibility. Give the movie more blame, please, than it has hitherto received. Give the war some — but not too much; for all this antedates the war. Give the radical intellectuals a little, for their tendency to howl down everything that has ever, anywhere, been of good repute. Give a lot of it to the luxury of the *nouveaux riches*: a luxury which inevitably, at first, finds expression in pampering the body.

Give 'prohibition' a little, if only as an earnest of the vast blame it is going to have to shoulder in the next decade or two. And give all you can heap up to the general abandonment of religion.

For the abandonment of religion is probably most responsible of all, since it bears a causal relation to most of these other facts. When we had religion, we may have been vulgar, but our vulgarity was not so vital. The type of religion by which we were for the most part influenced in America did not necessarily give us manners, but it did necessarily give us morals. It called certain things sins: it stuck to the Ten Commandments. It forbade exploitation of the senses. Perhaps it forbade too much. That is not for me to say. By objecting to all music, to all dancing, to all plays, to most fiction, to a hundred forms of art and beauty, it brought about — you may believe — an inevitable and legitimate revolt. No one, I have heard it said, is gayer than the Quaker turned 'worldly.' But the fact remains that when, as a social group, we threw over religion, we threw over — probably without meaning to — most of our everyday moral sanctions.

Many of my friends are not religious at all, although they are moral. But they were nearly all brought up in strict religious forms; and while their brains have discarded dogma, their characters have none the less been moulded by a fairly firm Christian ethic. Whether they will be able to pass that ethic on to their children, without the dogma, remains, most interestingly, to be seen. At present, what they cling to most, I find, is the recognized social code — which, itself, was built up largely by the Christian ethic. But social conditions in a modern democracy change so rapidly, that a code with no eternal sanction is a weak reed to lean upon. We are enduring more and more, in

America, the influence of people who have broken deliberately or violently with any religious law; and you cannot knock away the props and still keep the structure. You cannot make the Ten Commandments potent by mere dwelling on their inherent felicity. If there is no divine command back of them, they lose all power over the man who finds it more satisfactory to break them. The modesty and manly chivalry which Mr. Grundy sees recovering from their collapse have nothing at present to recover with. Religion was the blood in their veins. You may faint from acute indigestion; but of pernicious anæmia you die. For better or worse, our Western civilization has been built up on the Christian religion; and if the Christian religion decays, many accidents will happen that will puzzle the politicians.

Now it is a fad with some people to talk as if the war had not only made necessary, but made actual, a vast religious revival. As far as one can observe, both in Europe and in America, the two ways in which this hypothetical religious revival has manifested itself are Humanitarianism and Spiritualism. People are talking, more even than before the war, about 'service' and spooks. Mr. Chesterton said delightfully the other day that 'free verse is no more a new form of poetry than sleeping in a ditch is a new form of architecture.' Humanitarianism and Spiritualism are no more new forms of religion than sleeping in a ditch is a new form of architecture. A large part of the humanitarianism of the present day is being managed by people who have no religious creed of any kind; and when this sort of altruistic activity is linked up with an existing church, the church is apt to be the tail of the kite. 'Social service' as carried on by the churches seems to be but one of the many attempts they are making to fur-

bish up their wares in accordance with fashionable taste.

That last sentence as it stands would be misleading indeed, if I did not hasten to say that the Church, in all time, has been mindful of its duty of altruism — whether, at given moments, it performed that duty very well or not. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' is one of the fundamental Christian commands. But two things must be borne in mind. One is that the organized altruists today, the official lovers of their neighbors, have no relation to the Church. The second is that the Church — so far as 'service' goes — follows, mimetically, in the wake of non-religious reformers and theorists. The great humanitarian congregation is without a temple — or an altar. Especially without an altar. Humanitarianism is the intellectual mode of the day — but it is not religious in its source, its method, or its spirit. No code is religious, however much it may deal with the duty of one individual to another or to society, which does not deal with the duty of the individual to God. The ethic that humanitarianism imposes may turn out to resemble, at many points, the ethic imposed by religion; but it will not resemble it at all points, for the principle of authority makes all the difference. God and 'the greatest good of the greatest number' are not, after all, interchangeable terms. Take the little matter of immodest dress to which we have alluded. You can tell a girl that she is appealing crudely to the physical nature of men; she may admit it, and at the same time justify herself with something out of Freud or Theodore Dreiser. But if you remind her (and if, again, she admits it) that her body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, she has no retort coming. The general principle of altruism is a very noble thing; but in its application it is too often arguable. Obedience to a

divine command is not arguable at all.

As for spiritualism: it is a delicate matter to speak of, in these days. Whether you side with Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle, or quote *The Road to En-Dor* under your breath, you will admit that it has nothing to do with religion. Because Christianity (in common with most other religions) has preached the immortality of the soul, it does not necessarily follow that the people who have decided that they can communicate, by table tipping, by ouija-boards, by automatic writing, or what not, with their dead, have become religious. It is mere paucity and conventionality of imagination that considers belief in life after death the equivalent of religious faith. The logical process seems to go thus: Christians believe in immortality; most of the people who have thrown over Christianity have thrown over their belief in immortality; therefore people who believe in immortality are Christians. You believe that the dead send you messages? Very well. *Et après?* Personally I do not believe that the dead send messages — not because I have not had extraordinary messages, myself, through a very explicitly tipping table. I have; and things that I swear were never parts of my conscious imaginings, in all my life, to say nothing of my conscious knowledge. But even if I believed that those extraordinary messages were genuine (as I emphatically do not), it would have nothing to do, one way or the other, with my religion.

As for the effect of spiritualism on morals, frankly, I do not know what it may be. According to Sir Oliver Lodge, I believe, they use tobacco in heaven — if heaven be what the spiritualists call 'the next life.' But that does not take us very far. Does it not stand to reason that the people who go to *Raymond* instead of the Gospels for information

about 'the next life' are not what we should call religious? As far as I can make out — though I am not very familiar with this literature — the accounts, the admonitions even, of the departed, are vague enough. What people seem to get out of it is either the egotistic satisfaction of being sure that they will not, themselves, die with death, or the comforting sense that they will rejoin the people they have loved here. And that, in point of fact, seems to be all that they want out of spiritualism. If they had been orthodox Christians, they would, presumably, have had it before. No: it is not going to take the place of God — without whom there can be no religion.

All that is over-long and, it may be, digressive. But I started by saying that I thought the lack of religion more responsible than war or movies or motor-cars for the vulgarity of our manners and the laxity of our morals; and it was necessary to show why I do not agree with the people who talk as if Anglo-Saxondom were experiencing a great religious revival. The evidences of that revival are evidences, I believe, of something else. As for the Inter-Church World-Movement, — which cannot be passed by, in this connection, without mention, — I have no doubt that it is in many ways a good thing, and all in the interests of efficiency. But it is a sign, I fancy, of the waning, rather than of the waxing, of religious zeal. I found myself, the other day, in sneaking sympathy with that particular Baptist church which put itself on record as against the I.C.W.M. Not that I am, or ever should be, a Baptist. But it is a comfort, in these days when all churches are taking the easy way of latitudinarianism, to find some body that stands stiff-necked against the prevailing wind: declaring that it is more important that religion should be right than that it should be universal.

The fact is, you cannot go on telling people that this thing or that does not matter (things that men have believed in to the point of persecution) and expect them to believe that anything of the sort matters very much. 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church' is one of the truest sayings ever said. Every church has been built on beliefs that men would go to the stake for — and did.

'Strong was he that had a Church, what we can call a Church: he stood thereby, though "in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities," yet manlike towards God and man; the vague shoreless Universe had become for him a firm city, and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in Belief; in these words, well spoken: *I believe*. Well might men praise their *Credo*, and raise stateliest Temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for.'

No: religion must be definite or it is a mere state of mind, a perishable and mutable thing. Though I am not a Baptist, I respect those Baptists who do not think that my church is any proper substitute for theirs. They have a conviction; and life is not worth much without one. I fancy they may perceive, too, that to flood the market with *Ersatz*-creeds will eventually destroy the creed-market entirely. I am no more a Catholic than I am a Baptist; but I cannot refrain from pointing out that the Catholic church is not joining the I.C.W.M. Rome is too old a bird for that.

II

And what has it to do, all this, with the subject of Mr. Grundy's discussion, and the agitated tea-table talk of many mothers? Merely this: that you cannot alter the contemporary state of affairs simply by taking thought. All

the things that Mr. Grundy mentions, and some others, have played their part. But the facts that he gives as causes are themselves results, 'signs of the times.' I hear parents discussing what they will, and what they will not, permit their daughters to do, at this or that dance, this or that house-party. Those particular mothers, perhaps, can make reasonably sure that their girls will be decently dressed, will not kiss their partners on the ballroom floor, will not carry flasks of whiskey in their bags, will not spend the hours from 1 A.M. to 4 A.M. alone with some youth, in a roadster, jaunting about the country, with a radius, from home, of fifty miles — for those mothers are more or less on the spot. Moreover, they have brought up their daughters, if not in the Christian creed, according to the Christian ethic. But such mothers are growing fewer.

If one mentions aristocracy, in these days, one is likely to be misunderstood. Let us speak of oligarchy, rather: a polity, as Aristotle defines it, in which the offices of the state are distributed among the persons who possess a certain property qualification. Socially speaking, we may fairly be said to be an oligarchy; and it is the oligarchs who set the social pace and fix the social code. Certainly the young people who get drunk, and spend the night in automobiles, and entertain chorus girls elaborately, and wear fashionably indecent clothes, and hire famous jazz orchestras to play to them, must be the financially privileged.

Two things have incontestably been happening to that portion of our society which sets the fashion, and *visés*, if it does not create, the prevailing social code. In the first place, since we have more recently been, socially speaking, an oligarchy, the group 'at the top' has not been homogeneous or traditional. It has been constantly recruited

from the successful of every group, who bring various traditions, various standards, with them. That in itself tends to confusion. In the second place, the direct heirs of the people who established and maintained our social code for many generations have themselves discarded, for the most part, religion except as a form. Take even the faithful congregation of almost any Protestant church. If you could look into the secret minds of the individual members thereof, you would find a vast diversity and vagueness of essential belief. When you add to this breaking down of religious faith in the men and women who were brought up to have it, the immense influx of men and women of other types who have never had any creed, or who have renounced creeds of very different kinds, you get a society which is not going to abide eternally, be sure, by the Christian ethic. Take away the hope of heaven, — take away, much more, the fear of hell, — and you are going to be left with, at best, an attitude of mere politeness toward the Commandments; an attitude, at worst, of contempt or hostility.

Even in the churches, the nature of sermons has changed vastly in this generation. Ministers preach now about topics of the times, about schemes of social betterment, about political issues. They call this vitalizing the Church's message, whereas it is more like side-stepping it. 'He preached a good Gospel sermon,' one old lady said to me a few years ago, after church. The good Gospel sermon is very rare in most churches nowadays. Clergymen are afraid of being too narrow, afraid of offending their hearers, afraid of boring them. I do not say that it is a good thing to be narrow, or that my own susceptibilities might not be offended by Jonathan Edwards. All the same, I would prefer to listen to Jonathan Edwards rather than to the

Y.M.C.A. secretary who is so interested in Christ's humanity that he forgets his divinity. You cannot mould religion to suit the tastes of men; if there is any moulding to be done, it must be the other way. Place in the dock, please, with the abandonment of religion, the particular things that the churches themselves are doing to religion.

What the social aspect of it comes to is this: that humanity will go the primrose path unless forbidden by some power in which it believes. You may get a little way by saying to people, 'This conduct is unsocial.' But you will not get very far unless you can say, 'This conduct is wrong.' For as to what, in personal conduct, is social and unsocial, the theorists will perpetually argue. The parents of this younger generation that is shocking us kept, as I said, their morality when they threw over their religion. But they cannot pass on that morality, except in a weakened form, when the religion is gone. The literature, the art, the science, of the day are profoundly irreligious. Even if young folk do serious reading, or serious thinking, it is under the tutelage of people who are, in the old term, 'unbelievers.' There has never been, I know, in a free country, more tendency to strait-jacket legislation than now. But in so far as that legislation affects youth at all directly, it affects it in the direction of revolt. And perhaps not illogically. American liberty was conceived and brought into being by a profoundly religious community. The Eighteenth Amendment (to take the most crying and recent case) is merely one of the instances of what happens to liberty when you substitute this or that minor issue of morals or expediency for a coherent faith. When you reject the great panacea of religion, you are bound to get a conflicting welter of little panaceas, each with its believers. Eventually we may achieve, by the aid of Con-

gress, a document as heart-breakingly funny as, let us say, the Constitution of Hayti.

No: you cannot put stays on débütantes or decent clothes on 'society matrons' by warning them that they are pandering to the sexuality of men. When it comes to that, why should n't they? Men do not object, if girls do not. There is no reason why the young should not do anything they please, so long as it is not inexpedient. Society, escaped from its leash of authority, will soon see to it that anything it pleases to do shall be expedient. Some of us still atone for jazz at our parties by contrib-

uting to the support of missionaries in Africa. We must clean jazz out of the jungle, but we may keep it at home. The fact is that we are all bewildered and do not know just where to draw the line. The result of that state of mind is to have the line drawn a great deal further along than anyone expected.

Mr. Grundy thinks that modesty and manly chivalry are showing signs of life. Perhaps they are. We will hope so. But I seriously doubt if much blood will be pumped into their enfeebled veins until 'polite society' has once more learned to hear the faint, far call of 'Thou shalt not.'

FAMILIAR LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. II

EDITED BY HIS SON, HENRY JAMES

[LETTERS which appeared in the July number of the *Atlantic* were selected from William James's correspondence during the years prior to the publication of the *Principles of Psychology*. In 1891 he got out the abbreviated edition known to students all over the country as the Briefer Course, and the letter to the publisher which follows celebrates, in a few self-derisive sentences, his release from tasks which had absorbed his time and thought for the better part of twelve years. He felt stale and tired; he had earned a long rest; his mind was turning away from psychology and toward philosophy. So in May, 1892, he went abroad to 'lie fallow' for fifteen months. The second, third, fourth, and fifth letters refer themselves, as will be evident to the reader, to this 'sabbatical' year of absence from Cambridge.]

To Henry Holt

CHOCORUA, N.H., July 24, 1891.

MY DEAR HOLT, —

I expect to send you within ten days the MS. of my 'Briefer Course' boiled down to possibly 400 pages. By adding some twaddle about the senses, by leaving out all polemics and history, all bibliography and experimental details, all metaphysical subtleties and digressions, all quotations, all humor and pathos, all *interest* in short, and by blackening the tops of all the paragraphs, I think I have produced a tome of [a] pedagogic classic which will enrich both you and me, if not the student's mind.

The difficulty is about when to correct the proofs. I've practically had no vacation so far, and won't touch them

during August. I can start them September first up here. I can't rush them through in Cambridge as I did last year, but must do them leisurely to suit this northern mail and its hours. I *could* have them done by another man in Cambridge, if there were desperate hurry; but on the whole I should prefer to do them myself.

Write and propose something! The larger book seems to be a decided success — especially from the literary point of view. I begin to look down upon Mark Twain! Yours ever,

WM. JAMES.

To Miss Grace Norton

FLORENCE, Dec. 28, 1892.

MY DEAR GRACE, —

I hope that my silence has not left you to think that I have forgotten all the ties of friendship. Far from it! but have *you* never felt the rapture of day after day with no letter to write, nor the shrinking from breaking the spell by changing a limitless possibility of future outpouring into a shabby little actual scrawl? Remote, unwritten to and unheard from, you seem to me something ideal, off there in your inaccessible Cambridge palazzo, bathed in the angelic American light, occupying your mind with noble literature, pure, solitary, incontaminate — a station from which the touch of this vulgar epistle will instantly bring you down; for you will have been imagining your poor correspondent in the same high and abstract fashion until what he says breaks the charm (as infallibly it must), and with the perception of his finiteness must also come a faint sense of discouragement as if *you* were finite too — for communications bring the communicants to a common level. — All of which sounds, my dear Grace, as if I were refraining from writing to you out of my well-known habit of 'metaphysical po-

liteness'; or trying to make you think so. But I think I can trust you to see that all these elaborate conceits (which seem imitated from the choice Italian manner, and which I confess have flowed from my pen quite unpremeditatedly and somewhat to my own surprise) are nothing but a shabby cloak under which I am trying to hide my own palpable *laziness* — a laziness which even the higher affections can only render a little restless and uncomfortable, but not dispel. However, it is dispelled at last, isn't it? So let me begin.

You will have heard stray tidings of of us from time to time, so I need give you no detailed account of our peregrinations or decisions. We had a delicious summer in Switzerland, that noble and medicinal country, and we have now got into first-rate shape at Florence, although there is a menace of 'sociability' commencing, which may take away that wonderful and unexampled sense of peace. I have been enjoying [myself] of late in sitting under the lamp until midnight, secure against any possible interruption, and reading what things I pleased. I believe that last year in Cambridge I counted one single night in which I could sit and read passively till bed-time; and now that the days have begun to lengthen and the small end of winter appears looking through the future, I begin to count them here as something unspeakably precious that may ne'er return.

The boys are at an English school which, though certainly very good, gives them rather less French and German than they would have at Browne and Nichols's. Peg is having first-rate 'opportunities' in the way of dancing, gymnastics and other accomplishments of a bodily sort. We have a little shred of a half-starved, but very cheerful, ex-ballet dancer, who brings a poor little, humble, peering-eyed fiddler — 'Maestro,' she calls him — three times

a week to our big salon, and makes supple the limbs of Peg and the two infants of Dr. Baldwin by the most wonderful patience and diversity of exercises at five francs a lesson. When one thinks of the sort of lessons the children at Cambridge get, and of the sort of price they pay, it makes one feel that geography is a tremendous frustrater of the so-called laws of demand and supply.

Alice and I lunched this noon with young Loeser, whose name you may remember some years ago in Cambridge. He is devoted to the scientific study of pictures, and I hope to gain some truth from him ere we leave. He is a dear good fellow. Baron Ostensacken is also here — I forget whether you used to know him. The same quaint, cheerful, nervous, intelligent, rather egotistic old bachelor that he used to be, who also runs to pictures in his old age, after the strictly entomological method, I fancy, this time; for I doubt whether he cares near as much for the pictures themselves as for the science of them. But you can't keep science out of anything in these bad times. Love is dead, or at any rate seems weak and shallow wherever science has taken possession. I am glad that, being incapable of anything like scholarship in any line, I still can take some pleasure from these pictures in the way of love; particularly glad since some years ago I thought that my care for pictures had faded away with youth. But with better opportunities it has revived. Loeser describes Bôcher as *basking* in the presence of pictures, as if it were an amusing way of taking them, whereas it is the true way. Is Mr. Bôcher giving his lectures, or talks, again at your house?

Duveneck is here, but I have seen very little of him. The professor is an oppressor to the artist, I fear; and metaphysical politeness has kept me from pressing him too much. What an awful trade that of professor is — paid to talk,

talk, talk! I have seen artists growing pale and sick whilst I talked to them without being able to stop. And I loved them for not being able to love me any better. It would be an awful universe if *everything* could be converted into words, words, words.

I have been so sorry to hear of the miserable condition of so many of your family circle this summer. . . . Give my love to your brother Charles, to Sally, Lilly, Dick, Margaret and all the dear creatures. Also to the other dears on both sides of the Kirkland driveway. I hope and trust that your winter is passing cheerfully and healthily away. With warm good wishes for a happy New Year, and affectionate greetings from both of us, believe me always yours,

WM. JAMES.

To Shadworth H. Hodgson

LONDON, *June 23, 1893.*

MY DEAR HODGSON, —

I am more different kinds of an ass, or rather I am (without ceasing to be different kinds) the same kind more often, than any other living man! This morning I knocked at your door, inwardly exultant with the certainty that I should find you, and learned that you had left for Saltburn just one hour ago! A week ago yesterday the same thing happened to me at Pillon's in Paris, and because of the same reason — my having announced my presence a day too late.

My wife and I have been here six days. As it was her first visit to England and she had a lot of clothes to get, having worn out her American supply in the past year, we thought we had better remain incog. for a week, drinking in London irresponsibly, and letting the dressmakers have their will with her time. I early asked at your door whether you were in town and visible, and received a reassuring reply, so I felt

quite safe and devoted myself to showing my wife the sights, and enjoying her naïf wonder as she drank in Britain's greatness. Four nights ago at 9.30 P.M. I pointed out to her (as possibly the climax of greatness) your library windows, with one of them open and bright with the inner light. She said, 'Let's ring and see him.' My heart palpitated to do so, but it was late and a hot night, and I was afraid you might be in tropical costume, safe for the night, and my hesitation lost us. We came home. It is too, too bad! I wanted much to see you, for though, my dear Hodgson, our correspondence has languished of late (the effect of encroaching eld), my sentiments to you-ward (as the apostle would say) are as lively as ever, and I recognize in you always the friend as well as the master. Are you likely to come back to London at all? Our plans did n't exactly lie through Yorkshire, but they are vague and may possibly be changed. But what I wanted my wife to see was S.H.H. in his own golden-hued library, with the rumor of the cab-stand filling the air. . . .

But write, you noble old philosopher and dear young man, to yours always,

WM. JAMES.

To Dickinson S. Miller

LONDON, July 8, 1893.

DARLING MILLER, —

I must still for a while call you darling, in spite of your Toryism, ecclesiasticism, determinism, and general diabolism, which will probably result in your ruthlessly destroying me both as a man and as a philosopher some day. But sufficient unto that day will be its evil, so let me take advantage of the hours before 'black man-hood comes' and still fondle you for a while upon my knee. And both you and Angell, being now colleagues and not students, had better stop Mistering or Professing

me, or I shall retaliate by beginning to 'Mr.' and 'Prof.' you. Your letter comes in the nick of time, for I had mislaid the Halle address and wanted to write to you both. . . .

What you say of Erdmann, Uphues, and the atmosphere of German academic life generally, is exceedingly interesting. If we can only keep our own humaner tone in spite of the growing complication of interests! I think we shall, in great measure, for there is nothing here in English academic circles that corresponds to the German savagery. I do hope we may meet in Switzerland shortly, and you can then tell me what Erdmann's greatness consists in. Our plans for return are not quite settled yet. . . .

I have done hardly any reading since the beginning of March. My genius for being frustrated and interrupted, and our unsettled mode of life, have played too well into each other's hands. The consequence is that I rather long for settlement, and the resumption of the harness. If I only had working strength not to require these abominably costly vacations! Make the most of these days, my dear Miller. They will never exactly return, and will be looked back to by you hereafter as quite ideal. I am glad you have assimilated the German opportunities so well. Both Hodder and Angell have spoken with admiration of the methodical way in which you have forged ahead. It is a pity you have not had a chance at England, with which land you seem to have so many inward affinities. If you are to come here, let me know, and I can give you introductions. Hodgson is in Yorkshire and I've missed him. Myers sails for the Chicago Psychic Congress, Aug. 2nd. Sidgwick may still be had, perhaps, and Bryce, who will give you an order to the Strangers' Gallery. The House of Commons, cradle of all free institutions, is really a wonderful and moving sight,

and at bottom here the people are more good-natured on the Irish question than one would think, to listen to their strong words. The cheery, active English temperament beats the world, I believe, the Deutschers included. But so cartilaginous and unsentimental as to the *Gemuth*! The girls like boys and the men like horses!

I shall be greatly interested in your article. As for Uphues, I am duly uplifted that such a man should read me, and am ashamed to say that amongst my pile of sins is that of having carried about two of his books with me for three or four years past, always meaning to read, and never actually reading them. I laid them out again only yesterday to take back to Switzerland with me. Such things make me despair. Paulsen's *Einleitung* is the greatest treat I have enjoyed of late. His synthesis is to my mind almost lamentably unsatisfactory, but the book makes a station, an *étape*, in the expression of things. Good-bye — my wife comes in, ready to go out to lunch, and thereafter to Haslemere for the night. She sends love, and so do I. Address us when you get to Switzerland to M. Cérésole, as above, 'la Chiesaz sur Vevey (Vaud),' and believe me ever yours,

WM. JAMES.

To Henry James

THE SALTERS' HILL-TOP,
[near CHOCORUA] Sept. 22, 1893.

... I am up here for a few days with Billy, to close our house for the winter, and get a sniff of the place. The Salters have a noble hill with such an outlook! and a very decent little house and barn. But oh! the difference from Switzerland, the thin grass and ragged waysides, the poverty-stricken land, and sad American sunlight over all — sad because so empty. There is a strange thinness and femininity hover-

ing over all America, so different from the stoutness and masculinity of land and air and everything in Switzerland and England, that the coming back makes one feel strangely sad and hardens one in the resolution never to go away again unless one can go to end one's days. Such a divided soul is very bad. To you, who now have real practical relations and a place in the Old World, I should think there was no necessity of ever coming back again. But Europe has been made what it is by men staying in their homes and fighting stubbornly generation after generation for all the beauty, comfort and order that they have got — we must abide and do the same.¹ As England struck me newly and differently last time, so America now — force and directness in the people, but a terrible grimness, more ugliness than I ever realized in things, and a greater weakness in nature's beauty, such as it is. One must pitch one's whole sensibility first in a different key — then gradually the quantum of personal happiness of which one is susceptible fills the cup — but the moment of change of key is lonesome. . . .

We had the great Helmholtz and his wife with us one afternoon, gave them tea, and invited some people to meet them; she, a charming woman of the world, brought up by her aunt, Madame Mohl, in Paris; he the most monumental example of benign calm and speechlessness that I ever saw. He is growing old, and somewhat weary, I think, and makes no effort beyond that of smiling and inclining his head to remarks that are made. At least he made no response to remarks of mine; but Royce, Charles Norton, John Fiske,

¹ January 24, '94. To Carl Stumpf: 'One should not be a cosmopolitan; one's soul becomes "dis-integrated," as Janet would say. Parts of it remain in different places, and the whole of it is nowhere. One's native land seems foreign. It is not wholly a good thing, and I think I suffer from it.'

and Dr. Walcott, who surrounded him at a little table where he sat with tea and beer, said that he spoke. Such power of calm is a great possession. I have been twice to Mrs. Whitman's, once to a lunch and reception to the Bourgets a fortnight ago. Mrs G., it would seem, has kept them like caged birds (probably because they wanted it so); Mrs. B. was charming and easy, he ill at ease, refusing to try English unless compelled, and turning to *me* at the table as a drowning man to a 'hencoop,' as if there were safety in the presence of anyone connected with you. I could do nothing towards inviting them, in the existent state of our *ménage*, but when, later, they come back for a month in Boston, I shall be glad to bring them into the house for a few days. I feel quite a fellow feeling for him, he seems a very human creature, and it was a real pleasure to me to see a Frenchman of B.'s celebrity *look* as ill at ease as I myself have often *felt* in fashionable society. They are, I believe, in Canada, and have only too much society. I shan't go to Chicago, for economy's sake — besides I *must* get to work. But *everyone* says one ought to sell all one has and mortgage one's soul to go there; it is esteemed such a revelation of beauty. People cast away all sin and baseness, burst into tears and grow religious, etc., under the influence!! *Some* people evidently. . . .

The people about home are very pleasant to meet. . . . Yours ever affectionately,

WM. JAMES.

[After the return from Europe in 1893 James plunged again into teaching and writing. His cares and responsibilities were numerous. He gave himself little rest, except an occasional brief escape into some such seclusion as that of the Adirondack woods. Chiefly for practical reasons, he did a great deal of

lecturing not required by his college duties, and gave courses at summer schools and teacher's conventions as far west as Colorado and the Pacific Coast during his summer vacations. These lecture engagements furnished the occasions for several addresses that were published in *The Will to Believe and Other Essays*, and others that were finally embodied in the *Talks to Teachers*. Incidentally they afforded him an eagerly welcomed opportunity to become acquainted with the Western States.]

To Mrs. Henry Whitman

SPRINGFIELD CENTRE, N.Y.,

June 16, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

About the 22nd! I will come if you command it; but reflect on my situation ere you do so. Just reviving from the addled and corrupted condition in which the Cambridge year has left me, just at the portals of that Adirondack wilderness for the breath of which I have sighed for years, unable to escape the cares of domesticity and get there; just about to get a little health into me, a little simplification and solidification and purification and sanification — things which will never come again if this one chance be lost; just filled to satiety with all the simpering conventions and vacuous excitements of so-called civilization; hungering for their opposite, the smell of the spruce, the feel of the moss, the sound of the cataract, the bath in its waters, the divine outlook from the cliff or hilltop over the unbroken forest — oh, Madam, Madam! do you know what medicinal things you ask me to give up? Alas!

I aspire downwards, and really *am* nothing, *not becoming* a savage as I would be, and failing to be the civilizee that I really ought to be content with being! But I wish that *you* also aspired to the wilderness. There are some nooks

and summits in that Adirondack region where one can really 'recline on one's divine composure,' and as long as one stays up there, seem for a while to enjoy one's birthright of freedom and relief from every fever and falsity. Stretched out on such a shelf, — with thee beside me singing in the wilderness, — what babblings might go on, what judgment-day discourse!

Command me to give it up and return, if you will, by telegram addressed 'Adirondack Lodge, North Elba, N.Y.' In any case I shall return before the end of the month, and later shall be hanging about Cambridge some time in July, giving lectures (for my sins) in the summer school. I am staying now with a cousin on Otsego Lake, a dear old country-place that has been in their family for a century, and is rich and ample and reposeful. The Kipling visit went off splendidly — he's a regular little brick of a man; but it's strange that with so much sympathy with the insides of every living thing, brute or human, drunk or sober, he should have so little sympathy with those of a Yankee — who also is, in the last analysis, one of God's creatures. I have stopped at Williamstown, at Albany, at Amsterdam, at Utica, at Syracuse, and finally here, each time to visit human-beings with whom I had business of some sort or other. The best was Benj. Paul Blood at Amsterdam, a son of the soil, but a man with extraordinary power over the English tongue, of whom I will tell you more some day. I will, by the way, enclose some clippings from his latest 'effort.' 'Yes, Paul is quite a *correspondent!*' as a citizen remarked to me from whom I inquired the way to his dwelling. Don't you think 'correspondent' rather a good generic term for 'man of letters,' from the point of view of the country-town newspaper reader? . . .

Now, dear, noble, incredibly perfect

Madam, you won't take ill my reluctance about going to Beverly, even to your abode, so soon. I am a badly mixed critter, and I experience a certain organic need for simplification and solitude that is quite imperious, and so vital as actually to be respectable even by others. So be indulgent to your ever faithful and worshipful,

W. J.

To his daughter Margaret (ætat 8)

EL PASO, COLO., Aug. 8, 1895.

SWEETEST OF LIVING PEGS, —

Your letter made glad my heart the day before yesterday, and I marveled to see what an improvement had come over your handwriting in the short space of six weeks. 'Orphly' and 'ofly' are good ways to spell 'awfully,' too. I went up a high mountain yesterday and saw all the kingdoms of the world spread out before me, on the illimitable prairie which looked like a map. The sky glowed and made the earth look like a stained-glass window. The mountains are bright red. All the flowers and plants are different from those at home. There is an immense mastiff in my house here. I think that even you would like him, he is so tender and gentle and mild, although fully as big as a calf. His ears and face are black, his eyes are yellow, his paws are magnificent, his tail keeps wagging *all* the time, and he makes on me the impression of an angel hid in a cloud. He longs to do good.

I must now go and hear two other men lecture. Many kisses, also to Tweedy, from your ever loving,

DAD.

*To his class at Radcliffe College, which
had sent a potted azalea to him
at Easter*

CAMBRIDGE, Apr. 6, 1896.

DEAR YOUNG LADIES, —

I am deeply touched by your remembrance. It is the first time anyone ever

treated me so kindly, so you may well believe that the impression on the heart of the lonely sufferer will be even more durable than the impression on your minds of all the teachings of *Philosophy 2a*. I now perceive one immense omission in my *Psychology* — the deepest principle of Human Nature is the *craving to be appreciated*, and I left it out altogether from the book, because I had never had it gratified till now. I fear you have let loose a demon in me, and that all my actions will now be for the sake of such rewards. However, I will try to be faithful to this one unique and beautiful azalea tree, the pride of my life and delight of my existence. Winter and summer will I tend and water it — even with my tears. Mrs. James shall never go near it or touch it. If it dies, I will die too; and if I die, it shall be planted on my grave.

Don't take all this too jocosely but believe in the extreme pleasure you have caused me, and in the affectionate feelings with which I am, and shall always be, faithfully your friend,

WM. JAMES.

[The next letter begins by acknowledging one from Henry James in which he had alluded to the death of a Cambridge gentleman who had been run over in the street. William James had been called upon to announce the tragedy to the man's wife. Henry James had closed his letter exclaiming, 'What melancholy, what terrible duties *vous incombent* when your neighbors are destroyed! And telling that poor man's wife! — Life is heroic — however we "fix" it! Even as I write these words, the St. Louis horror bursts in upon me in the evening paper. Inconceivable — I can't try; and I *won't*. Strange how practically *all* one's sense of news from the U.S. here is huge Horrors and Catastrophes. It's a terrible country *not* to live in.']

To Henry James

CHOCORUA, June 11, 1896.

. . . Your long letter of Whitsuntide week in London came yesterday evening, and was read by me aloud to Alice and Harry as we sat at tea in the window, to get the last rays of the Sunday's [sun]. You have too much feeling of duty about corresponding with us, and, I imagine, with everyone. I think you have behaved most handsomely of late, — and always, — and though your letters are the great *fêtes* of our lives, I won't be 'on your mind' for worlds. Your general feeling of unfulfilled obligations is one that runs in the family, — I at least am often afflicted by it, — but it is 'morbid.'

The horrors of *not* living in America, as you so well put it, are not shared by those who do live here. All that the telegraph imparts are the shocks; the 'happy homes,' good husbands and fathers, fine weather, honest businessmen, neat new houses, punctual meetings of engagements, etc., of which the country mainly consists, are never cabled over. Of course the Saint Louis disaster is dreadful, but it will very likely end by 'improving' the city. The really bad thing here is the silly wave that has gone over the public mind — protection-humbug, silver, jingoism, etc. It is a case of 'mob-psychology.' Any country is liable to it if circumstances conspire, and our circumstances having conspired, it is very hard to get them out of the rut. It *may* take another financial crash to get them out, which of course will be an expensive method. It is no more foolish and considerably less damnable than the Russophobia of England, which would seem to have been responsible for the Armenian massacres. That to me is the biggest indictment 'of our boasted civilization'!! It *requires* England, I say nothing of the other Powers, to maintain the Turks at that business.

We have let our little place, our tenant arrives the day after to-morrow, and Alice and I and Tweedie have been here a week enjoying it and cleaning house and place. She has worked like a beaver. I had two days spoiled by a psychological experiment with mescal, an intoxicant used by some of our South-western Indians in their religious ceremonies; a sort of cactus bud, of which the U.S. Government had distributed a supply to certain medical men, including Weir Mitchell, who sent me some to try. He had himself been 'in fairyland.' It gives the most glorious visions of color — every object thought of appears in a jeweled splendor unknown to the natural world. It disturbs the stomach somewhat, but that, according to W. M., was a cheap price. I took one bud three days ago, was violently sick for twenty-four hours, and had no other symptom whatever except that and the *Katzenjammer* the following day. I will take the visions on trust!

We have had three days of delicious rain — it all soaks into the sandy soil here and leaves no mud whatever. The little place is the most curious mixture of sadness with delight. The sadness of *things* — things every one of which was done either by our hands or by our planning, old furniture renovated, there is n't an object in the house that is n't associated with past life, old summers, dead people, people who will never come again, etc., and the way it catches you round the heart when you first come and open the house from its long winter sleep is most extraordinary.

I have been reading Bourget's *Idylle Tragique* which he very kindly sent me, and since then have been reading Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, which I never read before, strange to say. I must say that T. rather kills B., for my mind. B's moral atmosphere is, anyhow, so foreign to me, a lewdness so obligatory

that it hardly seems as if it were part of a moral *donnée* at all; and then his over-labored descriptions, and excessive explanations. But with it all an earnestness and enthusiasm for getting it said as well as possible, a richness of epithet, and warmth of heart that make you like him, in spite of the unmanliness of all the things he writes about. I suppose there is a stratum in France to whom it is all manly and ideal, but he and I are, as Rosina says, a bad combination. . . .

Tolstoi is immense!

I am glad *you* are in a writing vein again, to go still higher up the scale! I have abstained on principle from the *Atlantic* serial, wishing to get it all at once. I am not going abroad; I can't afford it. I have a chance to give \$1500 worth of summer lectures here, which won't recur. I have a heavy year of work next year, and shall very likely *need* to go the following summer, which will anyhow be after a more becoming interval than this; so, *somme toute*, it is postponed. If I went I should certainly enjoy seeing you at Rye more than in London, which I confess tempts me little now. I love to *see* it, but staying there does n't seem to agree with me, and only suggests constraint and money-spending, apart from seeing you. I wish you could see how comfortable our Cambridge house has got at last to be. Alice, who is upstairs sewing whilst I write below by the lamp, — a great wood fire hissing in the fireplace, — sings out her thanks and love to you. . . . Affectionately,

WM.

To Dickinson S. Miller

GLEN ARDEN,
LAKE GENEVA, WIS., Aug. 30, 1896.

DEAR MILLER, —

Your letter from Halle of June 22nd came duly, but treating of things eter-

nal as it did, I thought it called for no reply till I should have caught up with more temporal matters, of which there has been no lack to press on my attention. To tell the truth, regarding you as my most penetrating critic and intimate enemy, I was greatly relieved to find that you had nothing worse to say about *The Will to Believe*. You say you are no 'rationalist,' and yet you speak of the 'sharp' distinction between beliefs based on 'inner evidence' and beliefs based on 'craving.' I can find *nothing* sharp (or susceptible of school-master's codification) in the different degrees of 'liveliness' in hypotheses concerning the universe, or distinguish *a priori* between legitimate and illegitimate cravings. And when an hypothesis is once a live one, one *risks* something in one's practical relations towards truth and error, *whichever* of the three positions (affirmation, doubt, or negation) one may take up towards it. *The individual himself is the only rightful chooser of his risk.* Hence respectful toleration, as the only law that logic can lay down. You don't say a word against my *logic*, which seems to cover your cases entirely in its compartments. I class you as one to whom the religious hypothesis is *von vornherein*¹ so dead, that the risk in espousing it now far outweighs for you the chance of truth; so you simply stake your money on the field as against it. If you *say* this, of course I can, as logician, have no quarrel with you, even though my own choice of risk (determined by the irrational impressions, suspicions, cravings, senses of direction in nature, or what not, that make religion for me a more live hypothesis than for you) leads me to an opposite methodical decision.

Of course, if any one comes along and says that men at large don't need to have facility of faith in their inner convictions preached to them, that they

¹ From the very start.

have only too much readiness in that way already, and the one thing needful to preach is that they should hesitate with their convictions and take their faiths out for an airing into the howling wilderness of nature, I should also agree. But my paper wa'n't addressed to mankind at large but to a limited set of studious persons, badly under the ban just now of certain authorities whose simple-minded faith in 'naturalism' also is surely in need of an airing — and an airing, as it seems to me, of the sort I tried to give. But all this is unimportant; and I still await criticism of my *Auseinander-setzung* of the logical situation of man's mind *gegenüber* the Universe, in respect to the risks it runs.

I wish I could have been with you at München and heard the deep-lunged Germans roar at each other. I care not for the matters uttered, if I only could hear the voice. I hope you met Sidgwick there. I sent him the American hallucination-census results, after considerable toil over them. But S. never acknowledges or answers anything, so I'll have to wait to hear from some one else whether he 'got them off.' I have had a somewhat unwholesome summer. Much lecturing to teachers and sitting up to talk with strangers. But it is instructive and makes one patriotic, and in six days I shall have finished the Chicago lectures, which begin to-morrow, and get straight to Keene Valley for the rest of September. My conditions just now are materially splendid, as I am the guest of a charming elderly lady, Mrs. Wilmarth, here at her country house, and in town at the finest hotel of the place. The political campaign is a bully one. Every one outdoing himself in sweet reasonableness and persuasive argument — hardly an undignified note anywhere. It shows the deepening and elevating influence of a big topic of debate. It is difficult to

doubt of a people part of whose life such an experience is. But imagine the country being saved by a McKinley! If only Reed had been the candidate! There have been some really splendid speeches and documents. . . .

Ever thine,

W. J.

To E. L. Godkin

CHOCORUA, Aug. 17, 1897.

DEAR GODKIN, —

Thanks for your kind note *in re The Will to Believe*. I suppose you expect as little a reply to it as I expected one from you to the book, but since you ask what I *du* mean by Religion, and add that until I define that word my essay cannot be effective, I can't forbear sending you a word to clear up that point. I mean by religion for a man *anything* that for him is a live hypothesis in that line, altho' it may be a dead one for any one else. And what I try to show is that whether the man believes, disbelieves or doubts his hypothesis, the moment he does either on principle and methodically, he runs a risk of one sort or the other from his own point of view. There is no escaping the risk; why not then admit that one's human function is to run it? By settling down on that basis, and respecting each other's choice of risk to run, it seems to me that we should be in a clearer-headed condition than we now are in, postulating as most all of us do a rational certitude which doesn't exist and disowning the semi-voluntary mental action by which we continue in our own severally characteristic attitudes of belief. Since our willing natures are active here, why not face squarely the fact without humbug and get the benefits of the admission.

I passed a day lately with the [James] Bryces at Bar Harbor, and we spoke — not altogether unkindly — of you. I

hope you are enjoying, both of you, the summer. All goes well with us.

Yours always truly,

WM. JAMES.

To his son Alexander (*ætat* 7)

BERKELEY, CAL., Aug. 28, 1898.

DARLING OLD CHERUBINI, —

See how brave this girl and boy are in the Yosemite Valley!¹ I saw a moving sight the other morning before breakfast in a little hotel where I slept in the dusty fields. The young man of the house had shot a little wolf called a coyote in the early morning. The heroic little animal lay on the ground with his big furry ears, and his clean white teeth, and his jolly cheerful little body, but his brave little life was gone. It made me think how brave all these living things are. Here little coyote was, without any clothes or house or books or anything, with nothing but his own naked self to pay his way with, and risking his life so cheerfully — and losing it — just to see if he could pick up a meal near the hotel. He was doing his coyote-business like a hero, and you must do your boy-business, and I my man-business bravely too, or else we won't be worth as much as that little coyote. Your mother can find a picture of him in those green books of animals, and I want you to copy it.

Your loving Dad,

WM. JAMES.

To Mrs. Henry Whitman

CHOCORUA, N.H., June 7, 1899.

DEAR MRS. WHITMAN, —

I got your penciled letter the day before leaving. The R.R. train seems to be a great stimulus to the acts of the higher epistolary activity and corre-

¹ Photograph of a boy and girl standing on a rock which hangs dizzily over a great precipice above the Yosemite Valley.

spondential amicality in you — a fact for which I have (occasional) reason to be duly grateful. So here, in the cool darkness of my roadside 'sitting-room,' with no pen in the house, with the soft tap of the carpenter's hammer and the pensive scrape of the distant wood-saw stealing through the open wire-netting door, along with the fragrant air of the morning woods, I get stimulus responsive, and send you penciled return. Yes, the daylight that now seems shining through the Dreyfus case is glorious, and if the President only gets his back up a bit, and mows down the whole gang of Satan, or as much of it as can be touched, it will perhaps be a great day for the distracted France. I mean it may be one of those moral crises that become starting points and high-water-marks and leave traditions and rallying-cries and new forces behind them. One thing is certain, that no other alternative form of government possible to France in this century could have stood the strain as this democracy seems to be standing it. . . .

As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride, if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, under-dogs always, till history comes after they are long dead, and puts them on the top. — You need take no notice of these ebullitions of spleen,

which are probably quite unintelligible to any one but myself.

Ever your

W. J.

[The Reverend Henry W. Rankin of East Northfield, addressed in the next letter, had supplied James with numerous references to the literature of 'conversion' and psycho-religious phenomena. He continued to do this, generously undiscouraged by the fact that James's views differed from his own unalterably. Another letter to Mr. Rankin will be given in the *Atlantic* for September.]

To Henry W. Rankin

NEWPORT, R.I., Feb. 1, 1897.

DEAR MR. RANKIN, —

A pause in lecturing, consequent upon our mid-year examinations having begun, has given me a little respite, and I am paying a three days' visit upon an old friend here, meaning to leave for New York to-morrow, where I have a couple of lectures to give. It is an agreeable moment of quiet and enables me to write a letter or two which I have long postponed, and chiefly one to you, who have given me so much without asking anything in return.

One of my lectures in New York is at the Academy of Medicine before the Neurological Society, the subject being 'Demonic Possession.' I shall of course duly advertise the Nevius book. I am not as positive as you are in the belief that the obsessing agency is really demonic individuals. I am perfectly willing to adopt the theory if the facts lend themselves best to it, for who can trace limits to the hierarchies of personal existence in the world? But the lower stages of mere automatism shade off so continually into the highest supernormal manifestations, through the intermediary ones of imitative hysteria and 'suggestibility,' that I feel

as if no *general* theory as yet would cover all the facts. So that the most I shall plead for before the neurologists is the recognition of demon-possession as a regular 'morbid-entity' whose commonest homologue to-day is the 'spirit-control' observed in test-mediumship, and which tends to become the more benignant and less alarming, the less pessimistically it is regarded. This last remark seems certainly to be true. Of course I shall not ignore the sporadic cases of old-fashioned malignant possession which still occur to-day.

I am convinced that we stand with all these things at the threshold of a long inquiry, of which the end appears as yet to no one, least of all to myself. And I believe that the best theoretic work yet done in the subject is the beginning made by F. W. H. Myers in his papers in the S.P.R. Proceedings. The first thing is to start the medical profession out of its idiotically *conceited ignorance* of all such matters — matters which have everywhere and at all times played a vital part in human history.

You have written me at different times about conversion, and about miracles, getting as usual no reply, but not because I failed to heed your words, which come from a deep life-experience of your own evidently, and from a deep acquaintance with the experience of others. In the matter of conversion, I am quite willing to believe that a new truth may be supernaturally revealed to a subject when he really asks. But I am sure that in many cases of conversion it is less a new truth than a new power gained over life by a truth always known. It is a case of the conflict of two *self-systems* in a personality up to that time heterogeneously divided, but in which, after the conversion-crisis, the higher loves and powers come definitively to gain the upper-hand

and expel the forces which up to that time had kept them down in the position of mere grumblers and protesters and agents of remorse and discontent. This broader view will cover an enormous number of cases *psychologically*, and leaves all the *religious importance* to the result which it has on any other theory.

As to true and false miracles, I don't know that I can follow you so well, for in any case the notion of a miracle as a mere attestation of superior power is one that I cannot espouse. A miracle must in any case be an expression of personal purpose, but the demon-purpose of antagonizing God and winning away his adherents has never yet taken hold of my imagination. I prefer an open mind of inquiry, first about the facts, in all these matters; and I believe that the S.P.R. methods, if pertinaciously stuck to, will eventually do much to clear things up. You see that, although religion is the great interest of my life, I am rather hopelessly non-evangelical, and take the whole thing too impersonally.

But my College work is lightening in a way. Psychology is being handed over to others more and more, and I see a chance ahead for reading and study in other directions from those to which my very feeble powers in that line have hitherto been confined. I am going to give all the fragments of time I can get, after this year is over, to religious biography and philosophy. Shield's book, Steenstra's, Gratry's, and Harris's I don't yet know, but can easily get at them.

I hope your health is better in this beautiful winter which we are having. I am very well, and so is all my family. Believe me, with affectionate regards,

truly yours,

WM. JAMES.

(To be concluded)

THE NOVELIST'S DILEMMA

BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE

A GOOD many years ago I put into the mouth of a certain character of mine the following definition of an artist: 'It is the man who has the power of doing up his soul in whitey-brown paper parcels and selling them at three halfpence apiece.' He said it with a touch of cynicism, a touch of bitterness; but I am not quite so sure whether he was not simply right. Something of the artist's soul must go to the making of the created thing; and as the artist, like any other workingman, has to earn his living, he sells the created thing for what it will fetch in the open market. The rates of such soul-stuff vary according to many circumstances. The stuff may be poor, or it may be rich. Poor stuff may have such peculiar quality as to make a wide appeal to the spiritually adolescent; on the other hand, rich stuff may be so transcendental as to command the rapture only of the adept. But always, the artist, in launching a new work on the world, does offer for sale a part of that within him which we are bound to call his soul.

I hold that there is only one Art: that the picture, the poem, the sonata, the statue, the cathedral, are expressions of the same spiritual ideals through different media. And therefore I claim for the novelist the title of artist, namely, that of the man who offers his soul for sale. Therefore, henceforward I will deal with the novelist alone; and what I say about the novelist applies equally to his brother, the dramatist.

If the novelist offers for sale work that is inspired by all the soul that is in

him, he fully earns his reward, whatever it may be. If he stifles spiritual impulses, produces craftsman's mechanical work in which the soul has no part, he is committing the unforgivable sin — the sin against the Holy Spirit of Art, whereby alone he has a right to live. His temporary earnings are dishonest. I say temporary, for his sin is bound to find him out. With his soul in it, his book is a thing of life. His soul not in it, his book is an inanimate simulacrum, and his judges, his paymasters, the public, are not such fools that they cannot appreciate the difference between the quick and the dead.

Now, novelists and dramatists, on both sides of the Atlantic, are confronted with one of the greatest problems that have ever dismayed an artist. Wherever we turn for the disposal of our wares, — those things we have wrought in agony of spirit, — we are met with the barring hands of publishers, editors, managers, cinema people, holding up the placard: 'No War.' They are the authorities between us and the public. From the nature of things, we cannot make our appeal to the public except through their agency. They claim to have their finger on the public pulse. Heaven forbid that I should quarrel with any of them; for they have their living to earn just like ourselves — and so far as my long experience goes, they earn it as honorably and as conscientiously as men can. They say, however, rightly or wrongly, that the public is tired of war; that the public wishes to forget the war; in effect, that,

'we wish to continue to earn our living, we must do so on the amazing postulate *that there has been no war*.

Possibly the reading public is satiated with pictures of actual warfare, with the blood and mud and misery of old, unhappy far-off things and battles of a couple of years ago—although the success of that fine picture of the war, *Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant*, seems to prove a continuance of popular interest. Possibly résumés of European war-conditions may weary because of their reiterated insistence on things known. I can understand any reader pishing and pshawing over a description of England on August 2, 1914, or of London on Armistice night. But between an avoidance of these over-described actualities and a negation of the fact of the war lies a great gulf.

The war has been. It has convulsed human society from dregs to froth. It has had its incalculable influences on the soul of mankind. It has, incidentally, entered into the soul of the artist. The man of business, the scientist, the mechanic, although living in an equal state of spiritual unrest, have no occasion for expressing it in the pursuance of their daily avocations. But this same expression is the very mission of the novelist. His soul, his stock in trade, is all a-quiver with these last six years

of upheaval. There are thousands and thousands of manifestations of human character revealed by the war. There is the whole of the social universe in the remaking—in Europe and in America. We cannot write a novel of 1920 without reference to what the men and the women did in the war. To put it crudely, if the hero did not fight, he was either a cripple or a conscientious objector. If he did fight, the war had an influence on his character, which it is the business of the novelist to describe; for no man or woman on this earth has passed unaffected through the ordeal.

The novelist has, therefore, to choose one of three courses.

(1) To beg the question and write costume-romance — 1713, 1813, 1913, all equally remote.

(2) To pretend there has been no war, and to do up sham bits of soul in whitey-brown paper and sell them, and thereby earn his own self-contempt and that of his brother man.

(3) To offer his inmost soul for sale, — as heretofore, — and starve.

I put the proposition before the intermediaries between us and the public, in England and America, whom I have above enumerated. Also before the public, whose keenness on having its pulse felt so tenderly I do not altogether take for granted.

THE INCOMPARABLE LADY

A STORY OF ANCIENT CHINA

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

It is recorded that, when the Pearl Empress (his mother) asked of the philosophic Yellow Emperor which he considered the most beautiful of the Imperial concubines, he replied instantly, 'The Lady A-kuei'; and when the Royal Parent, in profound astonishment, demanded how this could be, having regard to the exquisite beauties in question, the Emperor replied, —

'I have never seen her. It was dark when I entered the Dragon Chamber, and dusk of dawn when I rose and left her.'

Then said the Pearl Empress, 'Possibly the harmony of her voice solaced the Son of Heaven?'

But he replied, 'She spoke not.'

'Her cheeks then are doubtless softer than the kingfisher's plumage?' rejoined the Pearl Empress.

But the Yellow Emperor replied, 'Doubtless. Yet I have not touched them; I have been immersed in reflection upon the Yin and the Yang.'

The Pearl Empress was silent from very great astonishment, not daring to question further, but marveling how the thing might be. And seeing this, the Yellow Emperor recited a poem to the following effect, —

'It is said that Power ruleth the world and who shall gainsay it?
But Loveliness is the head-jewel upon the brow of Power.'

And when the Empress had listened with reverence to the Imperial Poet she quitted the August Presence.

Immediately, having entered her own palace of the Tranquil Motherly Virtues, she caused the Lady A-kuei to be summoned to her presence, who came, habited in a purple robe and with pins of jade and coral in her hair. And the Pearl Empress considered her attentively, recalling the perfect features of the White Jade Concubine, the ambrosial smile of the Princess of Feminine Propriety, and the willow-leaf eyebrows of the Lady of Chên; and her astonishment was excessive, because the Lady A-kuei could not in beauty approach any one of these ladies. Reflecting further, she then placed her behind the screen and summoned the Court Artist, Lo Cheng, who had formerly been commissioned to paint the heavenly features of the Emperor's ladies mirrored in still water, though he had naturally not been permitted to view the beauties themselves.

Of him the Empress demanded, 'Who is the most beautiful — which the most priceless jewel of the dwellers in the Dragon Palace?'

And with humility Lo Cheng replied, 'What mortal man shall decide between the white crane and the swan, or between the peony flower and the lotus?'

Having thus said, he remained silent, and in him was no help.

Finally, and after exhortation, the Pearl Empress condescended to threaten him with the loss of a head so useless to himself and to Her Majesty. Then, in great fear and haste he replied, —

‘Of all the flowers that adorn the garden of the Son of Heaven, the Lady A-kuei is the fittest to be gathered by the Imperial Hand, and this is my deliberate opinion.’

Now, hearing this statement, the Pearl Empress was submerged in bewilderment, knowing that the Lady A-kuei had modestly retired when the artist had depicted the reflection of the assembled loveliness of the Inner Chambers, as not counting herself worthy of immortality, and her features were therefore unknown to him. Nor could the Empress question the artist further, for when she had done so, he replied only, ‘This is the secret of the Son of Heaven.’ And, having gained permission, he swiftly departed.

Nor could the Lady A-kuei herself aid her Imperial Majesty; for on being questioned, she was overwhelmed with modesty and confusion, and with stammering lips could only repeat, ‘This is the secret of his Divine Majesty,’ imploring, with the utmost humility, forgiveness from the Imperial Mother.

The Pearl Empress was unable to eat her supper. In vain were spread before her the delicacies of the Empire. She could but trifle with a shark’s fin, and a ‘silver-ear’ fungus, and a dish of slugs entrapped upon roses with the dew-like pearls upon them. Her burning curiosity had wholly deprived her of appetite, nor could the amusing exertions of the palace mimes or a lantern fête on the lake restore her to any composure.

‘This circumstance will cause my flight on the Dragon [death],’ she said

to herself, ‘unless I succeed in unveiling the mystery. What, therefore, should be my next proceeding?’

So, deeply reflecting, she caused the Chief of the Eunuchs to summon the White Jade Concubine, the Princess of Feminine Propriety, and all the other exalted beauties of the Heavenly Palace.

In due course of time these ladies arrived, paying suitable respect and obeisance to the Mother of his Divine Majesty. They were resplendent in kingfisher ornaments, in jewels of jade, crystal, and coral, in robes of silk and gauze, and still more resplendent in charms that not the Celestial Empire itself could equal, setting aside entirely all countries of the foreign barbarians. And in grace and elegance of manners, in skill in the arts of poetry and the lute, what could surpass them?

Like a garden of flowers they surrounded Her Majesty, and awaited her pleasure with perfect decorum, when, having saluted them with affability, she thus addressed them: —

‘Lovely ones, ladies distinguished by the particular attention of your Sovereign and mine, I have sent for you to resolve a doubt and a difficulty. On questioning our Sovereign as to whom he regarded as the loveliest of his garden of beauty, he benignantly replied, “The Lady A-kuei is incomparable”; and though this might well be, he further graciously added that he had never seen her. Nor, on pursuing the subject, could I learn the Imperial reason. The artist, Lo Cheng, follows in the footsteps of his Master, he also never having seen the favored lady; and he and she alike reply to me that this is an Imperial secret. Declare to me, therefore, if your perspicacity and the feminine interest properly taken by every lady in the other can unravel this mystery, for my liver is tormented with anxiety beyond measure.’

As soon as the Pearl Empress had spoken, she realized that she had committed a great indiscretion. A babel of voices, cries, questions, and contradictions instantly arose. Decorum was abandoned. The Lady of Chên swooned, nor could be revived for an hour, and the Princess of Feminine Propriety and the White Jade Concubine could be dragged apart only by the efforts of the palace matrons, so great was their fury the one with the other, each accusing each of having encouraged the pretensions of the Lady A-kuei. So also with the remaining ladies. Shrieks rang through the Apartment of Virtuous Tranquillity, and when the Pearl Empress attempted to pour oil on the troubled waters by speaking soothing and comfortable words, the august voice was entirely inaudible in the tumult.

All sought at length, in united indignation, the Lady A-kuei; but she had modestly withdrawn to the Pearl pavilion in the garden, and, foreseeing anxieties, had there secured herself, on hearing the opening of the Royal speech.

Finally, the ladies were led away by their attendants, weeping, raging, lamenting, according to their several dispositions, and the Pearl Empress, left with her own women, beheld the floor strewn with jade pins, kingfisher and coral jewels, and even with fragments of silk and gauze; nor was she any nearer the solution of the desired secret.

II

That night she tossed upon her bed, sleepless though heaped with down, and her mind raged like a fire up and down all possible answers to the riddle; but none would serve. Then, at the dawn, raising herself upon one august elbow, she called to her venerable nurse and foster-mother, the Lady Ma, wise and resourceful in the affairs and difficulties

of women, and, repeating the circumstances, demanded her counsel.

The Lady Ma, considering the matter long and deeply, slowly replied, —

‘This is a great riddle and dangerous; for to intermeddle with the Divine secrets is the high road to the Yellow Springs [death]. But the child of my breasts and my August Mistress shall never ask in vain, for well I know that a thwarted curiosity is as dangerous as a suppressed fever. I will conceal myself nightly in the Dragon Chamber, and this will certainly unveil the truth. And if I perish, I perish.’

It is impossible to describe how the Empress heaped the Lady Ma with costly jewels and silken brocades and taels of silver beyond measuring; how she placed on her breast the amulet of jade that had guarded herself from all evil influences; how she called the ancestral spirits to witness that she would provide for the Lady Ma’s remotest descendants if she lost her life in this sublime devotion to duty.

That night the Lady Ma concealed herself behind the Imperial couch in the Dragon Chamber, to await the coming of the Son of Heaven. Slowly dripped the water-clock as the minutes dragged away; sorely ached the venerable limbs of the Lady Ma as she crouched in the shadows and saw the rising moon scattering silver through the elegantly carved traceries of ebony and ivory; wildly beat her heart as delicately tripping footsteps approached the Dragon Chamber, and the Princess of Feminine Propriety entered, attended by her maidens, and dismissed them.

Yet no sweet repose awaited this lovely lady. The Lady Ma could hear her smothered sobs, her muttered exclamations — nay, could even feel the couch itself tremble as the Princess uttered the hated name of the Lady A-kuei, the poison of jealousy running in every vein. It was indeed impossible

for the Lady Ma to decide which was the more virulent, this, or the poison of curiosity in the heart of the Pearl Empress. Though she loved not the Princess, she was compelled to pity such suffering.

But all thought was banished by the approach of the Yellow Emperor, prepared for repose and unattended, in simple but divine grandeur. It cannot indeed be supposed that a Celestial Emperor is human, yet there was mortality in the start which his Augustness gave when the Princess of Feminine Propriety threw herself at his feet and with tears that flowed like that river which is known as 'the Sorrow of China,' demanded to know what she had done that another should be preferred before her, reciting in frantic haste such imperfections as she could recall — or invent — in the hurry of that agitating moment.

'That one of her eyes is larger than the other, no human being can doubt,' sobbed the lady; 'and surely your Imperial Majesty cannot be aware that her hair reaches but to her waist, and that there is a brown mole on the nape of her neck? When she sings, it resembles the croak of the crow. It is true that most of the palace ladies are chosen for anything rather than beauty, yet she is the most ill-favored. And it is this — this bat-faced lady who is preferred to me! Would I had never been born! Yet even Your Majesty's own lips have told me I am fair.'

The Yellow Emperor supported the form of the Princess in his arms. There are moments when even a Son of Heaven is human.

'Fair as the rainbow!' he murmured, and the Princess faintly smiled. Then, gathering the resolution of the philosopher, he added manfully, 'But the Lady A-kuei is incomparable. And the reason is —'

The Lady Ma eagerly stretched her head forward with a hand to either ear.

But the Princess of Feminine Propriety, with one shriek, had swooned, and in the hurry of summoning attendants and causing her to be conveyed to her own apartments, that precious sentence was never completed.

Still Lady Ma groveled behind the Dragon Couch, as the Son of Heaven, left alone, approached the balcony and, apostrophizing the moon, murmured, —

'O loveliest pale watcher of the destinies of men, illuminate the beauty of the Lady A-kuei, and grant that I, who have never seen that beauty, may never see it, but remain its constant admirer!'

So saying, he sought his solitary couch and slept, while the Lady Ma, in a torment of bewilderment, glided from the room.

The matter remained in suspense for several days. The White Jade Concubine was the next lady commanded to the Dragon Chamber, and again the Lady Ma was in her post of observation. Much she heard and much she saw that was not to the point; but the scene ended, as before, by the dismissal of the lady in tears, and the departure of the Lady Ma in ignorance of the secret.

The Emperor's peace was ended.

The singular circumstance was that the Lady A-kuei was never summoned by the Emperor. Eagerly as the Pearl Empress watched, no token of affection for her was ever visible. Nothing could be detected. It was inexplicable. Finally, devoured by curiosity that gave her no respite, she resolved on a stratagem that should dispel the mystery, though it carried with it a risk on which she trembled to reflect.

III

It was the afternoon of a languid summer day, and the Emperor, almost unattended, had come to pay a visit of filial respect to the Pearl Empress.

She received him with all the ceremony due to her sovereign, in the porcelain pavilion of the Eastern Gardens, with the Lotus Fishponds before them, and a faint breeze occasionally tinkling the crystal wind-bells that decorated the shrubs on the cloud- and dragon-wrought slopes of the marble approach. A bird of brilliant plumage uttered a cry of reverence from its golden cage as the Son of Heaven entered.

As was his occasional custom, and after suitable inquiries as to his parent's health, the attendants were all dismissed out of earshot, and the Emperor leaned on his cushions and gazed reflectively into the sunlit garden. In this posture had the Court Artist represented him as 'The Incarnation of Philosophic Calm.'

'These gardens are fair,' said the Empress after a respectful silence, moving her fan, illustrated with the emblem of immortality, the Hō Bird.

'Fair indeed,' returned the Emperor. 'It might be supposed that all sorrow and disturbance would be shut without the Forbidden Precincts. But it is not so, and although the figures of my ladies moving among the flowers appear at this distance instinct with joy, yet —'

There was a painful silence.

'They know not,' resumed the Empress with solemnity, 'that Death entered the Forbidden Precincts last night. A disembodied spirit has returned to its place and doubtless exists in bliss.'

'Indeed?' returned the Yellow Emperor with indifference. 'Yet if the spirit is absorbed into the source whence it came, and the bones crumbled into nothingness, where does the Ego exist? The dead are venerable, but no longer of interest.'

'Not even when they were loved in life?' asked the Empress, caressing the bird in its cage with one jeweled finger,

but attentively observing her son from the corner of her august eye.

'They were; they are not,' he remarked sententiously and stifling a yawn; it was a drowsy afternoon. 'But who is it that has abandoned us? Surely not the Lady Ma, Your Majesty's faithful foster-mother?'

'A younger — a lovelier spirit has sought the Yellow Springs,' replied the trembling Empress. 'I regret to inform Your Majesty that a sudden convulsion last night deprived the Lady A-kuei of life. I would not permit the news to reach you lest it should break your august night's rest.'

There was a silence during which she tried in vain to decipher the Emperor's expression. Could it possibly be one of relief? He turned his eyes serenely upon his Imperial Mother.

'That the statement of my august parent is merely — let us say — allegorical does not detract from its interest. But had the Lady A-kuei in truth departed to the Yellow Springs, I should none the less have received the news without uneasiness. What though the sun set — is not the memory of his light all-surpassing?'

No longer could the Pearl Empress endure the madness of her curiosity. Deeply kow-towing, imploring pardon, with raised hands and tears which no dutiful son dare neglect, she besought the Emperor to enlighten her as to this mystery, recounting his praises of the lady, followed by his admission that he had never seen her, and all the circumstances connected with this remarkable episode. She omitted only, from motives of delicacy (and others), the vigils of the Lady Ma in the Dragon Chamber.

The Emperor, sighing, looked upon the ground and for a time was silent; then he replied as follows: —

'Willingly would I have kept silence, but what child dare withstand the plea

of a parent? Is it necessary to inform the Heavenly Empress that beauty seen is beauty made familiar, and that familiarity is the foe of delight? How is it possible that I should see the Princess of Feminine Propriety, for instance, by night and day, without becoming sensible of her imperfections as well as her graces? How partake of the society of any woman without finding her chattering as the crane, avid of admiration, jealous, destructive of philosophy, fatal to composure, fevered with curiosity; a creature, in short, a little above the gibbon but infinitely below the sage; useless, indeed, save as a temporary measure of amusement in itself unworthy the philosopher? The faces of all my ladies are known to me. All are fair and all alike. But one night, as I lay on the Dragon couch, lost in speculation, absorbed in contemplation of the Yin and the Yang, the night passed for the solitary dreamer as a dream. In the darkness of the dawn I rose, still dreaming, and departed to the Lotus Pavilion in the Garden, and there remained an hour, viewing the sunrise and experiencing ineffable opinions on the destiny of the race. Returning then to a couch which I believed to have been that of the solitary philosopher, I observed on it a jade hairpin such as is worn by my junior beauties, and, seeing it, recalled that the usual command for attendance had not been canceled. Petrified with amazement, I perceived that, lost in my thoughts, I had had an unimagined companion and that this gentle reminder was from her timid hand. But whom? I knew not. I then observed Lo Cheng, the Court Artist, in attendance, and immediately despatched him to make a secret inquiry and ascertain the name and circumstances of that beauty who, unknown, had shared my vigil. I learned on his return that it was the Lady A-kuei. I had entered the Dragon Chamber in a low

moonlight, and guessed not her presence. She spoke no word. Finding her Imperial Master thus absorbed, she invited no attention. Scarcely did she draw breath. The night passed, and I remained entirely unconscious of her presence; yet out of respect she would not sleep, but remained reverently and modestly awake, assisting, if so it may be expressed, at a humble distance, in the speculations that held me prisoner. What a pearl was here! On learning these details by Lo Cheng from her own roseate lips, I despatched an august rescript to this favored lady, conferring on her the degree of Incomparable Beauty of the First Rank — on condition of secrecy.'

The Pearl Empress, still in deepest bewilderment, besought His Majesty to proceed. He did so, with his usual dignity.

'Though my mind could not wholly restrain its admiration, yet secrecy was necessary, for had the facts been known, every lady, from the Princess of Feminine Propriety to the Junior Beauty of the Bedchamber, would henceforward have observed only silence and a frigid decorum in the Dragon Chamber. And though the Emperor be a philosopher, yet a philosopher is also a man.'

The Emperor paused discreetly; then resumed: 'The world should not be composed entirely of A-kueis; yet in my mind I behold that Incomparable Lady fair beyond expression. Like the moon, she sits glorious in the heavens, to be adored only in vision as the one woman who could respect the absorption of her Emperor, and of whose beauty the philosopher could remain unconscious and therefore untroubled. To see her, to find her earthly, would be an experience for which the Emperor might have courage, but the philosopher never! And attached to all this there is a moral!'

The Pearl Empress urgently inquired its nature.

'Let the wisdom of my August Parent discern it,' said the Emperor sententially.

'And the future?' she asked.

'The — let us call it — parable, with which Your Majesty was good enough to entertain me,' said the Emperor courteously, 'has suggested a precaution to my mind. I see a lovely form moving among the flowers. It is possible that it may be the Incomparable Lady, or that at any moment I may come upon her and risk the shattering of my ideal. This must be safeguarded. I might command her retirement to her native province, but who shall ensure me against the weakness of my own heart, demanding her return? No. Let Your Majesty's own words, spoken — well — in parable, be fulfilled in truth. I shall give orders to the Chief Eunuch that the Incomparable Lady to-night shall drink the Draught of Crushed Pearls, and be thus restored to the sphere that alone is worthy of her. Thus are all anxieties soothed, and the honors offered to her virtuous spirit shall be a glorious repayment for the ideal that shall forever illuminate my soul.'

The Empress was speechless. She had borne the Emperor in her womb, but the philosopher outsoared her comprehension. She retired, leaving the Emperor in a reverie, endeavoring herself to grasp the moral of which he had spoken, for the guidance of herself and

the ladies concerned. But whether it inculcated reserve or the reverse in the Dragon Chamber, and what the Imperial ladies should follow as an example, she was to the end of her life totally unable to say. Philosophy, indeed, walks upon the heights. We cannot all expect to follow it.

That night the Incomparable Lady drank the Draught of Crushed Pearls.

The Princess of Feminine Propriety and the White Jade Concubine, learning these circumstances, redoubled their charms, their coqueties, and their efforts to occupy what may be described as the inner sanctuary of the Emperor's esteem. Both lived to a green old age, wealthy and honored, alike firm in the conviction that if the Incomparable Lady had not shown herself so superior, the Emperor might have been on the whole better pleased, whatever the sufferings of the philosopher. Both were assiduous in their devotions before the spirit tablet of the departed lady, and in recommending her example of reserve and humility to every damsel whom it might concern.

It will probably occur to the reader of this unique but veracious story that there is more in it than meets the eye, and more than the one moral alluded to by the Emperor, according to the point of view of the different actors.

To the discernment of the reader it must, therefore, be left.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

III. THE BOY AND THE DOLLAR

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

WHEN the old gentleman left home, all the family had their pictures taken. That was their way of keeping him company, who was then so young, on his journeys that were to be so far. These pictures have been perfectly faithful; they keep him company to this day. And among them is one of himself looking lost. The old gentleman says that this lost look of Rubie is all due to the coat; it was a borrowed coat, his own not being fine enough for the immortalities of a portrait, and it was too big for him. Here, we claim, is where Rubie was lost — in the borrowed coat. For the young man who took ship at Glasgow was named Robert; he was aged nineteen, hailed from the East Highlands, and had all the documents of Rubie and all Rubie's savings in his pocket. But never a man on the Emergency Exchange Passenger S.S. Venezia had sight or sound of Rubie. Robert it was.

And Robert began at once to experience the most extreme adventures. For overture there was an unparalleled tempest. One of us is competitive by nature and has spent the prime of life upon the sea looking for another such tempest, and without success. The Venezia was twenty-one days crossing the Atlantic; on the seventh day out the sun found her still off the coast of Galway. Robert exceeded in another

sense — he was more seasick than you or I can ever hope to be. In that cabin, where twenty of the ship's forty passengers were seasick, Robert was the most so.

This was a winter of a voyage, in the very valley of the waters. A lamp hung from the ceiling of that cabin. A steward with punctual cruelty brought in food; and, on a day worse than other days, the news that the captain had been heard to say that 'She could not stand much more of this.'

Horrible rumor! The one of us who is competitive and seafaring remembers — but oh, hush, and never mind — do listen to the flute! For in a bunk of that cabin on that ship so doomed by the captain and the steward, there is a man who plays the flute! 'The Flowers of Edinburgh' — there they float, on all those days of storm and strangeness, like little straws of melody for Robert to catch at; and that piping is a magic all intact between him and the whinnings of the little ship and the sounds of the great sea.

At the fag end of that long voyage, and to the old gentleman's quite obvious present satisfaction, there was a shortage of rations. You got your hard-tack from a cabin on deck and your butter from another deck-cabin and that was all you got. And when you were twenty-one days out, you observed

by the sun that you were sailing east. This was the 'emergency passenger exchange' feature of the Venezia, operating on the grounds of a shortage of rations. The passengers were to be landed at St. John, New Brunswick.

Robert, with a ticket for New York in his pocket, was sent down the ship's ladder to the soil of the New World. The old gentleman claims that he noted at once the great tides in that bay. You see how clever he was. There were no formalities in landing, but the authorities laid hands at once on all such incomers, requiring them to drill to meet the Fenians, who had just raided Indian Island. Our wise Robert evolved the idea that St. John was no port for him; and he who went down the ship's ladder to the dock in the morning was to be seen, later in the day, looking very innocent, and climbing down a ladder from the dock to the ship. This ladder effect was due, explains the old gentleman with something of Robert's relish, to the great tides in that bay.

He debarked at Windsor, Nova Scotia, meaning to go from there inland to relatives of his. He slept the night in this port, the first night ever he slept in a hotel. With the evening he felt homesick, and he went down to walk by the sea. Now, as all exiles know, a stroll by the sea is the most appealing cure for homesickness — and the worst. 'I found a little marble on the beach,' says the old gentleman; 'I picked it up and I cherished it — then and for long afterward.'

'How do you mean — you cherished it?' we ask, thinking to pluck out the heart of this emotional word.

But the old gentleman says, 'Oh, I was homesick!' and goes back to his bed in the tavern with a marble for company in his pocket.

In the morning he took train for Truro. 'I had just money enough for my ticket,' says the old gentleman

briskly. We register a falling barometer, but the weather will not alter; it is springtime in Nova Scotia, where Robert takes notes, through a car-window, of thrifty farms. It is springtime at Halifax Junction, where Robert is to wait fasting. But the ticket agent, about to go home for his dinner, observes him, and with an extraordinary intuition, guesses him to be fresh from the old country. Yes, and from within four miles of the agent's old home Robert proves to be — for which cogent reason he is asked to dinner.

We relax — he is not to go hungry. We tremble when he makes his demure refusals; we are thinking that the ticket agent will take him at his word and leave him to starve there under the bright skies of Halifax Junction and among those notable thrifty farms. But no, says the old gentleman, 'we were both from the Highlands, and that was manners.' Moreover, he assures us, feeling our extreme financial agitation, that he personally never had the least concern. He was always able, he tells us, to put this and that together. But if there were no this or that, we urge, and are told: 'Well, then I would just have to devise!' And he tells us how, on the train out from Halifax Junction, he sold his silver watch-chain.

We did not know till now that he had a silver chain; but yes, all this time he has been wearing a chain and we have not observed it. A present from his brother Murdo it was; it went round his neck and hung all over the front of him. We cannot think how it could have escaped us. You may judge for yourself of the effect of it when I tell you that the train conductor coveted it and bought it of him for ten shillings. Was ten shillings the worth of it, we cynically wonder. But the old gentleman is perfectly satisfied: ten shillings was money in the spring of 1866.

From Truro he bought a seat in a

stage-coach for the rest of his journey. A sixpence remained. The friends he made in the stage-coach named the farmsteads by the way, and he with sixpence in his pocket rejoices upon this — that these farms are tilled by their owners.

‘It was a shining day of spring,’ says the old gentleman, ‘very bright, and by the roadside in that brilliant light I saw a little church standing in a little cemetery. And I thought, “If I should die in this country I’d like to be buried here!”’ And he looks at us with smiling and embarrassed eyes.

We think that, upon the whole, and after his many years and his much wandering, this can hardly be said to qualify as a typical Celtic premonition, and we are haunted rather by the lone sixpence. A little, too, by our Robert’s bland trust of his unknown relatives.

II

The coach drops him at the very door. He knocks. We get him to agree that he was — well, apprehensive. A good woman opens the door, and he goes into the house. He sleeps that night in the room of an absent son — ‘When my son went away’ is the way of it, and the going away of that son was aboard the City of Boston of the Inman Line. Long gone she then was, and never heard of to this day. ‘I was very sorry for that woman,’ says the old gentleman, who remembers to be pitiful after all these years. She was a good woman, he tells us, but the man was a Morrisonian. The Morrisonians, it appears, were a sect loving to argue about religion — a subject on which Robert had never yet argued or heard an argument. This new thing, he observed in his relative; and another thing he observed.

He went with his uncle for a morning stroll. And coming to a tavern, his uncle said he’d be having a dram if he had a

sixpence, but that he had come out with none. Had Robert a sixpence?

Robert, as we know, had a sixpence. Standing by the bar, he paid for the dram; it was his first purchase in America. Two portions were poured out and his uncle drank both, Robert being a teetotaler.

‘I seemed to see a dark shadow coming over the faces of all men,’ says the old gentleman, making a gesture with his hand; ‘I can see it coming now.’ Highland custom was liberal and he had to give the sixpence; but he claims that he can still remember fishing for it — ‘a poor little thing in the emptiness of my trousers pocket.’

He then felt, he says, his first touch of caution — of disappointment in his fellow men. If *his uncle* would do that, thought he, then what will not others do?

At this time Robert was in his twentieth year.

He seems not to have slept often in the room of ‘my son who went away.’ From these relatives he went on to others, without, so far as we can find, a sixpence in his pocket. And of these latter, with whom he stayed a year or more, the old gentleman would have us know their every aspect and condition: the manner of their house and farm; that they were unmarried (a brother and sister they were); that she did Robert’s mending; that they had long prayers of a morning and evening; that he had been a passionate fiddler until this idolatrous frenzy was repented of, when he put his heel through his darling fiddle. There were the awesome remains of the sacrifice to be seen about the house — very afflicting. And that, so far as Robert was concerned, they grudged him nothing — from the never-failing farthing they gave him of a Sunday, that he might feel no shame when the Elder passed the plate, to the offer they made him

at the last, that if he would stay with them he should have the farm.

Often we have heard tell of that farm, but the farthing is all new to us. We are terribly impressed by that farthing — it is a little lantern shining upon our own past, by which we see a group of ourselves more grown up than we now are, more finely dressed, about to go to church, and much approved by the old gentleman, who detains us long enough to fish a coin from his pocket — and this is for the one of us who is a guest.

‘For the collection,’ says the old gentleman benignly, and sure that all is plain. Now, indeed, by the light of the farthing all is plain: we know now where he learned that gesture, and that it is the very best of the gestures of that never-to-be-forgotten gentleness of long ago. It is strange, but that farthing has enslaved us for the Francie Henrys — this was their name — more than all their offers of the farm.

Robert stayed in the house of the broken fiddle for more than a year, and these things happened to him: —

He did not fall in love. (The old gentleman does not volunteer this, but affirms it with a kind of startled surprise, under cross-examination.) No. He began to shave, which he should have done before.

He went to school, where he made friends, and he taught school, where he made friends.

He read a book about the Christian brotherhood, and was so uplifted by it that he acclaimed the very first man he met upon the highway as a Christian brother. He can still see himself walking abroad in a bright sunlight, gaining upon a man of whom he said to himself, in his heart, ‘If he is a Christian he is my brother!’ And he was, a Christian and a carpenter, both of which facts were forthcoming and satisfactory. They walk away together, spirit-

ually arm in arm. We seem to see them walking away together in that morning light, until suddenly, when they are very small and far away, we laugh — because we remember where we have seen them before, and it was in the *Pilgrim’s Progress*!

Robert joined the church in these days, whether before the dawn of his day of Christian brotherhood or after — at least upon a glimmer of that same illumination. Because, he was wondering, did he dare, who was so wicked, aspire to such a privilege, when his eye fell upon Jimmie Cameron, who sat between himself and the minister. Now Robert knew his Jimmie, and thinks he to himself, ‘I’m as good as Jimmie Cameron anyway!’ Upon which conclusion he joined the church.

With the earning of his school-term he bought a suit of clothes — a tailor made them — and an overcoat. Do not minimize these adventures.

And among the many letters got by Robert from the old country, be prepared for the fateful letters — so like other letters when the postman brings them to the door, so different when you release them! Little Alec is dead, writes his mother. And his brother Murdo writes that little Alec is dead, but that, if Robert will send on the passage-money for Jimmie, that brother will come to the new country, where he will make a wage that will educate Robert. For Robert is to be the minister, now that little Alec is dead.

Robert sends on what money he has. It is a good thing, is n’t it, that he has joined the church and has bought a new suit of clothes — he that is so suddenly called to the ministry! And about the passage-money the old gentleman tells us that, when it came to hand in that Highland village, it was just in time to bury Jimmie. We look at those photographs, — of Alec, so small and wise, being bigger than he was on a footstool,

and of Jimmie, so young, so rustic, so debonair, so Scotch bonnie, — and we wonder how Robert ever kept his faith in savings. But he did, and Murdo writes that, if only enough can be saved for the passage, he himself will come to earn the makings of the minister.

The old gentleman will not have it that Robert was shattered. But there he is, moving on and away from that Nova Scotian village where you get sad letters and learn that the young may die. He will not stay there — no, not for a farm.

III

The old gentleman, when we have come to this point in the things he remembers, remembers that he had for a long time a wish to be a toll-keeper. He saw himself, he says, tipped back in a chair and reading a book. When he would be hailed in his dream by a traveler, he would come to earth and collect the toll; but that well-trained traveler would pass on, and he would read his book again.

It is plain to see, when this aspiration is recalled, that it is not all dead. 'It would certainly be a pleasant life,' muses the old gentleman. But we cannot leave him there, lolling at the gate of a dream, while Robert waits to get away, and the Francie Henrys, having packed his box with dainties, suffer the moment of farewell.

Robert takes ship from St. John for Boston. Their first call was at Eastport, Maine. It was a jewel of a morning, a late September morning, and it was, he says, as if he had never seen an autumn day before. He looks at that enchanting shore. And he writes a letter to his father all about the 'Country of the Yankees,' and that, however shrewd they are (these were the *clichés* of that September day in 1867), he, Robert, knows how many pence there are to the sixpence!

Having reassured himself by the touch of the written word of his pebbles and his sling, he hangs upon the rail to watch the landing. And Miss Hare comes aboard.

Of the extraordinary personality of Miss Hare I will say at once that the old gentleman has never since that day seen a well-dressed woman but he has thought of Miss Hare. She was then for him, and is to-day, the glass of fashion and the mould of form. And she was more — just as Titian knows that there is more than one woman in a beautiful woman and paints her two upon the fountain's brim. Well, there comes Miss Hare, and she moves in a little company.

'She had a novel manner,' says the old gentleman; 'it was the United States manner. Her carriage was very striking and different from the carriage of the Provinces. Her dress was peculiar to me: her skirt was one of those skirts cut in four panels from nothing [this nothing would seem to have been her waist] to a good flare; it was gray with a sheen on it. It was not very wide. I looked at that dress as if I were going to make another like it. She was a slim tall girl with gray eyes. Her face was not round. So attractive she was and so novel, that any young man would have looked at her more than once or twice.' And the old gentleman says further that in any country he would have been interested in the men and women, and most particularly in the young girls.

'We sailed along,' he tells us, 'and I looked at her from time to time. She had no interest in me.' We note this, and we note further that, by eliminations of which the old gentleman can still give the count, beginning in the saloon where the attendants withdraw singly, to last withdrawals on the deck, Robert is left alone at last with Miss Hare. They sit by the rail in the autumn night, while the ship's bell strikes the

hour. Eight bells, and Miss Hare is still telling Robert the story of 'The Minister's Wooing.' Yes, that is the tale she told him — the so fashionable and so beautiful and so affable Miss Hare. We do rejoice that Robert, besides his new suit, had bought an overcoat.

There was a maiden lady on that boat, and she was a distant relative of Robert. How came she to know of the condescensions of Miss Hare? And why must she next morning upbraid him for them? 'Don't be thinking to lift your eyes so high,' she tells Robert; and that Miss Hare would never take a serious thought of a poor young man like him! The old gentleman, in recalling this would-be assassin, has the customary injured air of the man who has been accused of more serious intentions than he has entertained; and you may see to this day, on the margin of his bright memory of this super-encounter, the print of an alien thumb.

It was late afternoon when Robert, landing in Boston, paid the classic dollar. You paid a dollar in those days for the privilege of entering the United States. The old gentleman makes gestures at this point — impassioned gestures, calculated to startle our attention. We must know, if he can make us know, the value of what Robert got for his dollar; and his emotion quite visibly beats against the cage of his control while he tells us that thirteen battles were fought within sight of Stirling Castle, — all of them for Liberty, — and here you are, in September of 1867, buying Liberty for a dollar!

We are the friends of the bridegroom and we make our little gestures of appreciation of that joy. We do not minimize it, but we know that Robert is to be a long time in America savoring the fruits of that dollar, and we want to hear at once the tale of the famous necktie bought in Boston. Before we leave Boston we must buy him that tie.

The old gentleman explains that the tie was bought in Michigan, and for this or for other reasons, he leaves Boston that very afternoon, traveling all night to Albany — shut up in the prison of the train from the wonders of these United States. A late thunder-shower beat upon that train and awed him, who was not bred to such storms. And a fellow passenger came and sat beside him, speaking of the Deity and of the things of Friendship. How kind that was, we think; and we think we see him sitting all lonely in that unfamiliar clamor, until this nameless man, caught by some appealing aspect of youth, casts a bridge across to that isolation.

'He told me,' says the old gentleman, 'that I must learn to make a friend of God and to be friendly to my fellow man; then I would never lack for friends.'

With the morning he was in Albany, and all that day — he was twenty-four hours between Albany and Toledo — he marveled at the United States. There through the car-window was the Mohawk Valley, there were the clean fields, the corn in shock and the colored pumpkins, the towns with their classic names, and everywhere, in town and field and woodland, the bright last embers of our year. First adventures, says the old gentleman, not only live accurately in memory, but they shine.

Robert saw hunters come aboard the train with braces of rabbits; free as air, they were, in these United States, who in the old country might well have been in prison for poaching; and he, who had never poached or had a heart for shooting, yet felt a sense of liberation. There was a boy aboard that train who was called the Butcher Boy; he sold nuts that were called beechnuts. He had been in the Civil War. Robert ate his nuts, while he listened to his adventures, and was very much in the United States.

In the old Toledo station he is laughed at by a girl because he calls for a tart that is a pie. 'Well, then, that pie.' 'All of it?' mocking youth asks of youth. And youth with dignity inquires as to the custom: what portion is it customary to sell? And buys the fourth, as per specifications.

IV

Fortified by this customary section of pie, and by more, we trust, that the old gentleman has forgotten, Robert went on from Toledo to a town in Michigan. He had an uncle in that town, and we know how uncles draw him. This one was of the nobler sort. 'He was brusque,' says the old gentleman, 'but he was never brusque to me.' And here Robert found his first job in America — he sold wild turkeys for Thanksgiving. Here, too, he bought the necktie.

There was a young lady among his relatives who loathed his tie and said so. How pliable he was, you may guess, when I tell you that he agreed to buy another. And how he suffered, you should know, when he was asked four shillings for the new one. Now Robert knew — you remember he said so — how many pence there are to the sixpence, and he knew besides how shrewd the Yankees are, and that you must never give what you are asked. So he just made a feint of moving away from the counter. And the clerk called after him, 'What will you give for it?' Aha, thinks Robert, thrilled to his marrow by this encounter of Greek with Greek; and he says that he will give sixty cents. Which he does. The tie is much admired, and its financial history is related, with Robert staged to centre, outwitting the Shrewd Yankee.

'But it was only fifty cents he asked you!' cries the young lady. For in Michigan in those days there were just twelve and a half cents to the shilling.

You see for yourself how hard it was in 1867 to outwit the Shrewd Yankees.

Well, you need not always be outwitting them. With a teacher's diploma in your pocket, you ride out into the autumn air and you pick up your living by the roadside. It is a November day; you borrow your uncle's pony; above your necktie you look with your young eyes to right and left for your fortune; and when you have ridden seven miles into the country, you see a brick schoolhouse at a four corners. You hail a man and ask is it a vacant school; and it is. And if you will just be going to a farmhouse at the corners, you will be hearing something to your advantage.

You go. And that very night you meet with the School Board. There is something about you that dazzles them — it is a perfect case of Lohengrin, with a pony for swan. You are to teach four months; you are to be paid one hundred and twenty dollars, and you are to 'board round.'

Thus Robert came to anchor for a winter of which the old gentleman says that there are no bitter memories, unless of the chill of the guest-rooms where he boarded round. All those rooms were cold. But there was food in abundance; there was firewood for jolly big black stoves; there were boys and girls slipping along in sleighs between the snow and the moon, warm and laughing in the straw. There were spelling-bees, and this is why our elders are so infallible. And of a Sunday there was a meeting of Spiritualists in the schoolhouse, and there was much post-war talk of Spiritualism in that robust community. But Robert, who came of a race that sees ghosts, and whose feeling for the ghostly was of a deep and Celtic dye, was not intrigued by these facile occult adventures.

He was busy with his school, and he was busy trying to correct his accent. He dearly wished to be like the people

among whom he lived, and particularly he wished to be like the Pennsylvania Dutch. He aimed, it seems, to please. Having aimed for four months at this unique mark, and the spring having rounded out his school-term, there is a stroke of the bell, and Robert might infer, we claim, that he has hit the bull's-eye. For on the day of the closing of school all the pupils — there were sixty pupils — kissed their teacher.

The old gentleman, to prove this phenomenon, produces a sheaf of tintypes. There they are, boys and girls, and all with a tinge of rose upon their cheeks to prove that they kissed their teacher. One of these is Johnny Skinner, and oh, he looks like Alec! All the four months of that winter he looked like Alec, and here is the little picture of him after fifty years — still looking like Alec, the two of them looking alike to this day.

Outside the schoolhouse there is the most beautiful spring weather. And in that beautiful weather there flourishes the most beautiful larch tree. The immortal beauty of this tree, and a memory of Robert worshiping it, are the last of the old gentleman's memories of the four corners. 'And how,' he muses, 'can we have had such golden weather in a Michigan spring!'

However that may be, and we confess to a sophisticated wonder ourselves, Robert makes back to his uncle in gold-

en weather, with gold in his pocket and with a golden word in his mouth. For it is in this spring that he begins to sing about college. He is going to college.

'I am saying good-bye,' he tells his uncle, 'because I am going to college.' For this song is the song of migration.

And his uncle says, with exactly the fervor of the Francie Henrys when they offered him the farm, that he will educate Robert for a doctor.

'But I mean to be a minister!' says Robert.

And his uncle looks at him. Presently he asks, does Robert want to know what he thinks of him? And he tells him. Now I know that you want to know what his uncle thought of Robert; but I cannot just tell you with the old gentleman listening in. For he thought that Robert was a fool of a classic type.

And that was the end of uncles so far as Robert was concerned, and of all relatives whatsoever, except those forgotten ones who write letters from the East Highlands and who think it just gran' to be a minister. With the pictures of these and the tintypes of his sixty pupils Robert moves forever out of the zone of uncles.

But of this latter one the old gentleman thinks long, sighing at last and saying, 'He was brusque, but he never was brusque with me.'

'How fortunate you were!' we tell our old gentleman.

AUGUST IN VERMONT

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

As half through June the wintry spring
Sows nights of frosty shine and sting,
And thrilling winds from glens of snow
Sound down the flooded passes cold —
On the first week of August so
The autumn thrusts his sword of gold.
The autumn air, the windy light,
Draw the clouds upward in the night,
And roll the river-mist like tides
Across the rising oats and corn
Up to the birch-fringed mountainsides,
And flooding back before the morn —
The green, blue morning, lifted clear,
Pause and full transport of the year.

O evening light on field and pool!
Dim rose-maroon, lights thin and cool,
Empurpled skeins of scarfing cloud
That cling entangled in the pine
Where crowns of forest darkly crowd
The valley's pinnaced incline!
In that flushed blue at dusk above
The throbbing Northern Lights might move.
The moons that to that zenith rise
Colder than harvest moonlight gleam, —
Cold as the hunter's moon and skies,
So filled with blazing frost they seem.
So fades that wash of rose and wine
Across the thrilled and deepened sky

AUGUST IN VERMONT

As winter afterglows decline
Among the hills, when streaming high,
The dark-blue shadows drink the red,
And their pooled colors fade and spread.

Three days this foretaste; then once more
The bloomy haze on the sky's shore
Thickens, and draws the hills away
In its false distance; bluely gray, —
The blue-black-gray of blueberries, —
That utmost summer distance is.
Returns the cricket, piping heat;
The sumach's ribbony leaves take fire;
The tanning oats, the flushed buckwheat,
In summer noons once more suspire.
And blue as fringing knots of haze,
In golden thickets giant-high,
The twinkling asters trim the ways;
The silken barbs of milkweed fly;
And scarlet August apples fall
Where the slow vines pull down the wall.

AN OFFICER, BUT A GENTLEMAN

BY GEORGE BOAS

I

MADAME LAMBRUCHE had a little house in the outskirts of Prèz-sous-La-fauche — a house which seemed so tiny that elves must have built it. Over the high wall which protected it from the street, one could see only the very tips of the chimneys. The gate itself which

let into this secluded habitation was narrow and low, and surmounted by a sort of little projecting roof, made of red tiles. When one lifted the iron latch and opened the gate, a bell, which sounded as if it were coming from the neck of some sacrificial heifer, was

tapped into activity and, if one looked up, he saw it trembling flowerlike at the end of a delicate curved stem.

When the Zone Major came to Prèz-sous-Lafauche, one of his first duties was to go through the houses of the village and estimate as far as possible the number of officers, men, and animals he could billet in them. He carried with him white oblong boards, about four by twelve, marked off into three parts—parts lettered respectively O., H., C., meaning *Officiers, Hommes, Chevaux*.

The rules of billeting were very simple; they demanded courtesy and tact, a bed for an officer, and four feet of floor space for a man.

The Zone Major was a most conscientious young lieutenant, but he hated his detail. He hated it as a whole and in part. Yet if he hated one thing about it more than another, it was bullying the good old souls of Prèz-sous-Lafauche into crowding a squad of noisy democrats into their quiet granges, and forcing some idealistic and muddy company commander into their best bedroom.

However, he had nothing to say about it and, thanks to the kindness of Monsieur Morleux, the Maire, to his own scrupulous disregard of orders *re* commissary supplies, and to the seriousness with which the French fought the war, he succeeded very well in labeling most of the houses and barns with his tripartite billet boards.

Until he came to Madame Lambruche.

When he opened the narrow green gate and heard the flower-like bell tinkle above his head, he knew that he had not the heart to violate the sanctity of this beautiful spot. The little yard before the house had two round flower-plots, each bordered with pebbles as shiny and white as scrubbing could make them. A lime tree stood in one corner, beneath which had been placed an iron table, its three legs in-

tertwined near the ground and thence lightly touching the pebbles as if they had been enchanted by a malignant fairy during a dance. A green settee was beside it.

He had barely time to take in all this, and the phlox under the windows and the brass knocker on the door and the merle in a wicker cage, when the house-door opened before him, and Madame Lambruche stepped out, her wrinkled forehead not betokening the most cordial of welcomes.

'Madame, c'est le major de zone américain,' stuttered the Zone Major, who felt as if he had stepped into Mother Goose and were addressing any one of her ancient heroines who wear peaked hats and Watteau skirts.

'Le—?'

'Le major de zone américain.'

'I have no reclamations to present, monsieur,' said Madame Lambruche.

The Zone Major blushed.

'I am not here, madame, to register the reclamations.'

Madame Lambruche drew up the corners of her mouth. What possible business could he have here, then, to intrude upon a lonely old woman?

Shamefacedly, and blushing again, the Zone Major explained that it was his duty to look over her premises and see what room she had to billet soldiers in. He would be very careful indeed, and if she had no room, he would not think of imposing upon her.

She was finally persuaded to let him enter. While he was in the house, she eyed him with suspicion and contempt, and hastily dusted what articles of furniture his uniform brushed against.

The interior of the place was as much like an illustration to a story-book as the outside. Old polished tables of oak, quaint peasant plates with red and green cocks upon them, an elaborate gilt barometer, a porcelain stove in the corner, tall carved armoires with brass

knobs on the paneled doors, all helped to give him the impression of an older and quieter civilization. There were but four rooms on the ground floor.

The Zone Major made for the garden door.

'Is it necessary to inspect my vegetables?' asked Madame Lambruche, putting her hand over the door-knob.

'Oh, no, but the *grenier* —'

'You can see the *grenier* from the front,' she replied firmly and finally.

The Zone Major turned without a word and went to the front of the house. Once safely outside, Madame Lambruche breathed a sigh of relief and told him where he could find a ladder. He took the ladder, leaned it against the *grenier* door, climbed up, pushed open the door, and looked into the dark and musty hole. Then he slowly descended and reached into his *musette* for a billet board.

'You are not going to put some soldiers up there, are you?' cried Madame Lambruche.

'But yes,' said the Zone Major imperturbably; and with his heavy lithographer's pencil he dug a thick black '2' into the board alongside the 'H.'

'I should be grateful to you,' he said with a bow, 'to be good enough to permit us to fasten this board on your gate.'

But Madame Lambruche with her hands in the air had fled into the cottage crying aloud.

'If you had gone into the garden,' said the Commandant Lerocher to the Zone Major that night, as they sat over their coffee, 'you would have seen her daughter Eulalie.'

II

The white paint had long since begun to peel off the billet board under the steady rains; divisions came and went, carrying off souvenirs of the little village, breaking hearts and making

conquests, writing back unintelligible letters, or not writing them, according to their temperament. Cantigny had been fought and won, Seicheprey was forgotten, the retreat from Soissons was ancient history. But all this time the sanctity of the little cottage under the lime tree was preserved, and no American hand pushed open the green gate and shook the delicate bell.

At length a division arrived, fresh from the States, its rolls filled to bursting with high-spirited replacements in campaign hats and canvas leggings, and the Zone Major assigned its sanitary train to Préz-sous-Lafauche.

A word on sanitary trains.

All army outfits have their individuality. Two infantry regiments may fight in the same brigade from the date on which they are organized to the date on which they are mustered out, but they will be no more alike than two brothers. But sanitary trains are different. They are all alike in having more strange, uncanny, spooky people in them than any other organizations in the service. They are required to do such disagreeable work, they have so little recompense for what they do, that they become the haven of all those men who think themselves the victims of persecution and who sometimes are.

This one was no exception.

Private Roland MacDougal was a gentleman, but no soldier. He somehow lacked a proper reverence for externals. Everything about him drooped. His hair was long and dark and drooped in a thick lock over his left eye. His ears, of more than average *contenance*, drooped over his cheek-bones. His lower lip drooped over his chin and his head over his chest. His left shoulder sagged, and his blouse — the only one in the army properly so called — was comparatively longer on the left side than on the right. His web belt was too long for his thin waist, and he had not the

initiative to cut it off; consequently, the surplus end hung down over his breeches like the keys at the waist of a *châtelaine*. His knees were baggy, and from beneath his leggins his shoe-laces hung over his shoes, where they flapped miserably as he walked. All in all he looked like a straggly weeping-willow tree.

His looks, combined with a natural passion for doing good to others and an utter ignorance of his own worth, which in a less knightly soul would have made him a conscientious objector, selected him for the Medical Corps.

When the Zone Major attempted to squeeze the sanitary train into *Prèz-sous-Lafauche*, it was inevitable that, if anyone was to be left out in the cold, MacDougal should be he. For he was the sort of soldier whose gas-mask is never marked, who never succeeds in getting an identification tag, and who is always near the end of the mess line.

It had taken about eight hours to placate everybody in the train, from the lieutenant colonel commanding, who wanted the billet at the *château*, although it was cold and draughty and although — or perhaps because — his having it would make the major commanding the field hospitals move to the field-ambulance area, down to Corporal Jefferson Hawkins, 3rd, as he announced himself, who insisted that he be allowed to pitch a tent in *Monsieur Morleux's* wheatfield instead of sleeping in *Madame Pochard's* barn, which he sternly and truly said was unfit for cows, let alone men. When, finally, everybody had been housed and the sound of *harmonicas* had arisen throughout the village, playing songs which carried the men to *St. Louis* and the girls to *Paradise*, the Zone Major blew out the candle in his office, turned the key in the door, and fell over the limp form of Private Roland MacDougal, who had somehow been thrown on the doorstep and stuck.

'Good God!' he cried, 'what's that?'

The lank form uncurled itself and seemed to hoist itself into an S-shaped posture. A hand at the end of a limp sleeve timorously came in contact with the brim of a campaign hat.

'Private MacDougal reports to the lieutenant that he ain't got no billet.'

'Why not?' asked the lieutenant.

'Nobody assigned me any.'

The Zone Major had been through this too often to show his disturbance.

Wearily he reopened the door and lit the light. He examined the billeting list — or 'repertoire of inhabitants,' as it was officially known.

MacDougal stood before him in the candle-light, the picture of dejection. He made one or two tentative efforts as if to speak, and gulped back his words. The Zone Major guessed that he had learned his lesson; suggestion comes from above in the army.

'Did you want to ask me something?' said the Zone Major, concealing his emotion in an air of business.

'Could — could the lieutenant billet me alone? I ain't been by myself since I was drafted.'

The Zone Major abruptly stopped his scrutiny of the list. Billeted alone? Did the man think he was a general? No one was allowed to be alone in the army. Pitiless publicity was maintained from bathing to praying. Solitude might lead to reflection and reflection to crime. Maybe General Pershing was sometimes alone, but that was because he was above suspicion. And even he had aides. Yet to be alone was the one desire the Zone Major had had ever since he enlisted. To find a kindred feeling in MacDougal was so grateful an experience that a solution of the housing difficulty was soon reached.

'Come with me,' he said.

The officer and the man went down the village street together, between rows of men who were happy because

they had eaten. The kitchen police were already peeling potatoes for the breakfast hash before the rolling kitchens, which projected long, dancing shadows across the road. The mule-drivers were watering the stock at the picket-lines and cursing their charges as they tended them. There was a general hum of voices, broken now and then by a girl's high laugh, by the sharp and rapid staccato of some angry peasant woman, and by the occasional call of a cuckoo in the woods, all accompanied by the everlasting harmonicas and the restless champing of the horses in their strange quarters.

They reached the outskirts of the village and stood before a narrow green gate.

'Go in there,' said the Zone Major brutally to MacDougal, 'and the old woman will fix you up.'

He pushed his drooping friend through the gate into the yard of Madame Lambruche, while the little bell violently protested; then, coward that he was, he sneaked off to Louis's for a drink.

III

He thought no more of the matter until six weeks later, when the train began to move and the trucks and wagons were spattering drops of mud over all the passers-by. The wheels were put on the rolling kitchens. The latrines were filled up. Men were flying round from one end of the village to the other. Peasants were writing up their claims for broken windows and trampled wheat, that they might be presented within twenty-four hours after the departure of the troops. Poor old Morleux's arm ached for weeks after such an event, with the unavoidable sealing and stamping and signing entailed. Officers were cursing out their men; men were belittling their officers. Louis, the café-keeper, was

surreptitiously putting cognac into the soldiers' canteens, and the soldiers were openly passing the good news along. It was 6.30 A.M., and the men were already lined up in marching order, for the outfit was to move at eight.

The Zone Major's office was overflowing with commanding officers, orderlies, French officials, liaison officers, the mayor, interpreters, loafers, chauffeurs, scribes and Pharisees. As ants swarm over a piece of apple thrown on the roadside, so they swarmed over this officer thrown out of active combat into the S.O.S. He had to answer every conceivable question, from how far it was to Toul, to how could the C.O. of the —th Ambulance Company get a censor stamp.

Always sad on such occasions, always feeling as if deserted by all his friends, as if quite alone in a hostile and alien world, the Zone Major did his best to satisfy everyone. Suddenly, pulled by a hidden magic, he looked up from his desk to the drawn and frightened face of Madame Lambruche.

'Monsieur,' she whispered through the crowd, 'must they take him?'

'Whom, madame?' asked the Zone Major, elbowing his way through the colonels to where she stood clutching her shawl about her.

'The good little MacDougal. Oh, they must not take him — there are so many others.'

The Zone Major gently led her out of the hubbub and walked with her to her cottage.

'Come and see, monsieur, how we make the good ménage together. Ah, if they take him, it will kill my Eulalie; it will kill me; he is my *fils de guerre*.'

The fragile shrunken body of this woman, who at their first meeting had been so reserved, so cold, so inimical, was shaken by ill-controlled sobs. She clung to the arm of the American as if he were her court of last resort.

But the court of last resort was mystified; he was thoroughly alarmed. What had that soft, doughy, lanky, misshapen idiot of a MacDougal been doing in Fairyland? He pictured all sorts of horrid tricks, and began to wonder where he should confine him. Such was his efficient mind.

'Come, come see, monsieur,' went on Madame Lambruche. 'See how good he is to us. He is more than a son. He is an angel sent by the good God. My poor Eulalie is a different girl.'

They arrived at the cottage, and Madame Lambruche impelled the Zone Major through the gate, to the horror of the bell, which nodded on its curved stem as if it had the ague. There under the lime tree sat Private MacDougal on the green settee, a beatific smile on his face, his arms outstretched as if they were in stocks, with a hank of O.D. wool wrapped round them. Beside him sat a young girl with fair hair, who was winding the O.D. wool into a ball.

When Private MacDougal saw the Zone Major, he unfolded himself from the settee, much as a deck-chair unfolds itself. He was standing at what to him was 'Attention.' His two imprisoned hands were having a hard time to place themselves at his sides, thumbs along the seams of his breeches.

'What in God's name are you doing here?' thundered the Zone Major, who really wanted to retreat instead of to thunder, 'while the train is pulling out?'

'Winding wool, sir,' replied Private MacDougal.

'W-w-winding wool? What the devil are you doing that for?'

'For a sweater, sir. Yoolaly is going to make me a sweater.'

'But they'll be calling the roll in a minute.'

'They'll never miss me, lieutenant. Can I sit down now?'

'Qu'il est beau!' sighed Madame Lambruche, in ecstasy, clasping and

unclasping her hands. 'You are going to let him stay?'

'It is impossible, madame. I am not his commanding officer. Besides,' — sternly, — 'he is a soldier.'

The Zone Major drew himself up like Napoleon as he said this.

'Same old bunk,' breathed MacDougal with resignation. 'They always says that when there's dirty work to be done.'

The Zone Major's dignity and unmanifested respect for MacDougal increased simultaneously.

'They'll be sounding Assembly before you know,' he said coldly. 'Say good-bye and fall in before your C.O. finds you here.'

MacDougal withdrew his hands from the wool, entangling it in the process, looped across the yard to the ladder, and slithered up it to the *grenier*. In a few minutes he reappeared with his helmet on over his overseas cap, chin-strap back of his head, blouse unbuttoned, his square Medical-Corps pack bulging and deformed, with one strap unfastened and hanging loose. He was the model of the amateur warrior, unhampered by training.

'Button up your blouse,' snapped the Zone Major, while the women looked on with terror and love struggling to control their faces. 'Put your helmet on straight. Fasten that strap. Now say good-bye and join your outfit.'

Madame Lambruche began to cry, and Eulalie to wind wool furiously.

MacDougal actually appeared to straighten up as he walked toward her, with his left hand holding his pack from falling.

'Good-bye, Yoolaly,' he said, '*non* cry — *moi partir mais* send letters from the front, *ness par? Toujours* you'll get news of me, *toujours*.'

Eulalie arose, threw back her head proudly, and kissed him.

Then she smiled through her tears.

'*Goude-mornang*,' she said, and held out her hand like a man.

'She thinks that means "good-bye," lieutenant,' said MacDougal apologetically.

He turned to Madame Lambruche.

'Good-bye, mother,' he said.

'Adieu, au revoir!' cried Madame Lambruche, grasping him by both arms; 'you are a soldier and you must fight. But we shall see you again. Au revoir et bonne chance, mon petit, mon fils.'

And she kissed him on both cheeks.

MacDougal gulped hard and then, 'French custom,' he explained over her shoulder to the Zone Major.

And he fell in, presumably, with his outfit.

As soon as the boy had left the yard, the two women ran to one another and wept long and painfully.

'Five sons have I lost in the war,' sobbed Madame Lambruche, 'and no sooner do I gain one from across the ocean to take their places, than he too is taken. Seigneur have pity on me, an old woman.'

She ceased and turned to the Zone Major.

'At least you can leave me and my daughter in peace,' she said brokenly.

The Zone Major withdrew.

He reached his office in low spirits, to find there Bedlam.

'How can I raise Chaumont on the phone?'

'Have you a map of the Baccarat Sector?'

'Who's town major in Commercy?'

'Why must we leave a claims-officer behind?'

'What do these criss-crosses mean on the map?'

'This order says to make Toul by the twelfth, and it's now the thirteenth.'

'Who's *Daylight*?'

The Zone Major responded as well

as he could. The start was then two hours late, and cries of 'When do we eat?' arose from the highway.

Finally, a little fat lieutenant burs into the office, looking for his company commander.

'Captain,' he shrieked, 'got one mar too many in the company. What shall I do?'

'That's your funeral,' replied the captain cheerfully; 'you're *personne* officer.'

'Am I responsible when we've got too many men?'

'Am I?' asked the captain.

The lieutenant scratched his head.

'Looks to me as if nobody was,' he reflected.

He left the office whistling.

At length the train left, three hours late.

As the Zone Major was quitting his office for luncheon, his experience of six weeks earlier was repeated. Sitting on the doorstep, alone and contented, like an abandoned dog who has found a new master, was Private Roland MacDougal.

'You?' said the Zone Major.

'Was present but not accounted for,' replied MacDougal, limply touching his right eyebrow. 'Guess the lieutenant's responsible for me, sir.'

He held out an envelope to the Zone Major.

'My service record, sir,' he said; 'first time I have had to get rid of it since I left Camp Grant.'

The Zone Major wiped his damp forehead with his handkerchief.

'G-go, and report to Madame Lambruche for duty,' he said.

'Sir,' said MacDougal, wringing his commander's hand, 'you're an officer, but a gentleman.'

And he sauntered off down the road toward the little cottage, where he may still be, for all anyone knows.

GOOD-BYE TO OLD FRIENDS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF OPAL WHITELEY

TO-DAY was a long work day. When afternoon-time was come, the mamma was worried because the cream was n't sour enough to churn, and she wanted to get it churned before supper-time. I wanted to help her. I feel so sorry for her when the worry lines come on her face. They make her look tired. While she was taking a nap by the baby on the bed, I tried to think how I could help her. By-and-by, after a time not very long, I thought of a way. I got a lemon and cut it in two with the butcher knife. Then I took the lid off the big churn. I squeezed those lemons lots of times into the cream. Then, when they would n't leak any more juice out, I put the rinds in for a finishing touch, just like the mamma puts them into the lemonade after she has squeezed all the squeeze out. I feel better now. I know when the mamma awakes joy will be hers when she sees the cream is sour enough to churn.

But she feels the mamma did have when she had wake-ups — they was not joy feels; and the feels I now have are sore feels on the back part of me. While I did mind the baby, there was an odd sound like someone crying a great way off. The mamma says, 'I wonder what it is.' I know it is the death-song of that gray fir tree they are falling this afternoon. Sleeps is come upon the baby. The mamma says for me to get out of her way. I go now goes to the woods.

I did. I went on to where its growing was. It reaches up and up — most away to the clouds. Days have been when I did sit by it to have thinks.

And Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus has gone goes there with me, and Brave Horatius has waited waits while I did say prayers for that great tree. And I have told it all the things I am going to do when I grow up. I have told it about the books I am going to write about wood-folks and them of the field, and about the twins I want when I grow up and the eight other children. And always I have read to this great fir tree the letters I have wrote and put in the big log for the fairies to take to grand-mère and grandpère. And night-times I have heard the little wind-song among its arms most near to the sky, and I have almost touched the big gray shadow with velvet fingers that stays close by it at night-time. And to-day there I did watch and I did hear its moans as the saw went through it. And I sat down on the ground. There was a queer feel in my throat and I could n't stand up. All the woods seemed a still sound except the pain sound of the saw. It seemed like a little voice was calling from the cliffs. And then it was many voices. They were all little voices calling as one silver voice come together. The saw — it did n't stop — it went on sawing. Then I did have thinks the silver voice was calling to the soul of the big fir tree. The saw did stop. There was a stillness. There was a queer sad sound. The big tree did quiver. It did sway. It crashed to the earth.

Yesterday was the day of the funeral of Aristotle. He died of eating too many mosquitoes. Now I have not three pet

bats. I only have two pet bats — only Plato and Pliny. And they are like mouses with angel wings. I have likes to watch Pliny scratch his head with his hind foot, and he does use a part of his wonderful stretchy wing for a wash-cloth. I have lonesome feels about Aristotile being gone. I go now goes to the garden to get turnips for supper.

I did. And I give to them washes in the brook. When I did take them in to put them on the cook-table the mamma and the grandma was talking about the garden. The mamma did wonder where that third cabbage-head was gone. I did n't. I know. It is up the brook a ways dabbling its toes in the water. I dug it up this morning and put it there. To-night I shall plant it again in the garden. It will have had a glad day dabbling its toes in the brook. That does give one such a nice feel.

I have been setting on a high stump looking looks to where is the road. Now the sun shines yellow and many flowers bloom yellow along the road. When I grow up I'm going to write a book about the folks that wear the sun-shine color. I have printed some prints for its begins.

When I was coming back from the stump, I saw a spider. I stopped to watch him. He walked on his web. There was a mosquito in the web. I thought I would take that mosquito to Pliny to eat. Before I could get to it, that spider ate that mosquito up. I came a come as near unto the *chêne* trees. I saw the black cat coming in a creep along. He was coming more near unto the little squirrel that had no seeing of his coming. I run a more quick run. I hollered a little holler. The little squirrel did make a start to make a run. The cat did make a jump. I so did too. The cat did begin to make a quick run. I so did too. I fell over a little root. That helped some because when I fell I did catch the tail of that old black cat.

I pulled it most hard. He did drop the little squirrel and made objects to my pulling his tail so. Then I did get the baby squirrel. It was most killed — but it was not killed dead. I did cuddle it up in my hands and we did go the way that does go to the hospital. I have mentholatumed it and named it Geofroi Chaucer, and I have told it about this being the day of the going away of Innocent III in 1216. Now I go goes to the cathedral to say thanks for his borning and all the good he did do, and to pray for the angels to bring a new baby to the mamma and the papa when comes Eastertime.

One of my tooths is loose and a queer feel. This morning, after I did come back from prayers in the cathedral with Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, — it was then I did have feels of that tooth, — it was funny feels, — its being loose. After I did eat some of my mush, I did go to the string-box and I pulled out a string. It was a white one. There was lots of white strings in that box and a pink one and a green one. I put the white string back and I pulled out the green one. It was long — very long — feets long. I did tie one part of it around my tooth with carefuls. Then I did come a walk over to where the broom stands behind the back door. I did tie the other end of the long green string to the broom-handle. And I kept hold of the middle of the string in my hand, so when the broom had falls it would n't give a bump to my tooth when it did pull it out. I went a walk off. The tooth did n't come out. The green string did just have a slip off the broom-handle. I carried the string in a careful way while I did go to bring in the wood and other morning works the mamma did want done when she went away to the grandma's house. When the works was done, then I tied that string to the door-knob. I started to

walk off. Then I came back aways. I decided to wait a little while. I walked off again. I got most far enough to get it jerked out. Then I thought I'd wait until after dinner. I took the string off my tooth, but I left it on the door-knob to remind me to do it after dinner. Now I go.

And I went goes to the woods with Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil and Louis II, le Grand Condé, and there I met a glad surprise. To-day the fairies did bring more color pencils to the moss-box by the old log. I had finding of them in the afternoon of to-day. There was a blue one and a green one and a yellow one and a purple one, and more there was too. I looked looks at them and I climbed up into the tree that is close by the old log. I climbed up to be more near the sky. There was songs in the tree-tops and I did make a stop way below to have listens. And I did look looks down on where is the moss-box, and the fleurs I have planted near unto it, and the ferns and the vines that do have growing over the old log.

And while I did have watches of the plant-folks that dwell about the moss-box, and while I did have listens of the songs in the tree-tops — then it was the *pensée* girl with the far-away look in her eyes and the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time did come walking through the woods. It is often now they so come, and he does gather ferns for her and they do have listens to what the brook sings. To-day they did n't make a stop by the brook. They came right on and on. They so did until they was come right up to where the plant-folks dwell by the moss-box. First, I did have thinks they was coming comes to leave a letter for the fairies. But they came and they stood there — they did not go goes away. Then I had knows they did n't even see the moss-box where I do leave the letters for the fairies. They did almost

step on it. I had sees there was joy lights in her eyes, and the looks he looked at her was like the looks the young husband of Dear Love does look at her when he is come home from work at eventime.

And I did reach out my arms above them for blessings to come. They had not knows of my reaching out my arms above them. Only God had knows. They did just have sees for one another. I have sure feels they did n't see that green caterpillar having sleeps under the green hazel leaf. He most stepped on the moss-box. I most hol-lered. My loose tooth was queer feels. He is a most strong man. He put his arms around the *pensée* girl and he most lifted her off the ground. I had fears he would drop her on the moss-box. I most did have losing of my balance on the tree-arm. And I had sees of a chipmunk on a stump. He was very saucy and had nice stripes on his back. And he did sit up and talk chipmunk talk to another chipmunk. I had hears of him and sees of him.

But the man of the long step and the *pensée* girl did n't have sees of the chipmunk. He did take out a ring of gold, and he did tell her that was his mother's wedding-ring, and the caterpillar that was asleep did have wake-ups and he crawled a little more under the hazel leaf. And the butterfly went by — it was a cream one with a nice ribbon at its wing-edge and pinkish spots. I had thinks about how nice it would be to be a butterfly and come out of a little egg, and be a caterpillar first, and have a lot of legs instead of just two legs like I have got now. And I looked more looks at the fat green caterpillar. I have more like him in the nursery. He did kiss her again. Last year I had more green caterpillars like unto this one. And they did grow and change and they was very big brown moths with velvet wings and velvet feet. And he did say, 'I want to

help you to have all the love joy in the world'; and I put more in my prayer, a baby soon. And the fat green caterpillar fell off the leaf away down on the ground, but he fell on some moss I have put about where is the moss-box. And after his arm did touch the hazel bush he did step over two steps. I breathed a big breathe of reliefs about the moss-box not having steps on. And he kissed her again. And the green caterpillar made begins to crawl back up the hazel bush. And I felt a big amount of satisfaction feels that they was so happy. And I did whisper another prayer for the angels to bring them a baby real soon, with pink fleurs on its baby brush and a pink bow on its cradle-quilt.

And in the bushes there was a little bird and restless was upon him. The color of him was blue-gray, and there were streaks underneath, and there was a bit of yellow on his throat and so on top of his head. He did move in a quick way. I so did so I could see him more. As I did go along a-following him after, I did have sees of the tracks of the comings and goings of little wood-folks. And a way away was a soft-eyed *faon*. When it's with its mother then it is a *daine*. There was whispers in the ferns and more songs in the tree-tops.

And my tooth had some more queer feels, and I had remembers about the green string tied to the doorknob. I went a walk back. It was still there when I was come to the house we live in. Brave Horatius was by the steps. He did have watches of me while I did tie the other end of the long green string around my tooth. Then I went a quick walk to the other door by step-backs. I made a reach out for the green string. But it was n't. It was on the floor, and my tooth was. After I did throw it away, then I did do the green string up in a roll. I am going to keep it.

I went goes to the garden to get the beets the mamma did want for supper. While I did get them, I did have seeing that the green dresses of the turnip-folk are getting faded and old. I thought they might like to have new white dresses. I went again to the kitchen — I lifted the flour-sifter from the flour-drawer in the cook-table. I did go back to the garden. There I sifted flour on the turnip-folks. It came down in sprinkles like snowflakes. That gave them the proper look. When the wind came along, they nodded appreciation and some of the flour slid off to the ground. And Brave Horatius and I went to prayers in the cathedral, and so went Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides. And Mathilde Plantagenet did wait waits at the pasture-bars.

To-day was taking-egg day. Taking-egg day comes mostly one time a week. It is the day the mamma does send me straight to take eggs to the folks hereabout and yonder. First she does send me to take them yonder before she does send me to take them hereabout. This she does because she knows if she sends me first to take them to the folks that live hereabout, I do stay so long with the folks that live in the nursery and hospital that there is n't enough time left to take eggs unto the people that live yonder.

As quick as I did eat my breakfast the mamma did set out the lard-pail on the wash-bench with a dozen eggs in it. As quick as she did so I put on my sun-bonnet. It is blue and has a ruffle on it. Sometimes I wear it on my head, but most times it hangs back over my shoulders. And often I carry it over my arm with things in it — earthworms for baby birds, bandages for the folks that get hurt, and mentholatum in quinine boxes. Then, too, on exploration trips my chums ride in it. Sometimes it's :

mouse and sometimes it's a beetle. Very often it is toads and caterpillars — only they don't ride in the sun-bonnet at the same time, because I have learned toads like to eat caterpillars for breakfast. Sometimes Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, that most dear velvety wood-rat, snuggles up in my sun-bonnet. He most fills it up. A sun-bonnet is a very useful garment.

After I did tie my bonnet-strings under my chin in the proper way the mamma thinks they ought to be tied, I walked over to the wash-bench in hippity-hops to get that bucket of eggs. Before I took up the bucket I did look long looks at those eggs. They were so plump and so white and they did have so nice a feel. I think being a hen must be a very interesting life. How thrilling it must be to cackle after one lays an egg. And then it must be a big amount of satisfaction to have a large number of children hatch out at the same time and follow one about. I think I would like to be a hen in the day-time, but I would n't like to roost in the chicken-house at night.

When the mamma saw me looking long looks at those eggs, she gave to me a shoulder shake and told me to get a hurry on me and take those eggs straight to Mrs. Limberger yonder. That Mrs. Limberger is the quite plump wife of that quite big man that lives in a quite big house that is nice but is n't as nice as his lane. I thought I'd go straight to Mrs. Limberger's in along that lane from out along the field, but first I did go by to get Felix Mendelssohn.

When I got to where he was, it was very near unto the altar of Good King Edward I. And being as this was the day of his crowning in 1274, I thought I would just go a little farther to see if the crown I planted in little plants there on the altar was growing in a nice way. They were. When I planted them there from the woods in spring days I did

hope they would burst into bloom on this his crowning day and make a crown of flowers on his altar. But the dear little things got in a hurry and they did bloom more than a month ago. But they were saying to-day beautiful things with their leaves. I heard them as I did kneel to pray to thank God for Good King Edward I.

After I did pray quite a long time and Felix Mendelssohn got a little fidgety I started on to take the eleven eggs that were left straight to Mrs. Limberger. The other egg I could not take, because when I did kneel to pray, in some way it did roll out of the bucket, and before I was through my prayers a little gray rock by my hand just rolled off the altar and met the egg. There are a lot of little gray rocks on the altar. It is mostly made up of little rocks and some big ones. While I was making that altar, the man that works at the mill and wears gray neckties and is kind to mice came along. And the big rocks that were too big he did lift and place on the altar there. And then he did help me to plant mosses in between some of the rocks. That made me happy. Men are such a blessing to have about.

To-day I did go from the altar to the field. Along the way I stopped to talk to the trees and to watch the birds and to get berries for the nursery. I put them in the bucket with the eggs. I most lost my bonnet climbing over the fence and I did lose three more of those eggs and some of the berries for the nursery. I picked up the berries and put them back in the lard-pail, but the eggs I could not pick up. I did n't put my sun-bonnet back on my head again, but I did give the strings a little tie in front so it would n't come off. Very soon after I saw a little snake. He was crawling along. When I see snakes I like to stop and watch them. The dresses they wear fit them tight. They can't fluff out their clothes like birds can, but

snakes are quick people. They move in such a pretty way. Their eyes are bright and their tongues are slim.

When that snake crawled away where I could n't see him any more, I walked over to talk to a flower. After we did have conversation for some time, I did happen to think the mamma did say to hurry, so I said good-bye, and when I did, I put my nose to the flower to smell it. It had a pleasant odor. I went on. Pretty soon I felt something on my nose. I wiped it off. It was pollen from that flower. I put it on an egg in the lard-pail. That gave that egg a flowery look. I showed it to an ear of corn, and then as I did go along I stopped to take the clods away from the roots of some of the corn-plants so the toes of their roots could have some fresh air. They quivered appreciations and some did bow down most to the ground to thank me after I was done.

I proceeded. The day was most warm. When I did cross the creek, I looked down it and up it. There were fairy demoiselles near unto the water. Their wings did shimmer in the sunlight. All along its edges the willows were dabbling their toes. Some had waded in a little bit — about enough to get their ankles wet. I looked long looks at them. I knew just how they did feel inside while they were dabbling their toes in the water. It is such a nice feel to have. I started on. I looked back. I started on. I turned and came back a little ways — just to take a good-bye look. The willows waved their hands to me. They called to me. I hurried on with the eggs. I had got twice as far as I did get before. Then I started back to the creek. I ran all the way. When I arrived I took off my shoes. I hung my stockings on a willow branch. Then I sat on the edge of the bank and dabbled my toes. One drinks in so much inspiration while one is dabbling one's toes in a willow creek. And one does

hear the talkings of plants that dwell near unto the water.

While I was dabbling my toes my legs did have longings to go in wading, but I went not in. Something might have happened to what was left of that dozen eggs the mamma was sending straight to Mrs. Limberger, and that was why I did not go. And I did not take Felix Mendelssohn out of the pocket he was riding in that he might dabble his toes. I took him not out for he has no longings to dabble his toes in a brook. He has prefers to dabble his toes in cheese. Though I do feel most certain one does n't get near so much inspirations when one dabbles one's toes in cheese as one gets when one dabbles one's toes in waters that sing. After I did take in a goodly amount of inspirations, I drewed my toes away from the water and let the sun dry my feet so I could put my stockings on. While I was lacing my shoes up, I looked looks around to see what was near about. A little way distant was a haystack.

When I did have my shoes most laced up to the top, I gave the strings a tuck in and started on. I saw a *bourdon*. He was plump in body and he did give a plump buzz. I did halt to screwtineyes him and to listen to more of those plump buzzings of his. They were cool sounds. What ones I did hear were so. He was a bourdon in a hurry and he went on in a quick way. And I went on in a slow way. The sun was so hot. It made me squint my eyes, so I put my bonnet on. That made things better. Pretty soon I met Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Then we went walking across the field. I took off my sun-bonnet and tied it on Elizabeth Barrett Browning so the sun would n't bother her eyes. And she did go her way and I did go mine. We shall meet again at the pasture-bars when comes eventime.

When I did say good-bye to Elizabeth Barrett Browning I went the way

that leads to this haystack. And here I have stopped. A haystack is such an interesting place. It's a nice place to explore. I think so. Mice think so. Sometimes — quite often — when I am crawling back in a haystack, I do meet a mouse, which is very nice, for mice are nice folks to know. And now to-day, when I did crawl back away under the straw, I did find something. What I did find made me feel gratitudes from my curls to my toes. It was a nest full of eggs and nobody had used an egg from it. There are — there were just fifteen eggs under the hay. They are not near so white as are those eight eggs the mamma is sending straight to Mrs. Limberger, but they do have more smooth feels. Oh, such satin feels! They are so slick they come most slipping right out of my hands, but they did n't. Four and two I have took. I have put them here in the pail. I do know Mrs. Limberger does so like to have things with satin feels about her. I have heard her expression so when I was taking eggs to her before. Now I think she will beam delights all over her plumpness when she does see the satin-feel eggs in this pail. I have placed them on top so she will see them first of all. Too, I think her eyes will kink when she finds she has got a dozen eggs and two. I wonder what she will be doing with those two extra eggs. Now I'll just get a hurry on me and take them straight to her. And I will hide these printings of to-day in a little box here in the haystack until comes eventime. And I will come back again for them when I come to meet Elizabeth Barrett Browning at the pasture-bars.

I'm back again. I did go straight from this haystack with the two and dozen eggs to the door of the house of Mrs. Limberger. When I did get there she was talking with a woman. The woman was the beautiful Sadie Mc-

Kinzie, and she wore upon her a new dress like the blossoms of Avalon growing in the marshes, and there were freckles on it like the freckles on her face, and both were beautiful. Also did Mrs. Limberger wear a new dress. It was black and had a yellow stripe in it like unto one of those yellow stripes the garter snake wears on his back.

When I did walk soft upon the porch, they were so busy talking they heard me not. I reached out the eggs. Yet they were so busy talking, they saw them not. Then I did edge over to Sadie McKinzie. I gave her sleeve a little pull. She looked down at me and smiled. She went on talking. She gave each one of my curls a smooth-out while she talked on. When she did get most done with her part of the conversation, Mrs. Limberger did happen to see the eggs I was holding out to her. She reached and took them. I was glad, but my arm was the most glad part of me because it did have a tired feeling from holding the bucket out so long.

She did n't even notice those satin eggs on top. She did begin to talk about the many ribbons and the many ruffles the new woman wears that lives up the corduroy road. She talked on and on, and I did wait on for the lard-pail the eggs were in. And I did get fidgety, for she was n't holding the bucket straight by the middle of its loop as a bucket ought to be held. I had a little fear she would drop that bucket. That would make a dent in it. And I knew what a spanking I would get if I took that pail home with a dent in it. I did stick my finger in my mouth to keep from speaking to her about it.

Just when I had feels how that spanking was going to feel, she did take a firm hold on the handle. But she did n't take it in the middle. That did make the bucket to tip. She went on talking. She took a big breath and two of those satin-feel eggs did roll out.

They bounced. They broke. Mrs. Limberger kinked her nose quick. She put her new black dress to it. Sadie McKinzie too did put her new dress to her nose in a quick way. And my apron so did I put to my nose. Now this I know, for there I learned an egg with a satin feel may feel proper, but inside it is not so, and if it gets a fall it is only a queer odor that one does have longings to run away from.

But Mrs. Limberger made me stay right there and carry water from the pump and scrub all the bad odors off her back porch. I think some of them odors was n't from the two eggs with satin feels. When I confided my feelings about the matter to Felix Mendelssohn, Mrs. Limberger did tell me to go on scrubbing. She said, whatever smells might have been there, you could n't get a whiff of, on account of the multiplications of smells that came from the two eggs.

Sadie McKinzie did help me to scrub. She did ask Mrs. Limberger not to mention the matter to the mamma. Also, she said she was going by that way to-morrow and would bring the four eggs to make up the dozen. When I started home, Sadie McKinzie did give to me a good-bye kiss on each cheek.

She knew how I do long for kisses and how the mamma has n't time to give me any.

When I walked by Mrs. Limberger, I did look the other way. As I passed she gave me a pat and when she did, Felix Mendelssohn squeaked. When she gave me the pat, it went through my dress onto the back of the head of Felix Mendelssohn in a pocket in my underskirt. And he, being a mouse of a musical tendency, does object to being patted on the back of the head. He prefers to have pats on his throat. And he won't let anybody give them but me.

I went on in a hurry to home. The mamma came a little ways from the

door to meet me. Behind her was a switch. I saw both ends sticking out. I did give my skirt a shake so Felix Mendelssohn would get out and away. It would be awful for him to get hurt by a whipping. It might hurt his soul. After the mamma did tend to me as usual, I put some mentholatum on the places where the whip did hit most hard. Then I did go to take eggs to the folks that live hereabout. I went in a hurry. After that there was baby clothes to be washed and wood to be brought in. Then the mamma told me to go find my sun-bonnet and not to come back until I did find it. I went again to the altar of Good King Edward I to pray. Then I went to the nursery and the hospital and came again here where I print. Now I do see Elizabeth Barrett Browning at the pasture-bars. And she has got my sun-bonnet on. I knew we would meet again at eventide at the pasture-bars, for often we do, and often on hot days she wears my sun-bonnet until we meet again. It does so help to keep the sun from hurting her beautiful eyes.

Very early on the morning of to-day I did go unto the cathedral, for this is the going-away day of Saint Louis in 1270. I went there to sing a thank song for his goodness and to say prayers. I did sing the song of Saint Louis that Angel Father did teach me to sing. The little leaves on the bushes growing there under the grand trees — their little leaves did whisper little whispers. I have thinks those little whispers were thank songs for the goodness of Saint Louis. Sometimes I did hear little bird-voices in between the singing of the songs. I have thinks they were singing the same thank song I did sing — only they were singing it in their way. And when I come again home, the brook was singing the same song.

After other works was done at the

house we live in on this morning, the mamma did have me to stand on a box on a chair and give to the windows some washes. Then she did have me to give the steps some scrubs. While I so did, I looked looks about. On the porch end was a little spider. He made moves in a little quick way. A *guêpe* came near unto him. She made no stops. She came on to him. She did carry that spider away.

Pretty soon I did have those steps all clean — nice and clean. Then the mamma did have me to help her to take the children to the house of her mamma. She and they stayed there all day. I so did not do. When they were come to the door of the ranch-house, I did go goes in the way that goes to the pasture-bars. I so did go to tell the folks in the pasture what day it was. It was most warm when I was come to the far end of the pasture. The folks of the pasture were not out in the sun. They were in shade. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was under a big *chêne* tree. She did look gentle looks at me. And I did put my arm around her neck and tell her all about whose day it was.

Then I went on to tell the gentle Jersey cow. She was near some more *chêne* trees. I went on. She followed after. She did come with me as far as the brook. I watched her take a long drink. The day — it was so warm. Elizabeth Barrett Browning did come for a drink. I had thinks of Aphrodite in the pig-pen. I looked looks about for the little bucket I do carry drinks of water in to my friends. I found it where I did hide it by the willow bush. Then I did go to take a drink of cold water to Aphrodite in the pig-pen. These warm days she does have longings for a drink of cold water. She did grunt grunts of appreciations. Then she did grunt another grunt. I have thinks that other grunt was to tell me not to have forgets to take a drink of cold water to Cassiopée.

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I so did. Cassiopée is a pig that does belong to the man that our lane does belong to.

After I did tell them all about it being the going-away day of Saint Louis, I did go my way to the garden. The goldenrod did nod, 'It is good that he is born.' The tall sunflowers in the garden there did say, 'It is his day. It is his day.' I went adown the carrot rows. They were all whispering soft whispers. I have thinks they were saying little thank prayers for the goodness of Saint Louis. The cabbage-plants were all smiling as I passed them by. I think they are right glad for the drink of water I gave each one of them last night.

From the garden I did go to tell other folks. I did sing the little song of Saint Louis as I did go along. The sun it was hot down on my head. I took two big maple-leaves and they did some help to keep its warmness from my head. I went on. Once at the edge of the near woods I met with my dear Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. We went on together. I did carry him in one arm and I did hold a maple-leaf over him with the other hand. A long way we went in-about and out-about, and many little folks we did tell about this day being the going-away day of Saint Louis.

By-and-by, after it was a very long time, there was no sun. The warmness did have a different feel. There were gray clouds in the sky. Some were darkness. I did go in hurry steps. I went not from the road. I did go the way it went around the bend. More dark clouds did roll across the sky. More grayness was over all. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus in my bonnet did make a move. I did almost drop him. I made a stop to wrap him more up in the sun-bonnet. Then I did hurry on. I climbed the lane gate. It was more quick to so do than to pull the

plug out that swings the gate open. I went on. There was a great noise. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus poked his nose out of the sun-bonnet. He cuddled up against me. The great noise came again. I whispered to him, 'Il tonne.' We went on. In-between times there was fire in the sky. It made moves in a quick way. After it was the coming of the great noise. Every time I did whisper to Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, 'Il tonne.' I so did, so he would not have thinks the great noise was something else.

When we were come near the ending of the lane, there was some very big pats of rain. One fell on my nose and it did roll off onto the back of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. I cuddled him up more close as more loud noises did come. When we were at the ending of the lane, there was Brave Horatius waiting for us. I have thinks he had been on looks for us. His looks did look like he had. We went on together.

We was just a-going to start down the path that does lead to our house when we did hear a calling. It was a mournful sound. I had thinks some little life was much hurt and did have needs of a help. I felt for the little box of mentholatum in my pocket. It was there, and some bandages too. The sound came again. Somewhere in the near woods a voice was calling. I followed it after. Once I did have thinks it came from a root. And then it was like it did come from a big tree. It was a pain voice, like someone calling someone to come. Then it was like a lost voice trying to find its way among the ferns. It was not a word voice. It was just a voice without words. I did have wonders what voice it was. I followed after its queer callings. Brave Horatius followed after me. He would stop and look queer puzzle looks at nowhere.

We did go on. The voice sound came

again. Then it was like a voice lost from the person it did belong to. It was a clear low cry — like a ripple of gray ribbon. We was more near to it. We followed it around a big tree. There it was, come from the man on the stump, between that tree and the big tree that was beyond it. The man, he did throw back his head and the voice came out his throat and went to nowhere. It came again like little bits of queer green fire flame, and then it was low, and again like a ripple of gray ribbon. As it was so, he did turn his face about. It was the face of the husband of Sadie McKinzie; but the look — the look in his eyes was a queer wild look that looked looks at nowhere.

We are going to move to the mill town. For a whole week every morning now, after the morning works is done, the mamma does have me to help her make prepares to move — and after I do be helps to the mamma, then I do work at making prepares for moving my belongings when we go goes to the mill town.

I have made begins a week ago. I have been carrying my belongings to inside an old log a little way away from the house we do live in. Moving is a big amount of problem. But mostly now I do have my prepares done. I am going to take with me when we go goes to the mill just my necessary things — the mamma does say none but my necessary things can go. She said that was my blue calico apron and my gray calico apron and the clothes that goes under them and my two pair of stockings and the shoes I have on and my sun-bonnet and my slate and Cyr's reader.

But I have some more necessary things that the mamma has not knows of. There is my two books that Angel Mother and Angel Father did write in and I do study in every day, and the pictures of mother and père, and the

pictures of grandmère and grandpère and tante and oncle and all the others that I do love much every day; and to-day there was needs to give the dear picture of père a wash in the brook, because last time on yesterday, when I did kiss him, a little piece of jam from my bread and butter got on his dear face that does look so like him. And after I did come from the brook I put them all away in a careful way in the box I do keep them in, and I said a little prayer.

And I went to bring to the old log the willow whistle the shepherd did make for me when it was the borning-time of the lambs — and the two flutes he did make of seeds. And now I do have most of my necessaries in the hollow log. There by it is the lily plant the soul of Peter Paul Rubens has loves for to be near. And I have planted it in a little flower-pot Sadie McKinzie has given to me. And when we are moved moves to the mill town, I will put the lily plant under the window of the room I do have sleeps in, so that what the soul of Peter Paul Rubens does love to be near will be near unto where I be. And in the hollow log there is the old logging boot of the husband of Dear Love that he has given me to keep some of my rock collections in. And there is the bath-towel of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus that Dear Love has made for him. And there is the color pencils that the fairies did bring to the moss-box. And there is many brown papers that Sadie McKinzie has given me to print prints on. And there is the cushion Lola did make for Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil to set on in my desk at school. And there is all the patches I do pin on my underskirt for my animal friends to ride in. And there is the track of Elizabeth Barrett Browning that I did dig up in the lane. It has so much of poetry in it.

And there is one of the gray neckties of the man that wears gray neckties

and is kind to mice that he did give to me for Brave Horatius to wear. And there is the bib of Elsie's baby that Elsie did give me for Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides to wear when he was nursing the bottle. And there is seven of the tail-feathers of Lars Porsena that he did lose when he did lose his tail. And there is four old horse-shoes of William Shakespeare that the blacksmith did have allows for me to have when he was putting new shoes onto William Shakespeare. And there is the thimble of Dear Love that she has given me to carry drinks of water to the folks in the hospital. And there is the little bell of Peter Paul Rubens that he did use to wear to service in the cathedral.

And there is Elsie's baby's little old shoe that got worn out and she gave it to me for Nannerl Mozart to sleep in. And there is the lid of Sadie McKinzie's coffee-pot that she did give me when it came off. She always did sing over that lid when cooking-time was come. And there is the traveling case of Minerva, that the *pensée* girl with the far-away look in her eyes did make for me to carry all the christening robes of Minerva's children in, and more pieces of white cloth and little ribbons the *pensée* girl did put into Minerva's traveling case for christening time come next year.

And there is the egg-shells Ben Jonson and Sir Francis Bacon and Pius VII and Nicholas Boileau and Edmund Spenser and Oliver Goldsmith and John Fletcher and Francis Beaumont and Cardinal Richelieu and Sir Walter Raleigh and the rest of Minerva's children hatched out of. I have thinks there is needs for me to carry them egg-shells in my apron when we go moves to the mill town, so they will not have breaks. And there is the little gray shawl Sadie McKinzie has made for Nannerl Mozart. And there is the little cap that Dear Love did make for my Louis II, le Grand

Condé. It has got a feather in it. He did nibble the end off the feather and he had mouse-wants to chew the tassel that she did put on the bag she did make for me to carry him in. And there is the ribbon bow off Elsie's garter she did give me for Felix Mendelssohn to wear. I have heard the women-folks at the farmhouse say this world would be a nice world if there were n't any mice in it. I think it would be a most lonesome place.

And there is the big handkerchief of the man of the long step that whistles most all of the time, that he did give to me for Brave Horatius to wear around his neck. And there is Elsie's old lace collar that Elizabeth Barrett Browning does wear to cathedral service. And there is one of the whiskers of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus that he did lose. And there is all the portraits of my friends on poker-chips. And there is the other white poker-chips that are waiting waits for pictures to be drawn on them. And there is the blue and the red poker-chips that is the breakfast and supper plates of the folks in the nursery and the hospital. And there is Minerva's white cap that she does wear to cathedral service with the ruffles on it like are on the morning-cap of Jenny Strong. And there is the long green string I pulled my tooth with. And there is the split jacket of Padre Martini that he did last wear before he was become a grown-up *cigale*. And there is the bottle of Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides — the bottle that used to be a brandy bottle.

And there is the skins of the caterpillars they did grow too big for when they was growing into *papillons* and *phalènes*. And there is the two tail-feathers of Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon. And there is Solomon Grundy's christening robe. And there is the little fleur watering-pot the fairies did bring that I do give my friends shower-baths

with. And there is the cocoon that Charlotte Brontë, the big velvet brown *phalène*, did hatch out of, and there is more cocoons that other *phalènes* did hatch out of. And there is the ribbon bow Elsie has given me off her other garter for the pet squirrel Geoffroi Chaucer, that the cat did hurt but is well again. And there is a whole new box of mentholatum that Sadie McKinzie has given me for the little folks I find with hurts in the mill town. And there is the four vaseline bottles that got empty after the young husband of Elsie did use all the vaseline in them to keep his pumpadoor smooth. I have uses for those vaseline bottles to keep food in for the folks of the nursery. These things I have now in the log. Others of my necessary things I will bring this eventime, and on to-morrow and the next day and the day after that.

Some of us go to the mill town, but not all of us so go. Dear Solomon Grundy is sold to a man that does live at one of the edges of the mill town. Aphrodite is going to stay stays here, and so is Mathilde Plantagenet and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Anthony Mundy and the gentle Jersey cow and Savonarola and Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon; and Plato and Pliny are going to live on in the barn. Brave Horatius is going goes with Aidan of Iona come from Lindisfarne, and too Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides is going with the shepherd to the blue hills.

Minerva is going to town with us and so is Sir Francis Bacon and Ben Jonson and Pius VII and Nicholas Boileau and Sir Walter Raleigh and all the rest of her dear children and Clementine and Napoleon and Andromeda. And by-and-by Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus is coming comes to the mill town, and so is Felix Mendelssohn and Louis II, le Grand Condé, and Nannerl Mozart and some of her children, and

Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil and Geoffroi Chaucer and the caterpillar folks in the nursery. All is when I do have homes fixed for them about the house we are going to live in in the mill town. Until then Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus is going to stay with Dear Love and her husband; and too Dear Love does say Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil can live under her doorstep until I do have a place fixed for him under the doorstep of the house we are going to live in in the mill town. And Sadie McKinzie is going to take care of Geoffroi Chaucer and bring him in to me at the house we are going to live in in the mill town. And the man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice is going to take care of all my mouse friends in his bunk-house and he is going goes to feed the folks in the nursery and the hospital. And often it is I am going to come comes back again here to cathedral service and talks with them I know and to leave letters for the fairies in the moss-box.

I have thinks about the mill town. Maybe in the fields over on the other side of the mill town — maybe there there will be *étourneau* and *ortolan* and *draine* and *durbec* and *loriot* and *verdiér* and *rossignol* and *pinson* and *pivoire*. When I am come to the mill town I will go explores to see, and I will build altars for Saint Louis. Now I go to see Dear Love.

When I was come near unto her little house I had seeing of Dear Love. She was setting on the steps by her door drying her hair in the sun. It did wave little ripples of light when the wind did go in a gentle way by. She let me have feels of its touches. And she did give me a kiss on each cheek and one on the nose when she lifted me onto her lap. And then Dear Love did tell me a secret. It's hers and her husband's secret that the angels did let them know ahead

— they are going to have a baby soon. I felt a big amount of satisfaction. It is about time that prayer was answered. Some prayers you pray a little while and answers come. Some prayers you pray more times and answers don't come. I have not knows of why. But prayers for babies get answered soon — most always they do. The time is so long I have been praying prayers for Dear Love to have a baby soon. And now the angels have told her it's going to come in about five months. I have thinks that is quite a time long to wait waits. And Dear Love has showed me the clothes the angels did tell her to make ahead for its coming. And there is two little shirts and bands and very long underskirts with feather stitches in them, and there's a little cream kimono with a blue ribbon bow on it. I looked looks at it a long time. And Dear Love said she was going to make one just like it for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. I am glad. And there was more little clothes; and while we was looking at them the husband of Dear Love did come in the door and he did look adoors at Dear Love. It's just our secret — just Dear Love's and her husband's and mine. Nobody knows it but just us three and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Brave Horatius and Edward I and lovely Queen Eleanor of Castile and Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael and Aphrodite and Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil and Felix Mendelssohn and Plato and Pliny and Minerva and her chickens and Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides and Louis II, le Grand Condé, and the willows that grow by Nonette.

Now Brave Horatius and me and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus are going to prayers in the cathedral. The great pine tree is saying a poem and there is a song in the tree-tops.

(The End)

THE BACKGROUND OF PRISON CRUELTY

BY NUMBER 13

[The paper on 'Prison Cruelty,' by Frank Tannenbaum, in our April issue, occasioned widespread and useful discussion. A large number of replies were received, of which the most interesting to us is the following article. On its receipt in its original form, we wrote, with some diffidence, to inquire how far it was genuinely the product of 'the criminal mind.' In reply came the following letter, which we have permission to print, and which we feel will serve to illuminate the article itself, now revised and expanded by the author. — THE EDITOR.]

DEAR SIR, —

Your letter of the 2nd is a bit disturbing. To go into details in regard to my experiences is out of the question. In these days, when detectives seem to have almost second-sight, and no person or document escapes their attention, a man must keep his own counsel. Moreover, I am conscious at once that any disclosure of certain events in my past would prey upon my mind to the

breaking-point. This will be Greek to you if you have never had the fear of the past upon you.

I am trying to live a 'respectable' life and atone somewhat for days gone; but a criminal mind reformed has its own torments. I sometimes wonder if it pays. Actual atonement is almost impossible. If the article cannot be used without the details you ask for, please return it. I would not even have you make inquiries here. I am among people who trust me, and I intend to make good.

However, I will say that the article is autobiographical as far as it goes. It is not the whole truth, of course — just fragments of what I have learned in jail and out; and it is from the experience of the criminal mind. Any statement from the point of view of officers, wardens, etc., is the result of intercourse with them, and of observation, not from actual holding of such positions.

Yours very truly,

'NUMBER 13.'

I

THE article, 'Prison Cruelty,' by Frank Tannenbaum, in the April *Atlantic*, made me feel as if an injustice had been done the public and its jail officials; and that the character and lot of criminals had been condoned as if pertaining to children of irresponsible age. Its implications seem to favor criminals. It seems to disregard the feelings and rights of law-abiding citi-

zens. As a recital of actual conditions it has my indorsement, except that, as happens when only one aspect of such a problem is presented, the impression is conveyed that prison officials do nothing else except abuse those under their authority. Besides, the general reader would find great difficulty in judging what conception the writer has of words like discipline, punishment, and cruelty. Circumstances make all the difference in the world. An act called

cruel under certain conditions, under other conditions would be leniency. It is a dangerous thing to picture the criminal as deserving at the hands of the public a careful and benevolent consideration which few ordinary citizens obtain.

The writer of that article has evidently had a prison experience of some sort. He mentions its external conditions, but I am much interested to know his mental and emotional attitude, to see why he has one attitude and I another toward the same subject. I wonder if he has had the criminal mind — knows what it is coldly to defy law or to hunt his human prey without mercy. I wonder if his mind is so well balanced that, while a criminal, he can yet see himself in his relation to others, the law, and himself, as if he were reviewing the case of another man. If he has been through this, I wonder that he can write as he does.

It happens that I know something about criminals and jail administration. I concede that there is much hardship and cruelty in practice — more in the South than in the North, more to black than to white prisoners. When a man enters the 'profession of crime' he automatically becomes a member of a class where the ordinary relations of life do not seem to apply. He becomes a member of a beastly and vicious class, where cruelty has the right of way. We do not call it cruelty when a bully gets back what he inflicted upon others. A neighbor of mine was found at the bottom of a pond, done up in a sack. No one was sorry, and the culprits were never hunted very industriously, so far as I know. His fate was just what he deserved.

'Prison cruelty' should not be discussed apart from its associations and causes, else we get an idea that the prisoner is the only one imposed upon. Let me lay down this as a first principle: prisoners themselves are the ones who

invite and keep cruelty alive. Few wardens, much less the public, intend to impose upon men just for the fun of it. In most cases where a keeper seems to get satisfaction in this way, it is the satisfaction of getting back at a man who has aggravated him beyond endurance. I have often wondered what a criminal would do in a keeper's place.

The very fact that there are criminals makes so-called cruelty inevitable. The causes are psychological, and are both outside and inside the prison. Besides arising from present and actual relations, it is an inheritance from preceding generations — a kind of racial habit. Space forbids any discussion of the terrible prison systems which have persisted even to our times in many foreign countries, and here and there in our own. The simple fact is that the criminal is regarded as an outlaw — a man who fills the lives of even the innocent with a nameless fear and dread. He is an enemy of private and public safety and welfare. He strikes in the dark — takes others always at a disadvantage. Is it human nature for the public to say to such a man: 'Now we will give you a good home and kind treatment for doing this'? Judging from experience, I doubt if it ever will. If it ever does, private revenge will increase.

There are criminals who are mentally unfit ever to have their liberty. They are deranged. In other cases, the habit of crime, like that of drinking, masters the man. But the average criminal is as sane as anyone else. He boldly calculates every move, takes the risks, and does n't whine at just punishment. He defies the truth. Even after he is caught, he pleads 'not guilty' and beats the public if he can.

Why do I stress the cruelty of the criminal? For this reason. I have seldom intentionally harmed another man without great provocation, yet several times I have been the victim of gross

injustice and maltreatment without excuse. Let me cite three principal instances. To two of the three men who meddled with me, I was simply a victim who happened along. In the first case, my trust was shamefully betrayed. Before I finished with this gentleman, he made restitution as far as he could at the time. I shall never forget the day when I learned what the second man had done. The papers said he committed suicide. Let it go at that. The third case was complex. A strike is called. I am satisfied with my work and pay, and stick, along with others. A striker warns me, another intimidates me, a third meets me on the way to work in early morning, tells me I must not go to work, and beats me over the head with a chair-leg. I am laid up six weeks. That man was unknown to me. At last I find him. Courts? They don't help a victim very much. My assailant was acting for a 'cause.' I was nothing to him, except as I seemed to hinder his cause. I taught him that freedom is for me as well as for him.

Two results: the long worry and suffering from these and other trying experiences broke my nerve. I live in a kind of perpetual fear of what evil may come next, and have to seek the protection of quiet — in fact, am unfit for the usual rough-and-tumble with life. But what I want to emphasize is this: from perfect trustfulness and good-will to all men, I grew to hate those who wronged me without cause, and then to have little pity for criminal men as a class, although I have known individual prisoners whom I would help to the limit, because they did not have the criminal mind even if they had broken the law. And people at large are educated to this same attitude by their own experience, and by the daily press with its endless stories of crimes of every description.

Mr. Tannenbaum says the public

regards the criminal as bad, unsocial, a violator of law, and a sinner; but he says it as if the public were mistaken, simply because at times the criminal behaves like ordinary folks. The above qualities are not abstract, unassociated with people's feelings and affairs. A violator of law? Yes. But the real fact is that he has brought agony of mind or death to some *person* for some selfish purpose of his own.

Right here let me say a word in regard to the criminal's attitude of mind, which seems to be a mystery to most people. They cannot picture just how a man can meditate a crime, especially a cruel one, and get away with it. When they read that James P. Watson recently confessed in a Los Angeles court that he had killed seven women, they don't see how he can stand the thought of it. And, by the way, what is a life-sentence as compared to such a record? And just how would you regard him if you were his keeper?

Preachers and sentimentalists often tell how conscience must make such men suffer. Sometimes it does — about as often as eclipses of the moon come. Just eliminate your idea of conscience, and you will have a fair idea of the criminal's attitude. He simply gives no thought to what is called wrong action. There are just three items with which he reckons: to get what he wants; to plan a method of getting it without detection; and to get away in safety if possible, but to be prepared for the worst. To the ordinary man it seems wrong to take the property or life of another. Under the provocation which a criminal thinks he has, the stealing or killing is an impersonal affair. All he dreads is the result of detection.

To make this plainer, let me illustrate by a petty form of criminal action very common among respectable people. When you take a spoon at a ban-

quiet, get by the conductor without paying fare, take away a scrap of a book or chair from the national Capitol, or shrewdly save ten dollars on your taxes, conscience does n't bother you unless it is a very sensitive one. Now just magnify the terms, and you have the big criminal's attitude of mind exactly, only he does more of it. He talks of his crime as another would talk of his farming, takes pride in his skill, blames himself for a fumble; but repentance comes only if he is caught.

Of course, I am speaking now of the general criminal mind. Not even such a man does wrong just for the fun of it. Now and then there is such a freak who is so constitutionally — likes to steal or kill just for the pure animal lust of it; but most criminals work for a prime gain, the process being merely the means. The wrong to the victim is scarcely a factor. If they kill, it is just a part of the process of winning the prime reward. Their own interests loom so large that they altogether lose sight of the victim's feelings or rights in the matter.

There is a class of criminals that gets on the nerves of their less aristocratic brethren in the business. They are the sleek, well-groomed, well-mannered gentry — bunco-steerers, promoters of fake investments, political thieves, and the like, who are so hard to bring to book because they have money and friends on their side. It is strange how much mercy and forgiveness the public has for such men, and how little for his poorer brother, who in nine cases out of ten has been fairly driven to crime by necessity or abuse.

The public is naturally interested in the detection, punishment, and reform of criminals, the last being the only item of interest in this article. The doing away with the public saloon is a long stride toward this goal; but the reform of criminals is about the most

hopeless undertaking that I know of. A criminal may become an ex-criminal because he finds that crime brings more hardship than gain; but his attitude of mind in regard to the right and wrong of it does not change. Thus he is always a potential criminal and is very liable to take a chance on the quiet.

Yet some are permanently reformed, not because they are told that their way is wicked, or to consider the good of others, or to think what the world would be if all people were like them. Usually it is through some personal sympathy or some mysterious religious shake-up.

The great problem of the reformed criminal is to readjust his disposition so as to give conscience a chance to work. Only one who has made this fight can realize how difficult it is for such a man really to feel that a deed is wrong. To this day, after years of hard discipline, I have actually to force myself by rule rather than by fine sentiment to avoid that which others call wrong. This is not the result of ignorance, because I received an advanced academic education, was well-trained in morals and social obligations, and really possess the usual sentiments of normal men. Exciting in a criminal a new affection or interest is about the surest means of reform I know of, but the moment this is done in a professional way, the charm is lost. The sound of a child's voice one night saved me from raising my weapon against the father, for whom I was watching — or was it cowardice? After finding that I had, by a curious turn of fortune, harmed unintentionally a good woman of my acquaintance, I was filled with the deepest regret and labored like a slave to make amends. Possibly, if criminals could be made to witness the harm, distress, and pain they cause, and to bear part of it, the experience might in many cases furnish

the necessary swing in the mind to bring about reformation, or at least cessation from crime.

II

If the public is apathetic about the comfort of the criminal and the prison officials are harsh, it is because both parties know that they are dealing with a class of people who make life and property unsafe. The criminal is always the aggressor. His keeper lives in fear of that, and it gets on his nerves. He argues that, if the prisoner abused his freedom outside, he will abuse it inside, and 'git' him if he can. If the keeper comes to his position with an idea of reform, he usually finds that it is the prisoner who spoils his good intentions. The average criminal does not care for reform of character. His one great interest is for reform that will bring him more comfort in jail.

There are grades of criminals, of course. We have not yet learned how to deal with the unvicious class, but great advance has been made. Indeed, it takes time to distinguish them from the others. For policy's sake, the worst often mask as the best and pose as the injured party. There are many who, except for seeming necessity or desire for revenge of a wrong done them, would not be in prison. In strict truth, they are not criminal. Too often they are massed with those who are brutal and criminal to the last degree. Justice is often blind in one eye. It is a common saying among us that a man who steals a horse is sentenced as severely as he who wrecks a bank. But discrimination between prisoners takes skill and machinery. That means increased cost; and that means more taxes from the working-people who behave themselves.

I have read much about the debasing conditions of jail life. One thing is

sure—the keepers do not encourage bad conduct or speech among prisoners. Youthful prisoners should not be herded with the vicious class or old-timers, though some of the young fellows make the older turn green with envy. If the criminals don't like the debasing company of each other, there is plenty of time to make a change to more elevating conditions. I have yet to be convinced that criminals out of jail are much different from what they are in jail. There are more in one place, that's all. Anyway, they got pretty well debased before they put on stripes.

In jail, as out, the more evil-disposed seem to have predominance over the more moderate ones. The public seems to think the bad element better organized than the good, more definite and determined in its aims, more united in pursuit of them. This is only apparent, the real difference being that criminals have the first play; then society must get into the chase. So it happens that it takes a dozen citizens to catch one criminal. Such business as gambling and liquor-selling does seem to be able to defy the will of the majority by its organization, just as corrupt political rings do, even though their numbers may be comparatively few. Criminals have no such powerful organizations. When, however, a man enters the profession of lawlessness, he does become a member of a class that has one aim and purpose, and the few who are the worst create the criminal atmosphere.

So it happens that reform of character is taboo. Catholic prisoners attend religious services because they are trained to it. Protestant ones attend because it is a change from the deadly monotony of cell life. Except in rare cases, a good record is sought only as a tool for shortening the prison term. They are few indeed who can stand the torment and petty persecution which any sincere endeavor to reach or main-

tain righteous character invites from comrades. That is one mark of a criminal — unwillingness to see another be a good man.

The criminal in general is just what the public thinks he is. He stands for destruction, yet he will not admit that he is wrong, or, admitting, boasts of it. In a certain jail we were allowed one free hour each week for visiting, and so forth. I ventured once to say to a group while we were talking about freedom, that, if the public thought jail-birds were safe citizens, it would n't coop them up behind bars. One of the guards, overhearing me, later quietly informed me that I had better stow such talk or there would be hell to pay. And he was right.

Cruelty and intolerance in criminals may otherwise explain why harsh treatment is visited upon them, why officers 'rush' a criminal from the moment he is seen. The criminal's point of view is to get away or fight; but the officers do not know what he is going to do. 'It is uncertainty that kills.' Officers must get the first advantage if possible. Citizens, because helpless, are hung up on uncertainty. When a man or woman does not feel safe to walk on the street at night, or to leave doors or windows unlocked, is it any wonder that the class of men responsible for this fear are regarded as the personification of cruelty? Moreover, all citizens have constantly before their eyes, and there is present in almost every business transaction, the evidence of this peril in the midst of freedom, this cruelty of the bad man toward the harmless. When they buy goods, write a check, or even receive Uncle Sam's money, they have to be on guard against the criminal, the unsafe man. Officials and courts only partially protect. Law is made because there are criminals who prey upon society. All the advantage is on their side. It is not known when or

where they are going to strike. Police, courts, and jails can't do anything until after the crime is done. A large percentage of criminals escape discovery and punishment. With all the machinery of society, peaceable citizens suffer untold wrongs and cruelties at the hands of 'bad, unsocial, lawless, and sinning' men. Cruelties of the jail cannot be compared to those visited upon unoffending people by this class of men. Is it any wonder that public feelings thus engendered are manifested in penal machinery?

There is another grievance against the criminal. After he has made the public afraid, has pillaged life and property, and caused anguish in other ways where there was no provocation, either to get rid of honest work or for the mere adventure of pulling off the stunt, the honest and industrious people who own homes and wish to live in peace and prosperity must be taxed for the enormous expense of protection, detection, trials, and imprisonment connected with the programme of crime, and the criminal pays nothing back. This tax represents labor. The criminal is supported by the very society on which he preys.

There is much silly sentiment abroad among a lot of what I would call parlor uplifters, who have never had much to do with the hard and seamy side of life. They have been so protected that they are squeamish about suffering. Criminal character is unreal to them. I recall a man in Maine who killed a girl and her parents simply because she would not marry him. It cost the state a right smart sum to sentence him. Then some of these sensitive people, thinking of the long years before him, and very little about the enormity of the crime, sent flowers to the 'poor fellow.'

I had a friend who liked to trust the prisoners under his care. He was a clean, fair-minded man. And yet the

prisoners planned to brain him with hammers in the workshop at a given signal, as the door was opening, and make a dash for liberty. He shot two of them. The curious fact about this is that one of the two, who got a bullet through the neck, recovered, shortened his term by good behavior, became an honest workman, finally married, and now lives happily with his family.

Now my friend was regarded merely as part of the prison machinery. The prisoners had nothing against him but that. Why should a prisoner complain if he himself is regarded as a part of the machinery of crime, and sometimes gets a bit more than what is due? In this busy world, we have not time or ability to gauge and meet the exact needs of individuals. Criminals should get together and limit their number if they want more individual attention.

Mr. Tannenbaum implies that we should not treat criminals so very much differently from ordinary folks. Personally I have great difficulty in trusting a 'trusty,' or even a reformed criminal. Somehow we are influenced more by the failures than by the successes in this connection. When one 'trusty' runs amuck, he thereby makes the lot of all other prisoners harder. I recall one of these whose good record had gained him the confidence of nearly every officer in the prison. The warden on occasion had him work about his residence. One day the warden's wife was found murdered in the house. That trusty had done it.

When tales of suffering are related apart from their connections, our sympathies are stirred. We lose sight of the fact that the only way to subdue some prisoners is to subject them to harsh treatment. A warden, before a meeting of intellectuals at Colorado Springs, was once asked how he dealt with difficult cases. 'I spank them with a board when they need it,' was the answer.

They were horrified until he told them some of the reasons for it. Rules are not made to make prison life a burden. Most of them grow out of necessity. If prisoners are forbidden to approach an official without permission, or to cross a certain line on the floor, there is good reason for it. One hundred prisoners might not intend harm; but the next one might kill the officer or lead a rush for liberty.

The keeper must be master. Since confinement arouses discontent and ugliness, the margin of suppression must be in favor of the master, not the slave. The amount of deviltry that prisoners do not think of simply can't be thought of. The keepers deserve our sympathy, and not very much advice from visionary reformers is of any assistance.

When a criminal, by his conduct for a considerable time, shows that he wants to make good, people are much inclined to give him a fair chance and employ him; but trust comes slowly. They do not think of him as they do of other people, simply because they can't. I have accepted a murderer with perfect friendliness; and others did who knew his history. He was goaded to the act. The court had sense enough to allow for that. He took his sentence like a man. He never complained of cruelty. He helped the woman whom he had made a widow in the support of her family.

But the ordinary criminal cannot expect cordiality from the public. His mental attitude, his speech, his actions, all distill a subtle poison in the presence of good people. In very many cases, his presence would mean a perpetual shock to good taste and breeding, and the young would have to be shielded. Somehow wickedness makes devoted missionaries, who work by insidious or plausible methods of such character that they reach all classes.

There is some needless discipline in

jails, and there are instances of abuse by keepers. As in civil life, some rules and customs outlast their usefulness. The problem of getting competent help in such institutions is very difficult. Jails are not the only places where mistakes are made. Eternal vigilance over wrongdoers is a very trying job. Like boys with a good-hearted, moral-suasion teacher, criminals think a warden an old granny or an easy mark unless he is strict; and they will abuse privileges. Those who really appreciate a warden's good intentions are very few. The problem of justice to the individual criminal is difficult, because he is a member of a class that has abused trust and covered its trail.

The criminal, and the public too, chafe under maladministration of law. Too often a court trial means merely a battle of lawyers' wits, not a sincere attempt to handle the case for justice to all concerned. The mind of the accused cannot be laid open for inspection. In spite of all mistakes, I feel that he gets more justice from public and keepers than he allows to his victims. About all society can do is to confine him so he won't have a chance at more victims. In the absence of restitution to people he has harmed, it may be conceded that the criminal should pay some of the obligation in discomfort. Those who suffer at the hands of criminals seldom advise mercy. Even advocates of leniency and prison reform are cured by being subjected to experience at the hands of a criminal — by having their money stolen or a son killed.

I believe in justice to criminals. I believe also in justice to those who suffer at their hands. Pardons often prove to be wrongs to society. I have good

reason to know that our penal system is faulty. There is some reason for the criminal's contempt of our courts. Trivial causes often work great harm. I know a certain case that was decided wrong because the foreman of the jury missed his supper. I rejoice in the movement to give the poor man a chance in court.

So long as criminals set the pace for cruelty, public interest in their comfort and enjoyment will be uncertain. The advocate as well as the lawless should remember that he who commits crime forfeits the privileges and rights and enjoyments of honest men. Whenever a man shows a sincere desire to reform, officials and courts should give him as much assistance as possible. The fake will always make this difficult.

In closing, let me say that I am in favor of the parole and association principles for special application; but there must always be isolation and punishment in the background for that vicious number who will obey no system without compulsion. The persecuted public will always demand some form of confinement and punishment of those who make life and property unsafe. Just so long as the criminal is cruel to the public, the public will see that the criminal gets some of his own medicine.

Just this to close. The Bible says: 'The wages of sin is death.' I can't seem to fathom the truth of that. It does n't seem to tally with experience; but the word death is mild compared with what the criminal comes up against. Even if he escapes the police, there is besides something mysterious inside and outside of him that it is no use to try to beat. I can't explain it.

THE WHIMSICAL GODDESS

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

I

A NEGRO man walked briskly along a ricefield bank at Twickenham Plantation, in the green Carolina low-country. A little distance away some other negroes were repairing a road, and, while they worked, three or four of the little mongrel dogs that almost all low-country negroes possess were trailing a rabbit in the swampy thickets. Suddenly the man on the ricefield bank, his eyes glaring with terror, yelled with all the force of his lungs and staggered back, clasping in his arms a clawing, spitting wildcat.

Now that was an occurrence so extraordinary, so utterly amazing, that it might well be called a miracle of nature. You may search the books of natural history and of sport from cover to cover, and in those that are of good repute you will find very few, if any, precedents for the thing that I have just related. Yet this thing happened. It may never have happened before and it may never happen again, but it happened this time; and, miracle of nature though it was, the way of its happening was simple enough when one came to study it out. The dogs trailing the rabbit jumped a wildcat in the thickets. The cat, hearing the voices of the men who were repairing the road, ran in the opposite direction. This brought it almost at once to the ricefield bank. Along that narrow parapet, thickly grown with bushes and vines, it bounded swiftly, jumping high to clear the rank weeds, and ran full tilt into the negro, in all

likelihood landing fairly on the man's chest. Neither was aware of the other until the moment of collision, and then it was too late, for instantly man and wildcat, equally terrified, were locked in close embrace. The negro, never doubting that he was being attacked by a furious wild beast, believed that his one chance lay in throttling it, so he crushed the cat to his breast with arms of steel, screaming as few men have ever screamed before. Within a few minutes the men who had been working on the road reached him, yet by that time his shirt had been torn to shreds and all the lower parts of his body were bloody. But he kept his deadly grip on the cat to the end, and the rescuing party killed it.

Here is something for the slaves of rule and rote to gnash their teeth about. There is no more firmly established rule in the books than the rule that the wildcat never attacks man, and it is virtually an axiom that all tales of desperate encounters between men and wildcats are false. Yet here is one tale of such an encounter which is not false but true; and all the dozens of authorities who have affirmed that no wildcat ever yet sprang upon a man cannot alter the fact that this wildcat did spring upon this man — though most unwillingly.

The incident is memorable, not mainly for the sake of its fine dramatic quality, or even primarily because it is a matter of interest to naturalists and to all who care about the lore of wild things,

but because it is so excellent an illustration of the infinite variety, not merely of the forms, but of the very soul of Nature. Rules and laws we may lay down concerning her, setting forth that Nature does thus and so, that this is her way, her chosen custom, her immemorial usage. But she will shatter now and then the most firmly fixed of those rules; she will disobey now and then the most sacred axioms of the books; once in a while, as if just for the fun of it, she will laugh the most learned of her interpreters to scorn. For she is a whimsical goddess when all is said and done; and therein lies, for all who are in any true sense her lovers, half, at least, — the dearer, more precious half, — of her mystical, ageless charm.

II

One June morning, while exploring the jungle-like woods on one of the islands that fringe this coast, — the kind of wood, as Stevenson says somewhere, for murderers to crawl among, — I was suddenly aware that there were murderers about. At least, they would be murderers if I gave them the chance, for the fangs of the cotton-mouth moccasin can kill a man, and there were moccasins all around me. To the right was a big, thick-bodied, wicked-looking fellow, half concealed by a tuft of grass; to the left was another, lying arrogantly in the open on the warm sand; ahead were two more, under a small cassena bush; and, glancing back, I saw that I must have come within a foot or two of stepping on one of the ugly reptiles as I passed, unconscious of peril, into the very midst of them.

The discovery brought a thrill by no means pleasant. The danger seemed virtually over now that I was aware of the snakes' presence, for henceforward I would watch my steps carefully until

I was away from the place. But it had been too narrow an escape to look back upon with any sense of enjoyment; and my heart was still beating a little faster than usual when I discovered that close to my foot, close enough, I thought, to strike me if it chose, lay another big, brown, mottled cotton-mouth which until that instant I had not seen. I jumped away quickly, and perhaps rashly, since it was scarcely safe to move at all in that reptilian headquarters without first scanning carefully the spot on which one planned to place his foot. Then, seizing a stick which lay within reach, I leaned over and with three or four strokes killed the snake that had given me such a scare.

Up to this moment all the moccasins round about me — and there were eight or ten of them within view, and undoubtedly others amid the vines and fallen palmetto branches — had lain passive, or had merely crawled sluggishly about their business. But no sooner had I killed this serpent than the one lying nearest it raised its hideous, diamond-shaped head, opened its wide jaws till I could see the white lining within that gives the cotton-mouth its name, and started for me. I still held my stick, and it was a good stout one. There could be no appreciable danger unless I took to my heels, in which case I might step on some hidden reptile and be bitten. So I simply waited until the snake, with lifted head and swiftly vibrating tail, had crossed the strip of sand eight or ten feet wide which it had to traverse before it came within reach; and then, without moving from my tracks, I killed it as I had killed the other. I looked about me, not without some nervousness, to see whether there were to be other attacks; and presently, feeling that I had had my fill of herpetology for one day, I left the place very discreetly, poking about with my stick to make sure that no assassin lurked in the

weeds and grass through which I must make my passage.

Why did that moccasin of the island jungle attack me? For that it did attack me there is not a particle of doubt, and it was not the moccasin's fault that it lacked speed enough to get within the guard of my stick before I could strike it down. I have never known any other snake to make deliberately and of its own choice an attack upon a human being. One hears tales, it is true, of snakes charging viciously from ambush; but these are either pure inventions or products of lively imaginations working at fever-heat under the stimulus of the strange, tingling panic which the mere sight of a snake of any sort so often engenders. Our North American serpents are not an aggressive race in their behavior toward man. Even the great diamond-back rattler, the bravest of them all, contents himself with a defiant defensive. Almost any of the snakes, of course, will fight if cornered — almost any of them except the dangerous-looking spreading adder, feared by most people as among the deadliest of all the crawling tribes, but in reality as harmless as a new-born babe and as gentle as any cooing dove. Also, there are many snakes which, suddenly finding themselves in close proximity to a human foot or leg, will lunge at it quickly before gliding away; but that, of course, is not at all the same thing as a deliberate attack such as the one which I have described, an attack which remains unique in my experience and for which I can find in the experience of others no well-established parallel. Was the first snake that I killed the mate of the other, which thereupon gave up its own life in a gallant attempt to avenge the murder? That is a good sentimental theory, and it is the theory that many would adopt unhesitatingly; but there are difficulties in the way of that explanation, and I am slow to indorse it. Perhaps in sober

truth there is no explanation at all, save simply that this was another whim of Nature, that whimsical goddess. Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of the cotton-mouth moccasins she has made would have fled from me or, at least, have left me alone. But she had made the ten-thousandth one of sterner stuff, to show me that day in the island woods the vanity of dogmatism, and to remind me that she is her own mistress after all.

III

There was — and I hope still is — a sharp-shinned hawk with whom I had some acquaintance, who might in much the same sense be termed the ten-thousandth sharp-shinned hawk. He came to my garden last winter, as others of his kind have been coming every winter; welcome arrivals always, for at least three reasons. First, because the sharp-shinned hawk, or blue darter as he is sometimes more appropriately called hereabouts, is a perfect expression of his type, so wonderfully and so beautifully made for his appointed work in the world, that the dullest mind must recognize him as a masterpiece. Second, because his favorite food when he comes to the garden is the English sparrow. And third, because the sight of a hawk of any kind here in the city brings with it always a vision of the countryside, and that is a pleasant experience for the mind, as if a fresh, sweet wind blew through it.

When I first saw this falcon perched on the naked topmost branch of the tall elm which is the chosen watch-tower of the hawks that visit the garden, I noticed nothing to distinguish him from all the others of his species that I had known. He seemed no larger than the average; he was as slim and rakish-looking as any other, but no more so; he had the same air of alertness, but in no greater degree than the normal. Yet,

as time proved, this sharp-shinned hawk was such a one as had never visited the garden before in all my long experience of the spot. The others that I had known were just the everyday sort, the norm, the type of the race. This one was a d'Artagnan among ordinary bravos, a white-plumed Henri Quatre among common kings, a Grahame of Claverhouse, a Rupert, a Murat.

He had not been about the place long before he gave me a hint of his quality. A flock of English sparrows foraging on the lawn suddenly took fright and fled helter-skelter into a thicket of privet nearby. I knew what that meant, for I had seen the same performance many times repeated; and I said to myself, meanwhile glancing up to see the hawk, 'Brother Blue Darter, you were too slow that time.' Every sparrow had reached the thicket, and nine times out of ten the little vagabonds are safe when once they have gained the shelter of those closely interlacing branches.

But this time I — and doubtless they also — reckoned without sufficient knowledge of our falcon. Down like a little thunderbolt he came, all in the twinkling of an eye and in far less time than I have taken to tell it. The last sparrow was scarcely under cover before the hawk was at the thicket's green edge. I saw him swerve slightly just before reaching the outmost barrier of twigs, and the next instant he was within the thicket itself and fairly in among the sparrows. Above the fluttering of wings I heard a shrill cry; and when in a moment the hawk emerged, he bore a tousled little gray body clutched in his sharp talons.

That was the neatest raid and altogether the most skillful piece of work of its sort that I had ever seen. It set this hawk apart at once as one whose activities would be worth watching; for he had done what I had never seen one of these hawks do before — he had out-

witted the sparrows at their own game and on their own ground, following them into their fortress, twisting and turning with extraordinary skill and address through its maze of twigs and branches, and carrying out the whole manoeuvre so adroitly that there was scarcely any disturbance of the thick-et's foliage, and, except for the fluttering of the frightened sparrows' wings, there was no sound.

Usually the hovering or swooping hawk, perceiving that the sparrows on which he had his eye have gained the thicket's shelter, gives them up as lost and passes on in search of others less wary. Occasionally, if he is very close upon the quarry, I have seen a hawk smash head-on into the thicket after the fleeing finches, either unable to check his descent in time or else actually trying to break his way through the stiff barricade of twigs by the force of the impact. But these smashing assaults, though fine and spirited spectacles for the onlooker, are seldom fruitful of results. The hawk usually gets more or less tangled up in the twigs; in the moment or two which he requires to extricate himself, the sparrows have left for parts unknown; and Mr. Blue Darter, in spite of all the fine fury of his charge and all the commotion he has caused, presently takes himself off empty-handed, and probably in very bad humor.

I wondered whether my d'Artagnan of blue darters would repeat his exploit — whether it was really an indication of exceptional talent or merely a *tour de force*. He repeated it several times to my knowledge, and doubtless many times when I did not chance to see him; and I find in some notes which I put down at the time concerning his achievements and methods that for a period of several weeks the English sparrows disappeared almost completely. Indeed, my notebook is not needed to recall

that memorable fact. It was something unique in the garden's history, and it was due entirely to this blue darter's unparalleled effectiveness as an engine of destruction.

But, pleasant as it was to be rid of the alien pests, there was a fly in the ointment. For the hawk, finding that sparrows had become a rarity, ceased to confine himself to sparrow-meat, as is the laudable custom of the sharp-shin when he comes to town — perhaps because these city gamins of the feathered world, less accustomed to the ways of hawks than most other birds, are most easily captured. This blue darter, when he had made a scarcity of sparrows, forgot the ancient rule of immunity for the other garden birds and abused my hospitality by raiding cardinals, mocking-birds, and others of the garden's privileged folk. Just as I had almost made up my mind to fire a shot somewhere near him, as a hint that he had outworn his welcome, he took his departure and was seen no more that season. If he comes again he will be welcome; for the sparrows are now as numerous as ever, and there is need of his efficient beak and claw.¹

It is only by luck, as in this instance, or else by diligent searching, that one comes across a case of marked individuality as striking as that of the hawk whose deeds are here celebrated. The outstanding individual is lost sight of among the common run; and if you are fortunate enough to meet with him and record his doings, you may be called a Münchhausen for your pains. Nor can the world be blamed for being skeptical, for indeed it has need of caution in such matters. There is a strong temptation to make heroes out of animals upon

¹ It is really an arbitrary assumption to assign this hawk to the masculine gender. The sexes are identical as to plumage, but the female is generally a little larger than her lord. Perhaps my feathered d'Artagnan was a Boadicea. — THE AUTHOR.

very flimsy evidence, which is all very well if one is writing an animal novel, but not at all well if one is trying to write sober natural history. A real hero — in the sense of unusual efficiency — I believe this memorable blue darter of the garden was; for I saw him often during a considerable period and could compare him with many others studied in the same place and under the same conditions. But this is the only instance of the sort in my experience that I am sure of. Certainly the island moccasin was no hero in this meaning of the word, but a fool whose folly cost him very dear.

The observer, coming upon some apparent case of exceptional physical or mental achievement in the wild world of Nature's creatures, must go very slowly in drawing conclusions. What may seem, upon a casual or limited acquaintance, to be unusual courage or skill or intelligence in some mammal or bird may be, in reality, nothing of the sort, but simply the result of circumstances of the moment, imperceptible to, or at least not perceived by, the observer. The negro on the ricefield bank, when the wildcat leaped upon him, would have taken oath that here was a wildcat with courage enough to attack a man; yet that Twickenham wildcat was as much of a coward as wildcats in general are. Nature, the fanciful goddess, was in jocund mood that morning. She lurked in the green thickets of Twickenham, and her bright eyes were mischievous and merry. It may be that the day, or the hour, before, she had made a shattering earthquake in Asia or had sent a great forest in Canada roaring to destruction in a red inferno of towering flame; but now her humor was light and gay, she must have a bit of fun. So, at a stamp of her foot, there came about that amazing, almost incredible encounter on the ricefield bank — for all its strangeness,

nothing more than the perfectly natural result of an unusual combination of circumstances, an extraordinary sequence of events. Here, despite appearances, was no animal hero, no Bayard among wildcats, fit subject for some eager sentimentalist's pen. Here, simply, was Nature — that beautiful, wayward Undine, as Hudson, one of the dearest of her lovers, calls her — playing a prank for the fun of it, laughing slyly the while amid the green sheltering leaves.

• IV

For the benefit of some gray squirrels which had taken up their abode in the garden, I had placed a stout box, with a hole in its end, about twenty feet up in a cedar tree. That was in autumn; and the following spring — the squirrels apparently not caring for the box, perhaps because its doorway was too large to suit their taste — I conceived the suspicion that it had become a domicile for rats. So I sent Ben Goff, colored factotum and remarkably spry for one who recalls the bombardment of Fort Sumter, up into the tree to investigate. The quest was almost fatal for Ben. He peered into the hole in the end of the box and nearly fell out of the tree. Ben is not lacking in respect for the recorded wisdom of the ages, but he prefers the evidence of his own senses every time. Neither science nor reason could convince him that the animal which he had seen in the box was not a pig. It might be true, he agreed, that no pig as yet known to philosophy was equipped for climbing trees or for flying. Nevertheless, he maintained with all the emphasis of unshakable conviction that a pig had somehow entered that box twenty feet up in the cedar, and was at that instant lying in the box with its head facing the entrance and its jaws wide open.

I doubt whether he was ever fully

persuaded of his error; for when I had climbed the tree and looked cautiously into the box and discovered that its occupant was a 'possum, I was too much pleased at the discovery to disturb the animal's siesta any further and thus run the risk of making him discontented with the garden as a home. How he had come there through miles of city streets was, and still is, a mystery, but I wanted him to remain. For he too brought that vision of the quiet woods that is so refreshing to the spirit; and it was very pleasant to know that, here in the heart of the city, even some of the shy four-footed woods folk might sometimes come and go unknown to the world of men.

So I left him in peace, and doubtless in a few minutes he was once more asleep and enjoying his long nap, which probably lasted till dark. Though I never saw him again by day, he lived in and about the garden all that spring and summer, fairly prosperous, very unobtrusive, and for a long time doing no harm to anyone. There were hens in the chicken-yard that he might have raided, but he never did so. He was content, it seemed, to regale himself each night upon the contents of the garbage-cans of the neighborhood; an easy and unadventurous life, its even tenor disturbed only occasionally by my dog who, coming upon him now and then between sunset and sunrise, compelled him to ascend some convenient tree or fence rather more rapidly than comported with the 'possum's lazy and leisurely habits. But after a while my vegetable patch in the backyard began to suffer. It seemed reasonable to suspect Br'er Possum; and when the Airedale's excited barking announced that he had 'treed' the midnight wanderer again, I got a light, went to the spot, and, without injuring him at all, took the suspect into custody. I would keep him prisoner over night, I thought,

and then, by examining the vegetable patch in the morning, establish his guilt or innocence. He was 'playing possum' when I placed him in a small patent chicken-coop of galvanized iron, feigning death after the strange manner of his kind; and when I left him he was curled up in the coop, never moving a limb or even an eyelid, though, as usual, the ruse was imperfect, since, watching him closely, one could see the slight movement of his flanks as he breathed. He was as much alive as I was when I bade him good-night; yet in the morning he was dead.

Why did he die? A novelist neighbor to whom the question was put declared instantly that it was a clear case of a broken heart. There spoke the romantic temperament, as was right and proper in a novelist; but this is natural history, not romance. Some mammals and some birds have been known to die of fright; but of all living things on this continent the 'possum is the last of which this might be expected. He is the sole survivor in North America of an ancient race, masters of the world at one time far back in geological history, but long since surpassed, conquered, and superseded by higher forms of life everywhere save in Australia. There the primitive and antiquated marsupial family continued to flourish in great abundance and variety even down to our own day, because Australia was cut off by the sea from the Asiatic mainland at about the time when the marsupials were at the height of their glory, and those of them inhabiting that vast island were thus saved from competition with the more highly developed, more aggressive mammalian types that presently took possession of the rest of the world and gradually supplanted all the marsupials in it except our 'possum and certain cousins of his in Central and South America. Hence, of all the four-footed inhabitants of this continent,

the 'possum stands lowest in physical structure; and since the most highly organized animals — as the biologists phrase it — are the most high-strung, the most sensitive, the most subject to nervous shock, a 'possum should be the very last of all to flicker out as a result of the impact of some unaccustomed, frightening experience upon his nervous system or upon his crude, slow-functioning rudiment of a mind.

Experience confirms this reasoning. It would be hard to imagine anything that ought to be more terrifying to the victim, anything better calculated to freeze the very marrow in his bones, than a typical 'possum hunt. Probably there is no other form of the chase practised in America which in this respect can be compared with it. You must put yourself in the victim's place. For the hunted 'possum the end does not come suddenly in the form of a bullet from some hidden foe lurking in ambush, or even as the climax of a swift flight through the woods before pursuing hounds and horsemen. Slow, lumbering creature that he is, he must take to a tree when the clamor of the dogs draws near in the night; and he huddles helpless on a branch while beneath him bedlam reigns, the yells of the negroes and the yelping of their curs resounding all about him, and the flaring torches — which the wild things fear most of all the deviltries of man — obliterating the friendly darkness.

And this is but the prelude. He will be taken alive if the hunters can contrive it, so that he may be fattened for the feast. Presently he is either shaken out of the tree by some agile negro who climbs up into it, or else the tree is felled and he falls with it, clutching wildly at its branches. The eager dogs are upon him in an instant, but even this is not the end. Rescued from their jaws, he is either thrust into a sack or else is borne through the woods suspended, head

down, from a split stick snapped onto his tail in such a way as to hold him helpless. In such fashion as this have countless 'possums come to the end of the long trail that leads, not to the persimmon tree, but to the pot — surely an ordeal that ought to dry up the springs of life and strike the victim dead from terror if anything could. Yet I never heard of a 'possum that thus gave up the ghost; and many of them, within a quarter of an hour after they are placed in the fattening coop on the return of the hunters, have already so far recovered their equanimity as to eat with great relish sweet potatoes or table-scrap or any other edible thing that is placed in the coop with them.

Hence, to conclude that this 'possum of my garden perished as the result of a sudden access of fear seems contrary to all the inferences to be drawn from 'possum history, to all the implications of 'possum lore, and to the very constitution of the animal itself. Yet, if fear did not kill him, I do not know what did; for it is hardly conceivable that he feigned death so earnestly as actually to induce death; and no other explanation fits the case.

There is nothing for it, I think, but to

say that here was Nature in capricious mood again, snapping her fingers at rule and law, making sport of age-long custom and the learning that men put into books. It was a whim of the whimsical goddess to have it happen so, and so it did happen, though all experience and all logic forbade it. For no better cause than this, for no deeper reason — so far as we may discover — than the infinite and entrancing variability of Nature's inmost soul, a thousand things happen every day, every hour, every instant, in the wild world, for which there will be found no warrant in the learned treatises wherein the ways and usages of the wild world and the theories and laws that underlie them are learnedly set forth.

Who will complain of these quips and pranks? Certain crabbed professors, no doubt, who spend their lives within four walls, reducing everything to formulæ, and who are vastly annoyed to see their laborious theories upset. But surely not those for whom sunsets glow and nonpareils flash their colors in the light and the water hyacinth paints a single golden spot upon a single petal of her lilac bloom to make loveliness yet more lovely.

MOTIONLESS, UPON HER BED

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

MOTIONLESS, upon her bed,
By pale roses garlanded,
Little Dorothea lies,
Incommunicably wise
With the wisdom of the dead.

'Twas but yesterday she wed:
Now her golden, girlish head
Wears another bridal guise,
Motionless.

Were her slumber mine instead,
She could not be comforted:
Streaming tears would blind her eyes —
Yet, when Dorothea dies,
Silent I wait, with doubt and dread,
Motionless.

'OLD SAWNEY'S'

BY RANDOLPH ELLIOTT

MY wife and I are just back from a visit to our boy at his 'prep school.' It is a wonderful place, that school: broad, well-kept grounds; acres of velvet turf studded with elms; buildings of red brick or gray stone, mellow and vine-covered. There are an athletic field and a gymnasium, a swimming-pool and organized sports. There is an impressive 'Headmaster,' and 'housemasters' and 'masters' appear and disappear in bewildering numbers. The boys themselves are a nice lot of youngsters, white-flanneled, fresh-faced, sauntering about with a bit of a swagger, as if conscious of the fact that their school is the only school. Perhaps it is. But —

'It's somewhat different from Old Sawney's!' I remarked to my wife.

She laughed, indulgently I thought. And yet I could n't help remembering that this school of my son's was a landmark in this place in the days when Old Sawney, in the far-off South, sent a thin dribble of boys to the great University five miles away; and that one of the most distinguished professors in that university stated with emphasis, 'The best-prepared boys we get come from a small school in Tennessee known to its pupils as "Old Sawney's."'

And with the affection born of distance and, perhaps, of comfortable middle age, my mind goes back to that old school, the very sight of which would doubtless horrify those immaculate youths with whom my son is strolling to-day.

'Old Sawney,' then young Sawney, just out of the Confederate army, con-

fronted with a destitute South, and possessed of a family which must eat in spite of the ravages of war, looked for a means of providing the wherewithal. The plantations were wrecked, the negroes scattered; manufactories had never existed; the country stores had vanished altogether or were in the hands of receivers — Northern receivers. The outlook was forlorn enough.

'But I figured out' — how often have I heard the old man tell the story! — 'that the one thing our people would always spend money for was education. So I decided to give them education.'

To help him in this, he had 'Johnny,' his brother. Johnny was a graduate of one of the larger Southern universities, a man who, in the vernacular, 'just naturally took to book-learning.' The years were destined to bring him renown in the field of scholarship; he was offered positions in colleges and universities, a few in the distant North. But he stuck by Sawney, and together the two formed an unbeatable combination whose influence radiated through the lives of the hundreds of boys who came into their hands.

Those first years were hard. Fees were paid more often in 'kind' than in money. Old Sawney still tells of the boy from the North Carolina mountains who came to his house one day, dragging by a rope-halter a heifer almost as scrawny as himself, and who pleaded, 'Mr. Webb, I want to go to school. I ain't got money, but I wonder if you-all will let me l'arn up this cow?'

That heifer, and many other products of the soil, were 'larned up' in the little houses where the two teachers (the term Headmaster was unknown in those parts) and their families and pupils lived together.

Then one day there came an offer from a little town across the mountains in Tennessee, where the earnest desire for schooling was breaking through the limits of poverty. If Mr. Webb would move his school to Bell Buckle, the town would give him a site and erect a building.

He moved, and the building is standing to-day, with only a new coat of paint to mark any change. It was a large building of pine, with a huge cast-iron stove in the middle. The benches were originally of unplanned oak boards, and the splinters must have presented many points of irritating contact to the first generation of pupils. By the time my brothers and I arrived — years later — they had been worn to a shining glassiness, the smooth surface marred only by knife-cut initials. On second thought, however, I doubt whether even the first scholars suffered from the splinter-pricks. For all, young and old alike, were arrayed in what were known colloquially as 'whistle breeches,' a heavy corduroy, undaunted by years of wear and impervious to even the sharpest splinter.

A boy's outfit was not a ruinously expensive item there — an abundance of underclothes, heavy boots, a few shirts, a cap or a nondescript hat, two coats, and a couple of pairs of 'whistle breeches,' and he was ready for the fray.

But to return to the school-building, with its two wings on either side of the central hall, and, opening off the platform, two small rooms the uses of which will be revealed in due course. That constituted the main unit. After a time a 'Senior Hall' was built. This, too, was of pine, and possessed at one

end a small but well-stocked library. For if there was one good thing which Old Sawney advocated more than another, it was reading. 'Boys,' he would say, to emphasize his ruling that there must be no loafing in village stores or railroad station, 'here in these books the great men of the world have shown you their minds. Don't you think they are better worth associating with than whiskey-soaked old Tom Hazard?'

In Senior Hall there were no benches. Each boy, as he attained seniority, went to town and purchased a split-bottom chair, and henceforth this traveled with him during school-hours as unfailingly as its shell accompanies a turtle. He took it to Latin class, and, thence, if he had a free period, to the shade of a tree in the bare, boy-scarred grounds. For Old Sawney sounded the first faint note of the 'open-air-school' chorus of to-day. He cared not at all where you did your work so long as you did it (and to ensure that, he had his own methods!). These chairs were the pride of their owner's hearts, — they were a kind of *toga virilis*, — and all the latent artistry of boydom was expended in their decoration: initials elaborately illegible, scrolls, alleged-to-be vines, all carved with a jack-knife in the soft pine.

This was the sum total of school equipment — certainly not marked by over-elaboration. Of dormitories there were none, because we roomed and boarded with the villagers — permission to 'take boys' being revocable at will by Old Sawney. The quality of the fare varied, of course, with the abilities of the individual housekeepers as 'providers,' — certain homes being the longed-for goals of the less fortunate, — but the price never varied. Old Sawney saw to that. Three dollars a week it was in my day, though he put it higher later. And of one thing we were all dead sure — that he showed no favorit-

ism in the allotments to the boarding-houses. With the increased prosperity of the South, boys of larger means came in increasing numbers, but they all shared alike, and though one might arrive a snob, he was certain to leave a democrat.

School opened in August, so that the pupils from the malarial rice-plantations of the lower South might avoid the most dangerous month of September.

It seems to me as I look back after the passage of years, that to get into the school at all was something of an achievement. For every boy, unconscious of the fact though he was, had to pass under the scrutiny of the greatest 'boy expert,' I am convinced, since Arnold of Rugby. I can see him now, sitting at his battered old desk in his book-lined library, listening to some garrulous parent with a kind of abstracted courtesy, the while his gray eyes under the heavy brows glanced occasionally at the prospective pupil, now squirming or stiff with embarrassment at the parental loquacity. And if the boy were accepted, it was because, though he never knew it, his little palimpsest of life had been read to date by the wise old eyes and found to contain something worth going on with.

Two honor rules there were which each boy gave his 'word of honor as a gentleman' to keep. First, to be in his boarding-house before dark every night. And second, to have no fire-arms in his possession. These were turned over to Old Sawney, who labeled, guarded them, and gave them back — the revolvers on the boy's departure for his home at the term's end, the rifles and shot-guns on those rare and glorious festas known as hunting-days, when Old Sawney would suddenly declare a holiday and let us take to the autumn woods alone, or would himself lead us in a great rabbit-hunt across the yellowing fields.

Once 'in,' the boy's days sped by. For some reason it was the fashion to get to school early; and for an hour or more before the actual time of opening, the whole crowd of some hundred and fifty boys would be rollicking about the grounds, from which, except in certain isolated and lushly verdant spots, every spear of grass had long since been worn. We had little need of 'organized sports' to tempt us to activity; and since there were no school teams to specialize in athletics, we all took an amateurish and husky delight in outdoor games. Of recent years I have heard much talk in Eastern colleges of the shame of fifteen hundred men taking their exercise by sitting on the bleachers and watching eighteen or twenty-two of their mates pull off a match, and I grin to myself and say, 'Old Sawney beat you to it by twenty-five years!'

Certain it is, we were a well-oxygenated group of youngsters when, of a sudden, there rang out over the turbulent field a lusty call of 'C-coming-g!'

This meant that the teachers, who had met on the outskirts of the village, were coming swiftly up the hill, Old Sawney in the lead. At the call all clatter ceased abruptly and the boys ran toward the school-house, waiting outside, however, until the next call, 'All-over-r!' from some youth in the outer ranks, announced the fact that the youngest and last teacher had just dropped over the stile which separated the battered school-grounds from the dusty country road. Then, in magic shortness of time, we were all ensconced on our worn oak benches, the teachers on the platform, and Old Sawney on his feet for Scripture-reading, prayer, and the 'morning talk.'

Those talks were the mainspring, the very core, of the school. Sometimes they would last ten minutes, often until it was time to go home for lunch (we called it dinner in those days); and classes

would be dispensed with altogether that morning. What did he talk about? Everything! And I mean that literally. Problems of the world, problems of life, new inventions, scientific discoveries, local conditions and politics, school events, philosophy, religion — they were all grist to Old Sawney's mill, and he gave us the nourishing grain. Remember, here was no ordinary man drooling in school-teachery fashion before a crowd of pupils. He could be aptly described as 'personality plus.' A deep, rich, humorous, and shrewd personality, plus experiences gained in war and peace, in travels, in reading, and in much contact with men. We were boys, and restless sometimes, often bored almost to death by the things he said of which our younger ignorance could not realize the significance. But as the years have passed, I for one, and I know of many schoolmates in like case, find that words of Old Sawney's come back in moments of doubt or stress, and not infrequently with a kind of solving clarity.

In addition to his other gifts, he possessed the great one of a born *raconteur*; and standing with his gray beard and hair, his narrow black string tie, his black coat invariably buttoned wrong, — the third buttonhole attached to the second button, — he would spread before us a panorama of life pregnant with wit, humor, and imagination, instilling by precept and story the principles of clean living and great deeds. At times he would become so excited by his own tale that he would pace up and down the platform, and with the few vivid gestures of a skilful actor would present a truly dramatic creation.

From time to time he would hit upon a catchword or phrase, and would ring the changes upon it. 'Turn in the keen sunlight of publicity,' was long a favorite. President Wilson is not an 'Old Sawneyite,' but his famous 'piti-

less publicity' sounded a familiar note in my ears.

There was also another favorite, of which we later came to think as Old Sawney's 'only Don't in the Gospel of Do': 'Boys, don't do anything on the sly.' He would say it ringingly, or pleadingly — at times flinging it, as it were, from the tip of an extended forefinger into the crowd of silent youngsters. Occasionally he would stop abruptly in the midst of an ordinary talk, and after a moment's silence, out would come the clarion call, 'Boys, *don't* do anything on the sly!'

Pretty good stuff to take out into life with us, was n't it?

He was fond of telling us that we could find exact duplicates of all our experiences by studying the people in the Bible. One day a doubting Thomas of a small boy in the front row piped up, 'Mr. Webb, there was never any boy in the Bible sent off to boarding-school!'

Old Sawney's face crinkled with laughter. 'You think the difficulties of your situation are quite without parallel, don't you? But you are wrong, my son. Daniel, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were youths sent off to boarding-school in the king's palace. But, I grant you one thing — they are the only pupils I ever heard of who complained that the food was too good!'

Once the morning talk was over, we scattered to our first class. The periods were normally of an hour, but that depended on the teacher. If he wanted to keep us longer, he did so, and the second period began when the first ended. There were no bells to mark the change. Some boy would be sent to the door to sing out, 'Cæsar!' or 'Grammar!' as the case might be; and in would throng the pupils for that subject.

If that sounds like confusion to the meticulous, rule-of-thumb teacher of to-day, what would she say to the proceedings inside the classroom itself! In

each course, at the beginning of the term, we numbered ourselves snappily, 'One!' 'Two!' 'Three!' — each boy striving to be as high up in the list as possible for a running start. Then, with the actual teaching, the 'trapping' began. If Number One missed a question, the first boy who could answer it went up to the head; and were n't we keen to be that boy! I have seen a whole row of little chaps in first-year Latin leave their places and crowd about the teacher, hands up, begging the chance to answer. The very air was electric, and, my word, but we were alive! There were no dull hours in that school.

Of the subjects themselves I may say that the basis of the four-year course was Latin, Greek, and mathematics, with some English and one modern language. For Old Sawney's goal was a trained mind, and he believed that was best attained, not by a multiplicity of subjects, but by the mastery of a few. The discipline in the three subjects which were all the majority of the boys were allowed to take was thorough and exacting; but we had much leisure time, which we were encouraged to spend in reading. It is a safe statement that in no other preparatory school in the country was there so widespread a disposition to read. The carefully selected library was literally read to pieces; history, biography, novels, poetry — all were devoured, and we were n't ashamed to discuss them among ourselves. No American history was taught in the school, but I know of more than one boy who offered it as a college-entrance subject, and passed it as a result of his reading.

And speaking of examinations reminds me that from the beginning Old Sawney had the 'Honor System.' The pupils were not watched, and at the close, each one wrote on his paper, 'I pledge my honor as a gentleman that I

have neither given nor received any assistance in this examination.' One tangible result of this is the Honor System of a great Eastern University, which is the pride of its every student and alumnus. But few of them know that it was started there by four or five of Old Sawney's 'boys,' who found it intolerable that cheating should be considered, not a crime, but a means of outwitting the professors. If there ever were a boy in the school so dull or so bold as to go against public opinion by breaking this pledge, he was promptly expelled. But rare indeed were those cases.

The discipline of the school in general was simple and effective and (dare I whisper it in these modern days of government by the child for the child?) the greatest of the methods employed was whipping!

My father, entering his oldest son, said, 'Mr. Webb, I don't want my boy whipped.'

'Take him away then, Judge,' was the prompt reply. 'He may never need it, but if he stays here and needs it, he'll get it. There come times in the lives of some boys when nothing but the touch of a switch will do any good.'

The boy stayed, and I may add parenthetically that neither he nor the three of us who came after him ever 'got it.' Perhaps the mere knowledge that the switches were waiting in the whipping-rooms was sufficient to make us watch our steps.

Yes, the secret is out! The two small rooms flanking the platform were the whipping-rooms, and a generous supply of young peach switches was awaiting the need.

'Jimmy Adams,' I have heard Old Sawney say calmly, even sadly, 'you have spent five days in the third declension. If you don't know it tomorrow, I'll have to whip you.' And Jimmy knew it!

But the whippings, although poten-

tially ever present, were not always active; for Old Sawney rivaled even the Mikado in his genius for 'making the punishment fit the crime.' There was the boy who ran away and went fishing. The next day Old Sawney fitted him out with a stick, a piece of string, and a bent pin, and all day long, amid the gibes of his passing mates, the unfortunate youth was made to fish in the school rain-barrel.

An analogous case was that of the school 'band,' an impromptu organization armed with penny whistles, tin pans, and combs covered with paper, who made a joyful and disturbing uproar at an inauspicious time; for Old Sawney, arriving unexpectedly on the scene and the agony of the teachers, announced in the sudden engulfing silence that the band would wait after school. It did, and for four mortal hours in the schoolroom, empty save for Old Sawney's occasional sardonic look-ins, the band was made to play. Throats were raw, lungs exhausted, eyes popping from their heads, before their 'music' was allowed to lapse into welcome and eternal silence.

To do them justice, however, the young teachers were not often compelled to have recourse to Old Sawney. With wits made nimble by contact with their chief, they, too, showed surprising ingenuity in dealing with their charges. A case in point was the so-called 'Classical Cow' belonging to one of them, which was said to kick violently on hearing an error in declension. The secret, revealed long afterwards, showed that an adjourned session of refractory

beginners was held every evening at milking-time in the young teacher's barn-yard, and that the supposedly 'super-cow' invariably kicked if her master began to use one hand instead of two for milking.

By the time we were Juniors, it was taken for granted that we had left behind us such puerile things as unlearned lessons and ensuing punishment. And as Seniors we entered the Elysian Fields of Johnny's classes, for he and he alone taught the Seniors. We now began to experience the benefits of the groundwork which Old Sawney had compelled us to acquire, and we actually read Latin and Greek more easily by far than the average college student reads French and German. And under Johnny's touch the Classics were no longer dead languages. I wish that I could ever again attain a thrill such as I felt over his rendition of some Homeric book. For, mark it well, we read by books, not by paragraphs! You who to-day are striving to banish Latin and Greek even from the colleges — I, a plain business man, tell you that, if you had ever wandered over the Ægean Isles with Johnny, you would feel that in parting with Ulysses you were losing a dear and cherished friend.

The school is still there — a good one, too, I am told. But old Sawney is no longer in active management, and without his 'morning talk' it would be for us oldsters as savorless as bread without salt. And Johnny, the every-inch-a-scholar, the giver of life to dead tongues, Johnny has gone — perhaps 'to see the great Achilles whom he knew.'

A CRITICAL GLANCE INTO DARWIN

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

It is never safe to question Darwin's facts, but it is always safe to question any man's theories. It is with Darwin's theories that I am mainly concerned here. He has already been shorn of his selection doctrines as completely as Samson was shorn of his locks, but there are other phases of his life and teachings that invite discussion.

The study of Darwin's works begets such an affection for the man, for the elements of character displayed on every page, that one is slow in convincing one's self that anything is wrong with his theories. There is danger that one's critical judgment will be blinded by one's partiality for the man.

For the band of brilliant men who surrounded him and championed his doctrines — Spencer, Huxley, Lyall, Hooker, and others — one feels nothing more personal than admiration; unless the eloquent and chivalrous Huxley — the knight in shining armor of the Darwinian theory — may inspire a warmer feeling. Darwin himself almost disarms one by his amazing candor and his utter self-abnegation. The question always paramount in his mind is, What is the truth about this matter? What fact have you got for me, he seems to say, that will upset my conclusion? If you have one, that is just what I am looking for.

Could we have been permitted to gaze upon the earth in the middle geologic period, in Jurassic or Triassic times, we should have seen it teeming

with huge uncouth, gigantic forms of animal life, in the sea, on the land, and in the air, and with many lesser forms, but with no sign of man anywhere; ransack the earth from pole to pole and there was no sign or suggestion, so far as we could have seen, of a human being.

Come down the stream of time several millions of years — to our own geologic age — and we find the earth swarming with the human species like an ant-hill with ants, and with a vast number of forms not found in the Mesozoic era; and the men are doing to a large part of the earth what the ants do to a square rod of its surface. Where did they come from? We cannot, in our day, believe that a hand reached down from heaven, or up from below, and placed them there. There is no alternative but to believe that in some way they arose out of the antecedent animal life of the globe; in other words that man is the result of the process of evolution, and that all other existing forms of life, vegetable and animal, are a product of the same movement.

To explain how this came about, what factors and forces entered into the transformation, is the task that Darwin set before himself. It was a mighty task, and whether or not his solution of the problem stands the test of time, we must yet bow in reverence before one of the greatest of natural philosophers; for even to have conceived this problem thus clearly, and to have placed it in

intelligible form before men's minds, is a great achievement.

Darwin was as far from being as sure of the truth of Darwinism as many of his disciples were, and still are. He said in 1860, in a letter to one of his American correspondents, 'I have never for a moment doubted that, though I cannot see my errors, much of my book [*The Origin of Species*] will be proved erroneous.' Again he said, in 1862, 'I look at it as absolutely certain that very much in the *Origin* will be proved rubbish; but I expect and hope that the framework will stand.'

Its framework is the theory of Evolution, which is very sure to stand. In its inception his theory is half-miracle and half-fact. He assumes that in the beginning (as if there ever was or could be a 'beginning,' in that sense) God created a few forms, animal and vegetable, and then left it to the gods of Evolution, the chief of which is Natural Selection, to do the rest. While Darwin would not admit any predetermining factors in Evolution, or that any innate tendency to progressive development existed, he said he could not look upon the world of living things as the result of chance. Yet in fortuitous, or chance, variation he saw one of the chief factors of Evolution.

The world of Chance into which Darwinism delivers us — what can the thoughtful mind make of it?

That life with all its myriad forms is the result of chance is, according to Professor Osborn, a biological dogma. He everywhere uses the word chance as opposed to law, or to the sequence of cause and effect. This, it seems to me, is a misuse of the term. Is law, in this sense, ever suspended or annulled? If one chances to fall off his horse or his house, is it not gravity that pulls him down? Are not the laws of energy everywhere operative in all movements of matter in the material world?

Chance is not opposed to law, but to design. Anything that befalls us that was not designed is a matter of chance. The fortuitous enters largely into all human life. If I carelessly toss a stone across the road, it is a matter of chance just where it will fall, but its course is not lawless. Does not gravity act upon it? does not the resistance of the air act upon it? does not the muscular force of my arm act upon it? and does not this complex of physical forces determine the precise spot where the stone shall fall? If, in its fall, it were to hit a bird or a mouse or a flower, that would be a matter of chance, so far as my will was concerned. Is not a meteoric stone falling out of space acted upon by similar forces, which determine where it shall strike the earth? In this case, we must substitute for the energy of my arm the cosmic energy that gives the primal impetus to all heavenly bodies. If the falling aerolite were to hit a person or a house, we should say it was a matter of chance, because it was not planned or designed. But when the shells of the long-range guns hit their invisible target, or the bombs from the airplanes hit their marks, chance plays a part, because all the factors that enter into the problem are not and cannot be on the instant accurately measured. The collision of two heavenly bodies in the depth of space, which does happen, is, from our point of view, a matter of chance, although governed by inexorable law.

The forms of inanimate objects — rocks, hills, rivers, lakes — are matters of chance, since they serve no purpose: any other form would be as fit; but the forms of living things are always purposeful. Is it possible to believe that the human body, with all its complicated mechanism, its many wonderful organs of secretion and excretion and assimilation, are any more matters of chance than a watch or a phonograph?

is? Though what agent to substitute for the word chance, I confess I do not know. The short cut to an omnipotent Creator sitting apart from the thing created will not satisfy the naturalist. And to make energy itself creative, as Professor Osborn does, is only to substitute one god for another. I can no more think of the course of organic evolution as being accidental in the Darwinian sense, than I can think of the evolution of the printing-press or the aeroplane as being accidental, although chance has played its part. Can we think of the first little horse of which we have any record, the eohippus of three or four millions of years ago, as evolving by accidental variations into the horse of our time, without presupposing an equine impulse to development? As well might we trust our ships to the winds and waves with the expectation that they will reach their several ports.

Are we to believe that we live in an entirely mechanical and fortuitous world — a world which has no interior, which is only a maze of acting, reacting, and interacting of blind physical forces? According to the chance theory, the struggle of a living body to exist does not differ from the vicissitudes of, say, water seeking an equilibrium, or heat a uniform temperature.

Chance has played an important part in human history, and in all life-history, — often, no doubt, the main part, — since history began. It was by chance that Columbus discovered America; he simply blundered upon it. He had set out on his voyage with something quite different in view. But his ship, and the crew, and the voyage itself, were not matters of chance but of purpose.

According to the selectionists' theory chance gave the bird its wings, the fish its fins, the porcupine its quills, the skunk its fetid secretion, the cuttlefish

its ink, the swordfish its sword, the electric eel its powerful battery; it gave the giraffe its long neck, the camel its hump, the horse its hoof, the ruminants their horns and double stomach, and so on. According to Weissman it gave us our eyes, our ears, our hands with the fingers and opposing thumb, it gave us all the complicated and wonderful organs of our bodies, and all their circulation, respiration, digestion, assimilation, secretion, excretion, reproduction. All we are, or can be, the selectionist credits to Natural Selection.

Try to think of that wonderful organ, the eye, with all its marvelous powers and adaptations, as the result of what we call chance or Natural Selection. Well may Darwin have said that the eye made him shudder when he tried to account for it by Natural Selection. Why, its adaptations in one respect alone, minor though they be, are enough to stagger any number of selectionists. I refer to the rows of peculiar glands that secrete an oily substance, differing in chemical composition from any other secretion, a secretion which keeps the eyelids from sticking together in sleep. 'Behavior as lawless as snowflakes,' says Whitman — a phrase which probably stuck to him from Rousseau; but are snowflakes and raindrops lawless? To us creatures of purpose, they are so because the order of their falling is haphazard. They obey their own laws. Again we see chance working inside of law.

When the sower scatters the seed-grains from his hand, he does not and cannot determine the point of soil upon which any of them shall fall, but there is design in his being there and in sowing the seed. Astronomy is an exact science, biology is not. The celestial events always happen on time. The astronomers can tell us to the fraction of a second when the eclipses of the sun and moon and the transit of the inferior

planets across the sun's disk will take place. They know and have measured all the forces that bring them about. Now, if we knew with the same mathematical precision all the elements that enter into the complex of forces which shapes our lives, could we forecast the future with the same accuracy with which the astronomers forecast the movements of the orbs? or are there incommensurable factors in life?

II

How are we to reconcile the obvious hit-and-miss method of Nature with the reign of law, or with a world of design? Consider the seeds of a plant or a tree, as sown by the wind. It is a matter of chance where they alight; it is hit or miss with them always. Yet the seeds, say, of the cat-tail flag always find the wet or the marshy places. If they had a topographical map of the country and a hundred eyes they could not succeed better. Of course, there are vastly more failures than successes with them, but one success in ten thousand trials is enough. They go to all points of the compass with the wind, and sooner or later hit the mark. Chance decides where the seed shall fall, but it was not chance that gave wings to this and other seeds. The hooks and wings and springs and parachutes that wind-sown seeds possess are not matters of chance: they all show design. So here is design working in a hit-and-miss world.

There are chance details in any general plan. The general forms which a maple or an oak or an elm takes in the forest or in the field are fixed, but many of the details are quite accidental. All the individual trees of a species have a general resemblance, but one differs from another in the number and exact distribution of the branches, and in many other ways. We cannot solve the fundamental problems of biology by

addition and subtraction. He who sees nothing transcendent and mysterious in the universe does not see deeply; he lacks that vision without which the people perish. All organic and structural changes are adaptive from the first; they do not need natural selection to whip them into shape. All it can do is to serve as a weeding-out process.

Acquired characters are not inherited, but those organic changes which are the result of the indwelling impulse of development are inherited. So dominant and fundamental are the results of this impulse that cross-breeding does not wipe them out.

III

While I cannot believe that we live in a world of chance, any more than Darwin could, yet I feel that I am as free from any teleological taint as he was. The world-old notion of a creator and director, sitting apart from the universe and shaping and controlling all its affairs, a magnified king or emperor, finds no lodgment in my mind. Kings and despots have had their day, both in heaven and on earth. The universe is a democracy. The Whole directs the Whole. Every particle plays its own part, and yet the universe is a unit as much as is the human body, with all its myriad of individual cells, and all its many separate organs functioning in harmony. And the mind I see in nature is just as obvious as the mind I see in myself, and subject to the same imperfections and limitations.

In following Lamarek I am not disturbed by the bogey of teleology, or the ghost of mysticism. I am persuaded that there is something immanent in the universe, pervading every atom and molecule in it, that knows what it wants — a Cosmic Mind or Intelligence that we must take account of if we would make any headway in trying to

understand the world in which we find ourselves.

When we deny God it is always in behalf of some other god. We are compelled to recognize something not ourselves from which we proceed, and in which we live and move and have our being, call it energy, or will, or Jehovah, or Ancient of Days. We cannot deny it because we are a part of it. As well might the fountain deny the sea or the cloud. Each of us is a fraction of the universal Eternal Intelligence. Is it unscientific to believe that our own minds have their counterpart or their origin in the nature of which we form a part? Is our own intelligence all there is of mind-manifestation in the universe? Where did we get this divine gift? Did we take all there was of it? Certainly we did not ourselves invent it. It would require considerable wit to do that. Mind is immanent in nature, but in man alone it becomes self-conscious. Wherever there is adaptation of means to an end, there is mind.

Yet we use the terms 'guidance,' 'predetermination,' and so on, at the risk of being misunderstood. All such terms are charged with the meaning that our daily lives impart to them, and, when applied to the processes of the Cosmos, are only half-truths. From our experience with objects and forces in this world, the earth ought to rest upon something, and that object upon something, and the moon ought to fall upon the earth, and the earth fall into the sun, and, in fact, the whole sidereal system ought to collapse. But it does not, and will not. As nearly as we can put it into words, the whole visible universe floats in a boundless and fathomless sea of energy; and that is all we know about it.

If chance brought us here and endowed us with our bodies and our minds, and keeps us here, and adapts us to the world in which we live, is not

Chance a good enough god for any of us? Or if Natural Selection did it, or orthogenesis or epigenesis, or any other genesis, have we not in any of these found a god equal to the occasion? Darwin goes wrong, if I may be allowed to say so, when he describes or characterizes the activities of Nature in terms of our own activities. Man's selection affords no clue to Nature's selection, and the best to man is not the best to Nature. For instance, she is concerned with color and form only so far as they have survival value. We are concerned more with intrinsic values.

'Man,' says Darwin, 'selects only for his own good; Nature only for the good of the being which she tends.' But Nature's good is of another order than man's: it is the good of all. Nature aims at a general good, man at a particular good to himself. Man waters his garden; Nature sends the rain broadcast upon the just and the unjust, upon the sea as upon the land. Man directs and controls his planting and his harvesting along specific lines: he selects his seed and prepares his soil; Nature has no system in this respect: she trusts her seeds to the winds, the waters, and to beasts and birds, and her harvest rarely fails.

Nature's methods, we say, are blind, haphazard; the wind blows where it listeth, and the seeds fall where the winds and waters carry them; the frosts blight this section and spare that; the rains flood the country in the West and the drought burns up vegetation in the East. And yet we survive and prosper. Nature averages up well. We see nothing like purpose or will in her total scheme of things, yet inside her hit-and-miss methods, her storms and tornados and earthquakes and distempers, we see a fundamental benefaction. If it is not good-will, it amounts to the same thing. Our fathers saw special providences, but we see only unchangeable

laws. To compare Nature's selection with man's selection is like arguing from man's art to Nature's art. Nature has no art, no architecture, no music. Her temples, as the poets tell us, are the woods, her harps the branches of the trees, her minstrels the birds and insects, her gardens the fields and waysides — all safe comparisons for purposes of literature, but not for purposes of science.

Man alone selects, or works by a definite method. Might we not as well say that Nature ploughs and plants and trims and harvests? We pick out our favorites among plants and animals, those that best suit our purpose. We go straight to our object, with as little delay and waste as possible. Not so Nature. Her course is always a roundabout one. Our petty economies are no concern of hers. Our choice selection of rich milkers, prolific poultry, or heavy-fleeced sheep is with her quickly sacrificed for the qualities of strength and cunning and speed, as these alone have survival value. Man wants specific results at once. Nature works slowly to general results. Her army is drilled only in battle. Her tools grow sharper in the using. The strength of her species is the strength of the obstacles they overcome.

What is called Darwinism is entirely an anthropomorphic view of Nature — Nature humanized and doing as man does. What is called Natural Selection is man's selection read into animate nature. We see in nature what we have to call intelligence — the adaptation of means to ends. We see purpose in all living things, but not in the same sense in non-living things. The purpose is not in the light, but in the eye; in the ear, but not in the sound; in the lungs, and not in the air; in the stomach, and not in the food; in the various organs of the body, and not in the forces that surround and act upon it. We cannot say

that the purpose of the clouds is to bring rain, or of the sun to give light and warmth, in the sense that we can say it is the purpose of the eyelid to protect the eye, of the teeth to masticate the food, or of the varnish upon the leaves to protect the leaves.

The world was not made for us, but we are here because the world was made as it is. We are the secondary fact and not the primary. Nature is non-human, non-moral, non-religious, non-scientific, though it is from her that we get our ideas of all these things. All parts and organs of living bodies have, or have had, a purpose. Nature is blind, but she knows what she wants and she gets it. She is blind, I say, because she is all eyes, and sees through the buds of her trees and the rootlets of her plants as well as by the optic nerves in her animals. And, though I believe that the accumulation of variations is the key to new species, yet this accumulation is not based upon outward utility but upon an innate tendency to development — the push of life, or creative evolution, as Bergson names it; not primarily because the variations are advantages, but because the formation of a new species is such a slow process, stretches over such a period of geologic time, that the slight variations from generation to generation could have no survival value. The primary factor is the inherent tendency to development. The origin of species is on a scale of time of enormous magnitude. What takes place among our domestic animals of a summer day is by no means a safe guide as to what befell their ancestors in the abysses of geologic time. It is true that Nature may be read in the little as well as in the big, — *Natura minimis existat*, — in the gnat as well as in the elephant; but she cannot be read in our yearly calendars as she can in the calendars of the geologic strata. Species go out and species come in; the

book of natural revelation opens and closes at chance places, and rarely do we get a continuous record — in no other case more clearly than in that of the horse.

The horse was a horse, from the first five-toed little animal in Eocene times, millions of years ago, through all the intermediate forms of four-toed and three-toed, down to the one-toed superb creature of our own day. Amid all the hazards and delays of that vast stretch of time, one may say, the horse-impulse never faltered. The survival value of the slight gains in size and strength from millennium to millennium could have played no part. It was the indwelling necessity toward development that determined the issue. This assertion does not deliver us into the hands of teleology, but is based upon the idea that ontogeny and phylogeny are under the same law of growth. In the little eohippus was potentially the horse we know, as surely as the oak was potential in the acorn, or the bird potential in the egg, whatever element of mystery may enter into the problem.

In fields where speed wins, the fleetest are the fittest. In fields where strength wins, the strongest are the fittest. In fields where sense-acuteness wins, the keenest of eye, ears, and nose are the fittest.

When we come to the race of man, the fittest to survive, from our moral and intellectual point of view, is not always the best. The lower orders of humanity are usually better fitted to survive than the higher orders — they are much more prolific and adaptive. The tares are better fitted to survive than the wheat. Every man's hand is against the weeds, and every man's hand gives a lift to the corn and the wheat, but the weeds do not fail. There is nothing like original sin to keep a man or a plant going. Emerson's gardener was probably better fitted to survive than

Emerson; Newton's butler than Newton himself.

Most naturalists will side with Darwin in rejecting the idea of Asa Gray, that the stream of variation has been guided by a higher power, unless they think of the will of this power as inherent in every molecule of matter; but guidance in the usual theological sense is not to be thought of; the principle of guidance cannot be separated from the thing guided. It recalls a parable of Charles Kingsley's which he related to Huxley. A heathen khan in Tartary was visited by a pair of proselytizing moollahs. The first moollah said, 'O Khan, worship my god. He is so wise that he made all things!' Moollah Number Two said, 'O Khan, worship my god. He is so wise that he makes all things make themselves!' Number Two won the day.

IV

How often it turns out that a man's minor works outlive his major! This is true in both literature and science, but more often in the former than in the latter. Darwin furnishes a case in the field of science. He evidently looked upon his *Origin of Species* as his great contribution to biological science; but it is highly probable that his *Voyage of the Beagle* will outlast all his other books. The *Voyage* is of perennial interest and finds new readers in each generation. I find myself rereading it every eight or ten years. I have lately read it for the fourth time. It is not an argument or a polemic; it is a personal narrative of a disinterested yet keen observer, and is always fresh and satisfying. For the first time we see a comparatively unknown country like South America through the eyes of a born and trained naturalist. It is the one book of his that makes a wide appeal and touches life and nature the most closely.

We may say that Darwin was a

Darwinian from the first, — a naturalist and a philosopher combined, — and was predisposed to look at animate nature in the way his works have since made us familiar with.

In his trip on the *Beagle* he saw from the start with the eyes of a born evolutionist. In South America he saw the fossil remains of the *Toxodon*, and observed, 'How wonderful are the different orders, at the present time so well separated, blended together in the different points of the structure of the *Toxodon*!' All forms of life attracted him. He looked into the brine-pans of Lynton and found that water with one quarter of a pound of salt to the pint was inhabited, and he was led to say, —

'Well may we affirm that every part of the world is habitable! Whether lakes of brine or those subterranean ones hidden beneath volcanic mountains, — warm mineral springs, — the wide expanse and depth of the ocean, — the upper regions of the atmosphere, and even the surface of perpetual snow, — all support organic beings.'

He studies the parasitical habit of the cuckoo and hits on an explanation of it. He speculates why the partridges and deer in South America are so tame.

His *Voyage of the Beagle* alone would insure him lasting fame. It is a classic among scientific books of travel. Here is a traveler of a new kind: a natural-history voyager, a man bent on seeing and taking note of everything going on in nature about him, in the non-human, as well as in the human world. The minuteness of his observation and the significance of its subject-matter are a lesson to all observers. Darwin's interests are so varied and genuine. One sees in this volume the seed-bed of much of his subsequent work. He was quite a young man (twenty-four) when he made this voyage; he was ill more than half the time; he was as yet only an obser-

ver and appreciator of Nature, quite free from any theories about her ways and methods. He says that this was by far the most important event of his life and determined his whole career. His theory of descent was already latent in his mind, as is evinced by an observation he made about the relationship in South America between the extinct and the living forms. 'This relationship,' he said 'will, I do not doubt, hereafter throw more light on the appearance of organic beings on our earth, and their disappearance from it, than any other class of facts.'

He looked into the muddy waters of the sea off the coast of Chile, and found a curious new form of minute life — microscopic animals that exploded as they swam through the water. In South America he saw an intimate relationship between the extinct species of ant-eaters, armadillos, tapirs, peccaries, guanacos, opossums, and so on, and the living species of these animals; and he adds that the wonderful relationship in the same continent between the dead and the living would doubtless hereafter throw more light on the appearance of organic beings on our earth, and their disappearance from it, than any other class of facts.

His observation of the evidences of the rise and fall of thousands of feet of the earth along the Cordilleras, leads him to make this rather startling statement: 'Daily it is forced home on the mind of the geologist that nothing, not even the wind that blows, is so unstable as the level of the crust of the earth.'

There is now and then a twinkle of humor in Darwin's eyes, as when he says that in the high altitude of the Andes the inhabitants recommend onions for the 'puna,' or shortness of breath, but that he found nothing so good as fossil shells.

Water boils at such a low temperature in the high Alps that potatoes will not

cook if boiled all night. Darwin heard his guides discussing the cause. 'They had come to the simple conclusion that "the cursed pot" (which was a new one) did not choose to boil potatoes.'

In all Darwin's record we see that the book of nature, which ordinary travelers barely glance at, he opened and carefully perused.

V

Natural Selection turns out to be of only secondary importance. It is not creative, but only confirmative. It is a weeding-out process; it is Nature's way of improving the stock. Its tendency is to make species more and more hardy and virile. The weak and insufficiently endowed among all forms tend to drop out. Life to all creatures is more or less a struggle, a struggle with the environment, with the inorganic forces, — storm, heat, cold, sterile land, and engulfing floods, — and it is a struggle with competing forms for food and shelter and a place in the sun. The strongest, the most amply endowed with what we call vitality or power to live, win. Species have come to be what they are through this process. Immunity from disease comes through this fight for life; and adaptability—through trial and struggle species adapt themselves, as do our own bodies, to new and severe conditions. The naturally weak fall by the wayside as in an army on a forced march.

Every creature becomes the stronger by the opposition it overcomes. Natural Selection gives speed, where speed is the condition of safety, strength where strength is the condition, keenness and quickness of sense-perception where these are demanded. Natural Selection works upon these attributes and tends to perfect them. Any group of men or beasts or birds brought under any unusual strain from cold, hunger,

labor, effort, will undergo a weeding-out process. Populate the land with more animal life than it can support, or with more vegetable forms than it can sustain, and a weeding-out process will begin. A fuller measure of vitality, or a certain hardiness and toughness, will enable some species to hold on longer than others, and, maybe, keep up the fight till the struggle lessens and victory is won.

The flame of life is easily blown out in certain forms, and is very tenacious in others. How unequally the power to resist cold, for instance, seems to be distributed among plants and trees, and probably among animals! One spring an unseasonable cold snap in May (mercury 28) killed or withered about one per cent of the leaves on the lilacs, and one tenth of one per cent of the leaves of our crab-apple tree. In the woods around Slabsides I observed that nearly half the plants of Solomon's Seal (*Polygonatum*) and False Solomon's Seal (*Smilacena*) were withered. The vital power, the power to live, seems stronger in some plants than in others of the same kind. I suppose this law holds throughout animate nature. When a strain of any kind comes, these weaker ones drop out. In reading the stories of Arctic explorers, I see this process going on among their dog-teams: some have greater power of endurance than others. A few are constantly dropping out or falling by the wayside. With an army on a forced march the same thing happens. In the struggle for existence the weak go to the wall. Of course the struggle among animals is at least a toughening process. It seems as if the old Indian legend, that the strength of the foe overcome passes into the victor, were true. But how a new species could arrive at the result of such struggle is past finding out. Variation with all forms of life is more or less constant, but it is

around a given mean. Only those acquired characters are transmitted that arise from the needs of the organism.

A vast number of changes in plants and animals are superficial and in no way vital. It is hard to find two leaves of the same tree that will exactly coincide in all their details; but a difference that was in some way a decided advantage would tend to be inherited and passed along. It is said that the rabbits in Australia have developed a longer and stronger nail on the first toe of each front foot, which aids them in climbing over the wire fences. The Aye-Aye has a specially adapted finger for extracting insects from their hiding-places. Undoubtedly such things are inherited. The snowshoes of the partridge and rabbit are inherited. The needs of the organism influence structure. The spines in the quills in the tails of woodpeckers, and in the brown creeper, are other cases in point. The nuthatch has no spines on its tail, because it can move in all directions as well with head down as with head up. I have read of a serpent somewhere that feeds upon eggs. As the serpent has no lips or distendable cheeks, and as its mechanism of deglutition acts very slowly, an egg crushed in the mouth would be mostly spilled. So the eggs are swallowed whole; but in the throat they come in contact with sharp tooth-like spines, which are not teeth, but downward projections from the back-bone, and which serve to break the shells of the eggs. Radical or vital variations are rare, and we do not witness them any more than we witness the birth of a new species.

And that is all there is to Natural Selection. It is a name for a process of elimination which is constantly going on in animate nature all about us. It is in no sense creative, it originates nothing, but clinches and toughens existing forms.

The mutation theory of De Vries is a much more convincing theory of the origin of species than is Darwin's Natural Selection. If things would only mutate a little oftener; but they seem very reluctant to do so. There does seem to have been some mutation among plants, — De Vries has discovered several such, — but in animal life where are the mutants? When or where has a new species originated in this way? Surely not during the historic period.

Fluctuations are in all directions around a centre — the mean is always returned to; but mutations, or the progressive steps in evolution, are divergent lines away from the centre. Fluctuations are superficial and of little significance; but mutations, if they occur, involve deep-seated, fundamental factors, factors more or less responsive to the environment, but not called into being by it. Of the four factors in the Darwinian formula, — variation, heredity, the struggle, and natural selection, — variation is the most negligible; it furnishes an insufficient handle for selection to take hold of. Something more radical must lead the way to new species.

As applied to species, the fittest to survive is a misleading term. All are fit to survive from the fact that they do survive. In a world where, as a rule, the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong, the slow and the frail also survive because they do not come in competition with the swift and the strong. Nature mothers all, and assigns to each its sphere.

The Darwinians are hostile to Lamarck with his inner developing and perfecting principle, and, by the same token, to Aristotle, who is the father of the theory. They regard organic evolution as a purely mechanical process.

Variation can work only upon a variable tendency — an inherent im-

pulse to development. A rock, a hill, a stream, may change, but it is not variable in the biological sense: it can never become anything but a rock, a hill, a stream; but a flower, an egg, a seed, a plant, a baby, can. What I mean to say is that there must be the primordial tendency to development which Natural Selection is powerless to beget, and which it can only speed up or augment. It cannot give the wing to the seed, or the spring, or the hook; or the feather to the bird; or the scale to the fish; but it can perfect all these things. The fittest of its kind does stand the best chance to survive.

VI

After we have Darwin shorn of his selection theories, what has he left? His significance is not lessened. He is still the most impressive figure in modern biological science. His attitude of mind, the problems he tackled, his methods of work, the nature and scope of his inquiries, together with his candor, and his simplicity and devotion to truth, are a precious heritage to all mankind.

Darwin's work is monumental because he belongs to the class of monumental men. The doctrine of evolution as applied to animate nature reached its complete evolution in his mind. He stated the theory in broader and fuller terms than had any man before him; he made it cover the whole stupendous course of evolution. He showed man once for all an integral part of the zoölogic system. He elevated natural history, or biology, to the ranks of the great sciences, a worthy member of the triumvirate — astronomy, geology, biology. He taught us how to cross-question the very gods of life in their coun-

cil chambers; he showed us what significance attaches to the simplest facts of natural history.

Darwin impresses by his personality not less than by his logic and his vast storehouse of observations. He was a great man before he was a great natural-history philosopher. His patient and painstaking observation is a lesson to all nature students. The minutest facts engaged him. He studies the difference between the stamens of the same plant. He counted 9000 seeds, one by one, from artificially fertilized pods. Plants from two pollens, he says, grow at different rates. Any difference in the position of the pistil, or in the size and color of the stamens, in individuals of the same species grown together, was of keen interest to him.

The best thing about Darwinism is Darwin — his candor, his patience, his simplicity, his devotion to truth, and his power of observation. This is about what Professor T. H. Morgan meant when he said, 'It is the spirit of Darwinism, not its formulæ, that we proclaim as our best heritage. He gave us a new point of view of the drama of creation; he gave us ideas that are applicable to the whole domain of human activities. It is true, he was not a pioneer in this field: he did not blaze the first trail through this wilderness of biological facts and records; rather was he like a master-engineer who surveys and establishes the great highway. All the world now travels along the course he established and perfected. He made the long road of evolution easy, and he placed upon permanent foundations the doctrine of the animal origin of man. He taught the world to think in terms of evolution, and he pointed the way to a rational explanation of the diversity of living forms.

BOLSHEVISM FROM THE INSIDE

BY JOHN ALLEYNE GADE

I

'BOLSHEVISM is the worst enemy of the working classes' — 'The Soviet government has first deceived, and then strangled labor.' This is the judgment of many Russian labor leaders who have succeeded in escaping beyond the eastern frontiers of the Baltic provinces. Early in March, Gregoire Alexinsky, the well-known labor leader and representative of the Petrograd workmen in the second Duma, one who has spent almost as much time in exile or in prison as in championing the rights of the lower working classes, wound up a long talk with the words: 'I have consecrated my life to the cause of labor; that means now — to defeat Bolshevism.' This standpoint may be in part owing to Alexinsky's experience in a Soviet hospital, where the orderly, failing in an attempt to strangle him with his blanket, ran off with his valuables.

All legislation enacted since the New Year has been particularly directed against freedom of thought, speech, and action in the working classes, and to this end it has sought to crush their two representative bodies, the Coöperative Societies and the labor unions, or, rather, the professional unions, as these include in Russia the unions, not only of laborers, mechanics, and artisans, but also those of the professional men and artists.

The present tremendous effort toward economic reconstruction has resulted in the Soviet leader's frank announcement that the republic can be saved by the

employment of all males and females capable of working, in any manner, at any place, and for any length of time which the National Soviet of Supreme Economy may deem wise. Labor thus becomes a far more pliable tool than even soldiers in a great army. The laborer is to have no will or initiative of his own. Trotzky, expecting a remonstrance from the labor ranks throughout the world, anticipated this by stating that the Soviet government has destroyed the so-called capitalistic principles of free labor. Mobilizing it is the keystone of Bolshevik economy. 'Labor duty,' says another leader, 'means that a laborer must go whenever and wherever he is told to.' The laborer, in other words, becomes, according to American ideas, nothing but a slave.

Again, Trotzky attempts to defend the procedure required to maintain the rule of himself and his communistic comrades by declaring that 'The leading classes of labor have the right to force upon the other undeveloped portions of the labor masses the laws of labor duty.' Poor undeveloped portions! How their undeveloped state has been offered as an excuse for the tyranny of the dictators or the minority. Less than two per cent of Russia's one hundred and sixty millions acknowledged themselves out-and-out Communists, and many of these merely from fear.

Brother Goldmann of the All-Russian Union of Metal-Workers recently gave this official opinion on labor

unions: 'The professional unions have long since destroyed ideals.'

How has Bolshevism met the various points at issue with American labor? The question of working-hours — by increasing them and abolishing the Saturday half-holiday; the vote — by placing it entirely in the hands of Communist leaders, a small unrepresentative minority; physical conditions — by making them as bad as the world has ever seen; the question of wages and luxuries — by granting wages insufficient to supply the necessities of life, to say nothing of luxuries.

New decrees have been issued, promising insurance against sickness, accidents, old age, motherhood, widowhood, orphanage, and, in some cases, unemployment. The term 'insurance,' dating from 'bourgeois' days and signifying reparation for damages, has been supplanted by 'social support.' All the old insurance companies have been closed, their books and funds taken over by the government, and the entire subject of insurance of all kinds placed under the Department for Social Support.

The workmen I have questioned as to what sums they received when disabled have answered that as yet the organization of Social Support had not progressed sufficiently to allow payments; but the objectionable methods and the niggardly amounts wrung out of Western capitalists had been done away with; and as the state has always some kind of work for everybody, little 'social support' will be needed for non-employment.

II

Nowhere in the world was the Coöperative movement so highly developed as in Russia, where the Coöperatives played a great rôle in the nation's economic life and secured real benefits for the lower classes. As they no longer exist, it is a farce for any foreign gov-

ernment to emphasize its intention merely to trade through, or deal with the Russian Coöperatives, while avoiding the contamination of the Soviet government.

Russia gave the Coöperatives their death-blow early last autumn. During the first half of 1919 the sales of the Moscow head office alone amounted to almost half a billion roubles. The Coöperatives had been a factor with which even the Tsar's government was forced to reckon. The Soviet government has, from an economic point of view, taken no step which has more effectually brought Russia to the verge of ruin than by dissolving the Coöperative Societies — retaining merely their central organization and the empty framework. The Coöperatives are at present, as Krassin quite rightly states, mere government organs without purchasing, selling, or distributing power; and such work as they still perform is done by the order or with the sanction of the government. The financial independence which the Coöperatives still possessed after private initiative had been killed by the nationalization of the banks kept, for a while, their heads above water. The nationalization of the People's Bank in Moscow completed their financial ruin, and the subsequent independent establishment by the government of 'consumers' communes' forced the Coöperatives to give up the unequal struggle.

And now that the Coöperatives no longer exist, what is the result? A horse capable of hauling cost a purchaser, after close bargaining in Petrograd, a quarter of a million roubles; a cow, about half as much. Bread cost in the capital 240 roubles a pound, rye and barley, from 300 to 400. Beef brought 450 roubles a pound and eggs 100 roubles apiece. There are two prices for everything, and most of the shops can sell only upon government order. This

has, of course, its good as well as its bad side. On presenting at a government shop an order to purchase a hat or a pair of shoes, you pay from 80 to 90 roubles for the articles in question, while the speculators in the market round the corner charge you from 4000 to 5000 roubles.

The amount you can buy is as restricted as the price set upon it. King Edward VII's wardrobe would scarcely have met the approval of the inspectors of the Commissariat of National Economy. A friend of Tchitcherin's mistress, when discoursing upon the lady's good fortune and extravagance, exclaimed, 'Why, she even has three coats!'

A Moscow shopkeeper was recently asked: 'What do you want most of all?'

'I wish the doors of the Coöperatives were open once more, so that I might buy all the old things at the old prices.'

III

The Soviet government has not yet dared to come out flat-footed for the nationalization of all land, but has published a decree that the land has been given the peasants only on lease. Despite this the government has been beating round the bush, knowing what it would mean if it insisted upon taking away from the peasants what they have finally succeeded in acquiring after centuries of longing. The peasant class was very largely willing to fight against Denikin, Kolchak, and Judenitch, merely because they were told and believed that the White generals would, if victorious, once more deprive them of their land. In addition, they feel none too certain of their actual right of possession. Numbers of them have replied to my questioning, 'We have nothing with which to prove that the land now really belongs to us.' The peasant who has seized his landlord's property has in reality become a small bourgeois, antag-

onistic to Communism and upholding the rights of private ownership of property. And it is not a paradox to say that Russia has become, for the first time in her history, a bourgeois country, and that the process of *embourgeoisement* is continuing under the cloak of Communism. Foreign powers, considering how and when to act on the 'Russian problem,' have here something on which to reckon and build.

As a result there will inevitably come a sharp clash between the masses of the people, clinging to belief in capitalistic economy and private ownership, and the Bolshevik government, antagonistic to the wishes of these classes and obstructing their free development.

The government argues that economic conditions do not just yet allow the introduction of ideal agricultural organization and management on a communistic basis. The time is, in other words, not yet opportune for a complete nationalization of all property; but when they decide that it *has* come, very possibly one of the last acts of the Bolshevik drama will be played. An entirely new landowning class has sprung up. The poor middle class and wealthy peasants have been more or less transformed into an average well-nourished lot of farmers, far better fed than ever before, unwilling to sell anything to the government or cities for money, of which they have already an embarrassing quantity on their hands; and, furthermore, there is a smaller number of well-to-do farmers who have increased their holdings by more or less dishonest means. The last Moscow statistics state that, according to the reports from thirty-one provinces having about twenty-four million dessiatines of land that can be cultivated, 86 per cent is now in the hands of peasants, 9 per cent is Soviet farms, 2.5 per cent belongs to the parishes, and 2.5 to government institutions.

All the largest estates have been kept intact, and for government purposes.

The peasantry is the backbone of Russia and the Soviet government has this fact always in mind. The entire agricultural and industrial system has been upset by the lack of food-stuffs in certain regions; and as a result, the peasants, who previously planted and grew flax, hemp, or cotton, or bred cattle, have now seeded their fields with rye, wheat, barley, and oats. The area on which flax was formerly grown has thus decreased 30 per cent since pre-war times. Of hides only one million were collected in 1919, and only half as many are expected this year.

Thus far the peasants have been operating on their former equipment and stocks, but now, if a plough or a saw breaks, it cannot be replaced, and it is the knowledge of this which seems, above all else, to make the peasants to whom I have spoken restless. Formerly a peasant had four horses; then he came down to two; in the Petrograd government the commissars have ordered all peasants who have two horses to give up one. As most of the farming machinery cannot be operated with only one horse, the owner is now in the position of a man with one trouser-leg.

So far the peasants have in reality suffered comparatively little at the hands of the Communists. It must be remembered that the Red armies consist principally of peasants. As soldiers who received good rations, they had been quite content, and indeed had little cause for complaint. Their main desire has naturally been for the fighting to cease, that they might return to their farms. Their clothes they can spin themselves. They certainly are adverse to changing their products for anything as valueless as the city's moneys; but for salt or for a new saw, or furniture, they will produce from their hidden stores.

IV

Never has starvation or malnutrition taken place on so huge and hideous a scale. No, not even in Indian famines. Until now, the lack of nourishment has, from one point of view, rendered the intelligent and educated classes so weak and apathetic that they have lost all will-power and initiative. They have no thought for anything except the pangs of hunger. During Judenitch's retreat from Krassnaja-Gorka, I felt again and again as if I were face to face with a race of a new color. They had not the pallor of the corpses along the roadside, but were, rather, of an ashen-gray hue, like clayey soil or soapy water. Women and children walk hundreds of versts from village to village, searching for a few poods of flour in exchange for the clothes they can spare. My companion of this afternoon, who is just back from Petrograd, told me that he was waked night before last by the pitiful cries of children outside his car which had been side-tracked at Gatchina. He found two twelve-year-old boys who were returning to their mothers in Petrograd with fifteen poods of flour they had finally discovered in a country village. After tramping for five weeks before securing the precious bundle, they were being robbed by agents of the local Soviet.

The Food Commissar had on January 1 collected about ninety million poods of grain. The Central Russian grain dépôts contain to-day a sufficient supply for the laborers and peasants for three months, on the rations now allowed. This does not exactly spell success in one of the first grain-producing countries of the world.

The soldiers have received, not only the best rations, but sufficient to keep them in first-class fighting condition — a very vital factor in the willingness of many to join the colors, and, not the

least, of the officers of the old régime, to whom the new cause was exceedingly repugnant.

A very small leaf has been stolen from Hoover's book in the attempt to organize food-distribution in the large cities and feed the populace through soup-kitchens. These are divided into two groups: public and local kitchens. In Moscow alone, where Butiagine is food-dictator, over 370,000 receive what is probably their only square meal in a day. How little one such dinner satisfies hunger is best proved by the workingmen, who are allowed two meals, one on top of the other, the two containing four times the food of the non-workingman's meal. An evening supper of tea and sandwiches is also served in Moscow to some 200,000, also through public kitchens, local or factory kitchens, and workingmen's clubs. These are located in what used to be fashionable restaurants. The pianos are still on the stage, and bookshelves with reading matter have been added to the old decorations. Many of the fashionable diners of the old days are grateful now for permission to eat the third-class soup, with its floating bits of cabbage and herring, seated in the very same chairs where but a few years ago they complained if their caviar and champagne were insufficiently cooled.

The Bolshevik government is fully aware of the necessity of fighting against the ever-growing speculation. Some of the leaders were so fortunate as to send, at an early date, large sums abroad, procured either through theft or sales of other people's property, and to make good foreign investments. But such golden opportunities came to but few. The closing of all shops, with the exception of government stores and warehouses, naturally increases illegal buying and selling, and those who have the opportunity neither to steal nor to

graft can live only by speculation. That the only alternative to this is starvation is clear when the maximum wages, with the exception of those paid commissars, amount to from 3000 to 5000 roubles a month, and the very least sum on which one can live in Petrograd is 100,000 roubles a month. Even the little children speculate. Every once in a while the government vultures swoop down on the speculators in the Alexandrovsky Market in Petrograd and the Soukharevka Market in Moscow, and make a rich harvest of everything there for sale. And this is, literally, everything. There are even booths where the slacker, strong and healthy, can procure, for 40,000 roubles, on the day following his application, a paper properly stamped by innumerable soviets and commissaries exempting him from military service. The healthier the man, the higher the price. The raid being over, the excited cries and imprecations subside and speculation starts afresh. Minor Soviet officials are able to eke out their meagre salaries by selling government stores to the Jews.

Though all buildings are nationalized and their sale is prohibited, the owners sell them over and over again, each new buyer basing his purchase upon the ultimate fall of the present government and the return of property to its original private ownership.

Any man traveling takes along the old clothing he can spare, to barter for flour or other needed commodities.

Kamenef, who sees the seriousness of the situation, recently stated: 'Speculation is now destroying the very tissue of socialistic economy. All forces must be turned against it and then one of Socialism's last battles will be fought.' And Trotzky has seen, 'to his humiliation and shame, that the proletariat has turned to retail speculation.' This astute observer has himself never done anything except at wholesale.

Bribery in the government circles of Moscow is far worse than in Petrograd; in the former it exceeds the worst periods of the Imperial régime.

V

The greatest problem facing the Soviet government at present is that of transportation. This is almost paralyzed. The inefficiency and corruption of the Tsarist government, the wear and tear of war, when everything was sacrificed to meet temporarily the demands of the Western front, and finally the incompetency and negligence of the Soviet government, are now all bearing fruit. Rolling-stock cannot be renewed, as there are no domestic workshops and no foreign deliveries. Such skilled workmen as Russian railroads possessed were either called to the Red colors or, as is the case to a great extent, have become commissars and refuse to turn back into mechanics and engineers. Stecklov recently stated that foreign engineers, skilled workmen, and master-mechanics were just as badly needed by Russia as foreign locomotives and cars. It is now hoped that Scandinavian mechanics, and especially Swedish, of Socialistic and Communistic tendencies, may be lured to Russia by liberal pay and assurance that their families will be taken care of during their absence. The very best mechanics, especially from the metal and textile industries, were early sent to the front with the first detachment of soldiers from Petrograd and Moscow; most of these perished along the Don and in the Ukraine. The Red armies swallowed up what skilled mechanics were left, as well as the best workmen from Petrograd, Moscow, Ivanovo-Vosnessensk, and the Ural.

Lomonosoff, who is considered an expert in everything pertaining to rail-

way matters, returned to Russia from America last year. He has just declared that traffic could be kept up, even to its present miserable condition, only if the Bolsheviki repair five times the number of locomotives they are now repairing, namely, ten per cent instead of two per cent of those now broken down. Russia has only about 2700 'sound' locomotives. Firewood being the only fuel naturally decreases capacity. Before the war the average through train made about one hundred versts a day, but the present speed of the few trains that are despatched and not stopped or robbed *en route* is about sixty versts. Sixty per cent of the scanty and wholly insufficient pre-war engines are now out of commission, and almost all are badly worn. About two hundred are discarded every month.

Lomonosoff looked facts in the face when he concluded a recent speech in Petrograd by saying: 'The facts are very simple: as we have no engines, we cannot carry goods. Superhuman efforts are needed. If we continue as heretofore, spring will find us with 80 per cent of the engines out of commission, and this means that our trains will stop. Even if our negotiations with the Western Powers and the United States are successful, we shall get nothing for some time. Orders for engines taken now would mean November deliveries. . . . The fate of the republic depends to-day upon its railways, and these upon the engines. Three months ago Brother Trotzky cried: "Proletarians — to horse!" The Russian proletarian mounted, and the victory was won. Let the cry now be: "Proletarians — to your lathes! We have succeeded in defeating Kolchak and Denikin; now we must defeat engines."'

In Southeast Russia, in the Ural and Ufa districts, enormous grain stocks, enough to feed starving Russia and Western Europe, are rotting in store-

houses and granaries. Those who could repair locomotives and freighters are permitted to use the small available rolling-stock for the transport of a load of produce to their own factory or village. Such precious freight must, however, be well guarded on the way, and the percentage of food-trains which have been started and have got through to Petrograd and Moscow has been exceedingly low.

While cabinets and labor unions are squabbling in Western Europe and America about ten- and eight- and six-hour working-days, despite the crying necessity of 'speeding up' production, the Soviet government, anticipating a similar danger, passes resolutions for a double and triple shift on its railroads and in its boiler-works. The working-day is prolonged beyond eight hours, and the Saturday half-holiday goes by the board. Even the First of May, the great fête-day of the proletariat, is to be celebrated as a day of unusual toil, and all between the ages of eighteen and fifty, who have, during the last two years, done any railway work whatever, have been mobilized for this purpose.

The few trains running are practically at the service only of the military or government officials. Much 'pull' and many permits are requisite to procure a ticket, while the general public is forbidden access to the stations.

The case of the Moscow textile district, which requires a monthly delivery of over half a million poods of Turkestan cotton, illustrates sufficiently how industry is affected by the lack of rolling-stock. At present only two trains a month are running, and at this rate it would take more than a score of years to deliver the eight million poods of cotton now awaiting transportation to the factories. An equal period would be required for the delivery in Central Russia by the one

monthly train of the ten million poods of metals stacked in the Ural district.

When the Soviet government 'took over,' it found nothing but worn-out machinery from which the more valuable parts, such as copper, brass, and bronze, had been removed. Belting had all been cut up for shoe-soles. The existing machinery is principally 'scrap'; factories must be reëquipped if industrial life is to be started on the most modest basis. Indeed, so far as industrial undertakings go, the Soviet government has to a certain extent been forced to acknowledge its erroneous course. It has recognized that it is impossible to run elaborate machinery and intricate manufacturing without technical experts and men of trained organizing and managing capacity, who could now be found only among the detested bourgeoisie.

The All-Russian Council has thus recently been obliged to acknowledge the necessity of seeking technical experts among the bourgeois class, and has even urged the Communist workmen to receive them in a spirit of comradeship. 'The Council believes that a blinding self-conceit led the working class to believe it could solve the vital questions now facing Russia without employing bourgeois specialists in responsible positions.' The pill is sugared by all manner of further recommendations as to a rapid technical education of the proletariat, which would fit its members in the immediate future to assume positions of responsibility in the management of industry. Commissars of trade are to be appointed, standing in the same relationship to the general managers of all plants in which the military commissar stands to the regimental commander. No doubt the industrial chiefs' life will thereby be made as thoroughly miserable as that of many an officer whom I have heard bless the fate which delivered him from the claws of his tormentor.

VI

What does not Russia need? First of all, true, unselfish friends. How many of her own brave and devoted sons have gladly given their lives to bring peace out of the present conditions! I have seen thousands of them glad to die if it could only help.

But apart from human sacrifice, she needs the wherewithal to start work — tools and agricultural machinery and medicines and, most of all, rolling-stock and the food this can distribute.

The smaller Russian industries have been consolidated into larger institutions under government control, or absorbed directly by the government. About four thousand larger plants have been nationalized, or, to use Rykoff's recent words, 'The entire Russian industry has been transferred to the hands of the government and Soviet institutions and private industry is destroyed. Of Soviet Russia's entire industry, 41 per cent, employing 76 per cent of the laborers and representing three fourths of the national production, is now carried on by nationalized factories.' Power-plants are being erected for their supply, and new branches of industry are being developed, since Russia was forced by the blockade to depend upon herself. The procuring of all raw stuffs, as well as their distribution, is controlled by the Supreme Soviet of National Economy, assisted by the numberless affiliated local economic soviets.

Russia's principal industries are textile and metal. Of the 1191 metal industries, 614 have been nationalized and 116 united into trusts. Russia now produces about one third of the machinery she made before the war, when most of her stock was reasonably new and whole. Only seven per cent of her 7,000,000 spindles are at work and only eleven per cent of her 164,000 looms are weaving. The textile industry, which,

in pre-war days, was surpassed by England and Germany only; is completely broken down. These are appalling figures and facts, but they are quoted from the best authorities.

The section of the Donez Basin was naturally of enormous importance to the Bolsheviki; but there again they are helpless, from lack of cars and the destruction of the bridges.

The desperate economic conditions are being met by conscription of labor and the conversion of various armies into so-called 'Labor Armies.'

With the defeat of the White armies and the resulting reduction of the Red forces, the Soviet government has been faced with the same problem as all other participants in the Great War — namely, how to assimilate its soldiers. They were of particular danger to the Soviet republic. Trotzky and Lenin conceived the idea of labor armies, thus putting off the evil hour. They have assisted the government on an enormous scale, in chopping trees, sawing wood needed for fuel, clearing streets and railroads, repairing roads and bridges, mending broken agricultural implements, accumulating and concentrating food-stuffs, and meeting in every way the transportation difficulties, and in fact rehabilitating industry, as well as agriculture, by ploughing and seeding the fields.

The trade unions have vigorously opposed the complete enslavement of labor, with the result that they have been loudly berated by the Soviet government.

Discipline in the Red armies improved greatly as time went on. Punishments were frequent and merciless. It is naturally far more difficult to maintain discipline in regiments roaming over several square miles of forest, or over the horizon-wide *polia*. The soldiers cannot see why they should not be filling their own wood-sheds or ploughing behind their home barns. As a re-

sult, desertions have occurred on a large scale, and 'starvation punishments' have been imposed.

Many of the skilled laborers have left the factories, tempted by the larger prospects of speculation. The *Ekonomicheskiye Zhisn* quotes a recent congress as follows: 'Inasmuch as enormous masses of laborers have run away from cities into villages, labor-mobilization had best take place in the matter.' Premiums are paid in the form of increased rations or pay for exemplary 'labor behavior,' while special prison camps have been established for the deserters, as also punitive deserter-labor-companies, whose duties are far from pleasant.

It is doubtful whether the labor-armies will, as Trotsky believes, acquire the military qualities which are of vital importance — namely, promptness and the same obedience that would be given to military orders. According to Sino-vieff, the future outlook of the labor armies is not very cheerful. 'They will have to remain mobilized for several years.'

All labor soldiers are provided with labor books, which must always be found in order when inspected if the holder is to receive his allotted rations.

It speaks volumes for the extraordinary power exercised by the government that the weak and unhomogeneous Russia of to-day is capable of putting forth, if only temporarily, so mighty an effort toward economic reconstruction as that of the labor-armies.

The Soviet government, knowing very well how little is to be expected from the Great Powers, really believes that a pound of flesh will be exacted in return for everything that is given. Convinced that it must rely upon itself and its own energy, it follows that any regeneration must very largely come from within — from Russia herself.

Every other nation, if sane, is busy setting its own house in order. America alone might enter Russia with altruistic motives. Her Red Cross or child-feeding organizations might be willing to labor in the name of charity. All others will come for concessions and selfish gain. The Bolsheviki have no illusions. Radek, the world's first propagandist, also knows that a world-revolution is for the time being out of the question, and that any *rapprochement* to the Western world is possible only if the Bolsheviki first promise to stop their propaganda. As a result, the Soviet government is now ready to promise this or anything else demanded in order to reestablish relations. The future will take care of itself, and, the doors once open, it will undoubtedly prove very easy to start the old underground propaganda machinery going all over the world.

Nothing has done more to weld the various parties together in Russia than the creation and fighting of the White armies and the Allied assistance furnished them, half-hearted as it was. Any general advance against Moscow attempted by the traditional enemy, Poland, would rally to the Red colors volunteers from every class. Almost all who fought in the Red ranks, whether from volition or compulsion, felt that they were fighting for Russia, either against foreign gold and lust, or against Russians who did not have the cause of Russia, right or wrong, at heart. The Red Army believed that the success of Denikin, Kolchak, and Judenitch would mean a return of reactionary forces and much of the old detested order of things. The immense territories conquered by the White armies in their great advances were misruled, or, rather, unruled, as never before, and nothing was done to dispel doubts or inspire confidence, until it was too late.

A PERSONAL RECORD

BY RITA VON WAHL

DAMEN, POMERANIA, February 22, 1920.

DEAREST E——, —

Since the revolution of February, 1917, we have scarcely been able to correspond, so little could be said on post-cards. But now at last I can tell you of what I have been through.

Even in Petrograd, in the early days, the situation was alarming. I always dressed as simply as possible when I went out, in order not to attract attention. One day I was walking with my brother along the Nevski Prospect. Just ahead of us we noticed a strange group. A well-dressed woman in tears was taking off her clothes in the middle of the street. Before her stood a soldier with his girl, who already had the lady's fur coat and hat in her arms. When the girl was given the silk dress, as well, we heard the soldier say to the lady, —

'Thank you, madame. Now hurry along home, so as not to catch cold,' at the same time forcing the girl's dirty handkerchief into her hand.

Such things often occurred.

In April we returned to Dorpat, in Livonia, our province in Baltic Russia. Dorpat was quieter than Petrograd. We had many friends and relatives

there. The people, the Esthonians, were always celebrating their republic and the new autōnomous government proclaimed after the revolution. My cousin's old overseer, even though he was educated above the average, said, 'How fine! Now we have an *automobile*.' He meant autonomy. The people are still very ignorant, yet want to rule.

There were many fires in the city. The soldiers, who came ostensibly to help, stole all they could. During April and May companies of Lett and Esthonian soldiers, as well as Russian soldiers, civilians, and even women, searched all the houses and apartments for wine or alcohol. I carefully hid our last bottles of old Madeira in my mattress, so they found nothing when they came to us. Twenty-four soldiers went to my brother's apartment one night and took a case containing thirty bottles of fine old wine. The next day we heard that the entire personnel of one of the hospitals was drunk! Just outside the town was a big brewing establishment belonging to an English company, the Tivoli. The cellars were large and strong, filled with beer and different wines. One night the soldiers and other 'honorable' people stormed the building, broke in, and drank without stopping. Two or three of them, dead drunk, fell into the big fermentation vat — their bodies were found there. All next day one saw drunken men, women, and young girls, sleeping in the streets and gardens, stretched out on the ground. There were comical sights, too. One clever soldier had filled

¹ The writer of this letter is a Russian lady, sprung from an old family, who before the war owned a vast estate called Lustifer, in Livonia. It is in substance an account of experiences in Dorpat and Riga after the revolution. It was written in French, since the author is unfamiliar with English, to a cousin, Miss Edna C. Latrobe, who vouches for its authenticity and kindly permits its publication by the *Atlantic*. The letter has been literally translated by Miss Latrobe.—THE EDITOR.

his leather trousers with wine after carefully tying up the legs. People carried away the wine in barrels and big pitchers.

After this the summer passed quietly enough. We feared more trouble in the autumn and winter.

In November the Bolshevik soldiers and their friends searched the apartments again. There was no wine. They took food, clothing, and jewelry. They came oftener every week, nearly always during the night. Unhappy were they who had not hidden their silver and jewelry! A band of these people went to Aunt Axella's house one evening and tore her wedding-ring from her finger. She had no other jewelry. Her daughter was wearing a simple little ring which she did not wish to give up. She told them it was not worth anything. No matter; they forced it from her, hitting her in the back. The same band came to our apartment the next night. They found no silver or jewelry — all we possessed we had buried in a corner of our park at Lustifer before we left there. I was wearing my Roman pearl earrings only, and Marianne a little silver bracelet. They tore them off, hurting us badly. They always carried knives.

The news from Petrograd grew worse. No one was safe anywhere. In the country the Bolsheviks were beginning their work. A band of them, composed of Esthonian soldiers, ruled everything at Lustifer, our estate. They made our fine *château* very dirty. They held meetings every day and obliged all to come. After these meetings the leader, an Esthonian sailor, would have a dance in our largest reception room. The men were always well armed. From time to time we heard what went on from the overseer and housekeeper, both good people and faithful to us. They were heartbroken, but could do nothing. The Bolsheviks took our horses and used everything we owned.

Thus the year 1917 ended. Each day had its surprises, but we were thankful that our lives were left us, and we still hoped that reason would win out and bring us peace and quiet at last. Our nerves were on edge — we never knew what would happen. Shots were heard at night, and frequently during the day too.

The New Year did not begin well. Lett and Esthonian commissions went through all the apartments, requisitioning rooms for their people. They took two rooms in our apartment. They took almost the entire house of Uncle Boris to use as a casino for Bolshevik soldiers. There were two respectable Russian officers billeted on my brother. He was glad to have them — these poor souls suffered a great deal from the sad times. The commission returned to us the end of January and said roughly that the rooms would be occupied next day. We were in despair. The little dwelling which we refugees had taken was almost under the roof, and three more persons were coming into it!

The following morning, the first, a Russian officer, arrived. Toward evening came the other two — Jewish students turned soldiers — true Bolsheviks! The Jews took the big room which served us as sitting-room, dining-room, and all. The Russian lieutenant occupied Benita's room. He was quiet and pleased with everything. The Jews were constantly shouting at us. They wanted everything imaginable and were never content. I always told them we were refugees and had nothing ourselves. One day they got the same Lettish commission — fearful people — to return. One of them said that, if we did not satisfy these *gentlemen*, ten soldiers would be quartered on us. Oh, my dear, you don't know the terrible moments we went through! I was beside myself and told him what I thought of him. He was so angry that he sprang at me and

twisted my arm so violently that my cries were heard in the street. When people came running in, this beautiful commission quickly made off. The Jews were more polite from that day, but my arm pained me for a long time.

Silver, jewelry, and food were not enough. They started now on a hunt for *bourjoui* (capitalists — those who owned something). Our men were arrested day and night, — women and young girls too, — and dragged before the Soviet. The women were held a day, but the men were shut up in a big hospital and very severely treated. Their daughters and wives brought them food; if they dared exchange a few words, one of the Bolsheviki was always near to spy and treat them badly. My sister-in-law's two brothers had a very hard time. My brother was fortunate — he was able to hide himself and so escaped being arrested. He was obliged to remain hidden fifteen days.

There was shooting in the streets day and night. We went out as little as possible. Twenty Bolsheviki used to ride around in a big camion, firing off their guns to frighten the people. One day when I was in the street they came along. An old woman and a child were walking ahead of me. The Bolsheviki wanted to frighten us and fired. It was awful. The poor old woman fell down from fright. One shot passed near me among some trees; the other ruffians had fired into the air.

We were safe at home in the evenings, but always haunted by the fear that the Bolsheviki would return. Our Jews, very polite now, told me one day that they would protect us from the other Bolsheviki — we could rest assured we would not be disturbed again.

The report was that the German troops were advancing on Dorpat. The people were very excited.

The morning of February 10 one of our Jews came to speak to me, saying

it was true the Germans would soon arrive. 'We know it well,' said he, rubbing his hands together. He went on to say he was so happy with us, and begged us to let him stay on after the Germans arrived. He would even like to pay board for himself and his friend. I told him — because you had to be very careful with these people — that we were delighted he wanted to remain with us and was at last happy, but he must remember that another government was probably coming and it was possible they would take the room without asking us; however, we would do all we could to keep it for him. He was very pleased. These two Jews always had company and made a terrible noise. They were the source of much of our misery.

On the nineteenth of February the Russian officer who was billeted on us came in very much upset. He said that it was now certain the German troops were coming and that he must leave at once. He took his trunk and we never saw him again. Poor fellow, who knows what happened to him?

The twenty-first of February we heard that all our men who were imprisoned in the hospital had been taken away in the night to Petrograd by the Letts and Esthonians. From there they were sent to Siberia. The following days were most alarming. Scarcely anyone remained except women and children. We were sure some trick was going to be played on us.

The twenty-third of February the Germans were just outside the city. Very early that morning my brother, and seven other men, who also had escaped the Bolsheviki, came from their hiding-places and started in sledges for our estate, to capture the Bolsheviki who were still there. Everything went well. They reached Lustifer in the evening. My brother first went to the over-seer's house. He asked him the news,

'For Heaven's sake, master,' said the faithful old overseer, 'don't enter the château! There is another big meeting and the men are all armed.'

My brother posted one of his friends before the entrance, another before a window of the drawing-room. With the others he entered the house. In the dining-room they found a man whom they easily disarmed. When they reached the drawing-room all the Bolsheviki leaped up from the table, seized their guns and fired. Luckily they aimed badly; none of our men was hurt. One of the Bolsheviki tried to jump out of the window: Boris shot him. He fell in the snow. Another, badly wounded, rolled on the floor. A third, a sailor, ran up to the next floor and tried to jump from the balcony: the friend of my brother who was outside caught him and shot him through the head. So the fight ended well. Boris put all the Bolsheviki in the dining-room, hands above their heads, and disarmed them. One young sport who had stayed in his room that evening they had to pull out of bed. The prisoners were locked up in the cellar for the Germans to sentence later.

The morning of February 24 my brother and his friends returned safely to Dorpat, delighted to have regained his property. The entire town was in turmoil — the German troops were to enter any moment.

At eleven o'clock we saw the first German soldiers. What a joy — now there would be some sort of order! That same day a train of sailors was to have come to Dorpat to take most of our women also to Siberia. The Germans had halted this train several stations outside and made all the Bolsheviki prisoners. Unfortunately they did not shoot them.

Spring and summer went by well enough under German government, though the government made many mistakes. As a rule it was too weak,

and also it estranged the best people. We spent the summer at our beloved Lustifer, in the overseer's cottage — the German General Staff was quartered in the château.

In the autumn misery began again. The Bolsheviki were returning by way of Plescau, and mingling with the Letts and Esthonians, who are very Bolshevistic in their ideas and character. The country was no longer safe. Everyone went to live in town. The early part of December, 1918, found us back in Dorpat, living in the apartment of an aunt who had already taken refuge in Riga. Here we hoped to be able to remain; but in a week the situation became so grave that everyone said, 'Sauve qui peut'; so we packed our trunks. The big ones we were obliged to leave in Dorpat, some in my aunt's apartment, some with the owner of a shop — a very good friend of ours who promised to hide them. We left Dorpat with hand luggage only.

The train was full of retreating soldiers and fugitives like ourselves. It was due to leave at six o'clock in the morning, but through chicanery of the Esthonians we were kept until three in the afternoon. After an hour's journey the train stopped at a wayside station. The engine was broken. The Esthonians gave us no other. We had to wait there nearly all night. The next morning we got an engine with a German engine-driver from the town of Walk. We arrived at Riga about ten o'clock next day. Ordinarily this journey takes nine hours. We were almost thirty-six hours *en route*.

The first few days we lived in the Ritterhaus. The large rooms had been prepared for refugees. The third day we found some rooms with a very nice family, and decided to stop in Riga. We did not want to go to Germany. We were hoping all along that the German troops would remain and the

Letts would come to their senses; but after ten days we understood only too well that all was over. Most of the German troops had already gone, as well as the wealthy townspeople and the Baltic German population. The Bolshevik forces had taken Walk and Werro the week before, and on January 3, 1919, the last German boat left the port of Riga under Bolshevik fire.

What cares and sadness surrounded us! We felt absolutely alone in the world. We had no news from Dorpat. We only knew that the Bolshevik terror reigned again. My sisters and I scarcely ever went out. The Bolsheviks would often stop people in the street, and shoot them without waiting to find out whether they belonged to the Whites and had a brother or husband in the Baltic regiment, or not.

Their first work was to empty the shops of materials, shoes, and comestibles, which they sent back into Russia and sold for enormous prices.

Fortunately for us, we had a great many friends and relatives who had remained in Riga. Each day arrests were made. Many of our friends were thrown into prison and miserably treated. Anyone who looked respectable was in great danger. Old gentlemen, women, young girls — the Bolsheviks made no exception. They searched with lists; not for an hour were you safe from them. One night eight armed civilians came and searched our two rooms. In one lived old Uncle Ivan and Aunt Tatiana. Aunt Tatiana was ill. The Bolsheviks confiscated nearly all our dresses and underwear, and some of my brother's clothes which I had hidden with mine. Some weeks later they came again, took all our food, and arrested poor Uncle and Auntie because they had heard their son was in the Baltic regiment. It was terrible, and we could do nothing for our poor old relatives.

The Bolsheviks made everyone in the prisons work for them. The women and young girls were obliged to clean out the lavatories and wash the bodies of the people who had been killed. There was a battalion of women Bolsheviks, among whom were little girls of thirteen and fourteen. They were all very elegant — silk gowns, furs, fine shoes, and covered with jewels. These creatures were absolute devils, worse than the men. It was often this Women's Battalion which made the executions. A friend who was kept in one of the prisons told me the windows looked on the courtyard and frightful scenes took place there. The women Bolsheviks were poor shots; so were the men sometimes, and on purpose; so they would only wound their poor victims, and then beat them to death with the butts of their rifles. Often they took their victims to the country, just outside the city, by the Duna (the river), where they made them dig large holes. Then they tore off their clothes, men and women, and shot them or killed them in another terrible way. After that they threw their bodies in the holes. Among the prisoners were often simple people who possessed some small means and had not revolutionary ideas.

The ideas of the Bolsheviks are: that no one may possess more than another, that everything must be shared. No marriage — the woman is there for everyone. Children will be brought up by the state. Money shall not exist: coupons will be given for the amount of work done, and special organizations provide the necessary supplies.

We have since heard that poor old Uncle Ivan was shot, and later Aunt Tatiana died of typhus.

Many of the prisoners were sent to an island in the Duna, and allowed to take with them only as much food and clothing as they could carry themselves. Hundreds died of hunger, especially the

children. A very young friend of mine was arrested and thrown into prison; her husband had been killed the week before. The poor little thing was *enceinte* — she expected her baby in four or five days. She was shot without pity.

There was a big building in Riga containing forty small apartments. The Bolsheviks turned out all the occupants — men, women, old people, and children. They killed some of them, some they let go, others were obliged to live in the cellars.

One day, about two hundred children of different classes were driven past me in the street. It was a heart-rending sight. They were being taken to their death. They were all shot on the dunes near the city. When I think of it, my heart fails me.

In the market-place at Mittau the Bolsheviks shot a pretty and charming little fourteen-year-old girl. They tore off her clothes and made her dig her own grave before shooting her. The child died without a cry.

The educated prisoners all died like heroes, whereas the others shrieked and pleaded for mercy. It was frightful for those left alive.

Thus the terrible months passed. We still hoped that some day our Baltic regiment — the Whites — would come to deliver us.

The Bolsheviks allowed no news of the outside world to reach us — we knew nothing of what was happening. It was now the middle of May, and the sound of cannon, which we had heard since the beginning of the month, had come nearer. We were at the end of our strength. How all the poor people in the prisons suffered! Words fail me. My heart is still too heavy to tell of their martyrdom.

The 21st of May, in spite of the danger, I went out to see a cousin and her children who lived near by. She had been as fortunate as ourselves — all

were alive and well. Her momentary misfortune was that she and the two children had practically nothing to put on. A few days before, the Bolsheviks had begun to confiscate clothes, underclothes, and so forth. Each person was allowed to retain only two pieces of underclothes, one dress, one coat, one pair of shoes, two pairs of sheets for the bed, one towel. That was all. It was the same for men and children. The commission had already been to my poor cousin. She was disconsolate. I expected it myself each day.

There was great excitement all the morning of the 22nd. The White troops seemed to be drawing nearer, their aeroplanes were flying over the city. There was much firing at them from the roofs. The aeroplanes dropped bombs on the Bolshevik troops, who began to flee. When I went out to try to buy some food about eleven o'clock, the panic had reached its height; the terror-stricken Bolsheviks rushed past on foot, on horseback, in wagons. The streets were full of them, the elegant women of the battalion, soldiers, men and women in civilian clothes — all were trying to escape, and carrying big bundles in their hands and on their backs. I had much difficulty getting out of this pell-mell; had I fallen, I should have been trampled to death by the crowd.

I had reached home and had stood for some time at my window, whence I could see two streets seething with a mass of humanity. Everyone was running, yelling, with faces disfigured by fear. The sound of shooting and the whistling of bombs filled the air. Overhead were the aeroplanes, flying back and forth from their lines, observing the situation.

While I was watching this strange scene, the street emptied suddenly, as if swept by a mighty broom in the hands of a giant. The terrible crowd was gone. A great wind sprang up. The sun came

from behind the clouds. I could not understand it. I had the sensation of clapping my hands. A bullet whistled past, and I could scarcely believe my eyes — three young men in the uniform of our Baltic regiment appeared at the head of the street.

So the Whites were really in the city!

I flung open the window crying, 'Hurrah!'

They answered, laughing, 'Shut the window; there is still firing!'

A few minutes later I was in the street with many others; everyone cried 'Hurrah!' asked questions, wept. The people were nearly crazy with joy at being delivered. I inquired for relatives who were in the Baltic regiment. Happily they were alive and well.

That afternoon I talked with an officer of the regiment, who told me all about the advance. The deeds of our Baltic troops were almost superhuman. The first to enter Riga were seventy-five men — part of the *Stosstruppe*. Forty versts, they had come, without stopping, bringing two small guns. They galloped into the city across the pontoon bridge. They drew up their guns alongside of the quay and began a rapid fire; then house-to-house fighting began. Two hours later more Baltic troops arrived with two armored cars.

In the meantime the seventy-five heroes of the *Stosstruppe* had taken a large part of the city. They reached the prisons just in time to prevent the fleeing Bolsheviki from shooting most of the poor prisoners. The fighting in the streets and around the prisons was terrible. Many of our brave young men lost their lives. German reinforcements arrived during the afternoon. Our heroes were worn out after such efforts, and you saw them sleeping on the pavement.

The Bolsheviki bombarded the suburbs of Riga a whole day before retreating farther. Nor did the street

fighting end at once. I often saw dead bodies lying about.

One morning we heard a shot in our courtyard. Our servant, a very fine Lettish woman, came and told us a Bolshevik Lett had just been killed there. He was a well-known commissar. It was most unpleasant for us, as bodies were always left several days where they fell. This dead Bolshevik was just under our kitchen window, in full sunshine of the month of May. Every day his face became more disfigured. There was a large hole in his head. Oh, I can never forget that terrible face and those ferocious eyes — immense, wide open, and his skin turning green. When I cannot sleep, all these sad and fearful sights return to me! Every day he was less clothed. First his boots were stolen, then his coat. We dared not open the windows which gave on the courtyard.

We were able to leave Riga on the 31st of May, thanks to our troops. We traveled comfortably and safely with some of the soldiers as far as Libau, and from there to Königsberg, where the Germans took good care of all us poor refugees. We remained in Königsberg several months; then we received a kind invitation to come to an estate in Pomerania, where we are now. In the spring we shall leave, as we have at last found means to earn our living in a small way. A cousin, also a refugee from Russia, is to run a boarding-house at a summer resort on the North Sea. We are to be the maids. It will be hard work, but not bad, as we shall all be domestics together.

God grant that the Bolsheviki cease their terrible deeds, and that they do not become stronger! No one can imagine what Bolshevism really means — it is 'death to everything!'

I have tried to tell you in this letter the horrors of Bolshevik rule.

Je vous embrasse mille fois!

RITA.

THE FIRST INDUSTRIAL FAIR AT BRUSSELS

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

You cannot miss it; for the Bruxellois have set it in the very heart of the city, in the beautiful park that spreads a green canopy between the palace and the parliament buildings. At least, the main section of the Fair is there; the machinery division has a separate home in the Palais du Midi, and the rich and romantic colonial display is in the Palais d'Egmont.

This first industrial fair differs from what we commonly understand by the term in more ways than in appearance. Nothing is for sale on the premises; the exhibitor is there only to take orders from sample specimens; for this is a wholesale market of the type of the famous old fairs of Nijni-Novgorod and Leipzig. Belgium's effort is part of an interesting general movement in Europe toward a return to the great wholesale market, a movement much stimulated by the astonishing success of the Lyons Fair last year. Norway hopes to hold one, as does Milan; Basel is just opening its fourth fair; the temporary buildings of the May Market in Paris are almost completed, while the century-old Leipzig Fair has had a quite unexpected demand for stalls: such a disturbed district as Finland, for instance, has asked for 100 places; Hungary for 100, while Poland seeks no less than 500.

One recurring recompense to one who lived through the German Occupation in Belgium is his wonder and happiness in the amazing accomplish-

ment of Belgium's courage and apparently inexhaustible effort of to-day, as he sees it against that remembered background of destruction and despair. This particular lovely park of the capital forms one of the black spots in that memory background. Facing, at one end, the palace, from whose dome, usually, the bright national flag flies, announcing that King Albert is at home, and, at the other end, the parliament buildings, its tall elms and pretty ponds and flower-plots are dearly loved by the people, and especially by the city's children. The Invader drove the children out, barred the high grilled iron gates, set up a few disfiguring barracks under the elms, and used the park spaces as a cavalry exercise ground. To the Bruxellois having daily to pass it, the barred gates and the arrogant officers riding inside were a symbol of their slavery. I have watched black-shawled women reach defiant hands between the iron bars, to scatter a few of the numbered bread-crumbs of hungry winters to the sparrows inside, condemned — they, too — to live under a conqueror.

And to-day I have come swiftly from Ostend across the unbroken 1920 spring garden of the two Flanders, — no garden in the world can be lovelier, — and unexpectedly face to face with a miraculously transformed Brussels Park; for an exquisite miniature city laughed from its green pavilions. About twelve hundred tiny portable houses

were tucked away under leafy boughs, beside tulip and azalea plots. And in these little buildings resurrected industrial Belgium was At Home to the world. Incidentally, I learned that the portable houses had been made at Antwerp and sent down to Brussels on canal-barges. Birds were singing, a Belgian soldiers' band played, and strangely across the music newsboys cried the latest reports of chaos in Berlin. It was all so incredible, as memory set it against the desolate past, so fairylike, so gay, — for the spirit of Belgium, free, is always a laughing spirit, — that one struggled between smiles and tears.

In the Fair City over 1625 firms had arranged their samples, and others were pressing for space. Of these 1200 were Belgian and 425 from outside: from France, Italy, Denmark, Switzerland, Holland; a strong representation from Great Britain, and a very limited one from Czecho-Slovakia and other young countries — and from the United States. Though great care had been taken to exclude the Germans, it was rumored that some had slipped in under cover of other nationalities; a common jest in the comic sheets turns on the ease with which the German slips into the coat of the Pole or the Czecho-Slovak. My eye quickly caught such familiar signs as Harrods', and Lipton's Tea, and the even more familiar one of the American Express Company, the O'Cedar Mop, Lux, the Monitor Store Company, and the Edison Lamp.

The Fair Committee has grouped industries under 120 classes from the point of view of their value and importance. One should spend much of his time in visiting those classes installed in the machinery and colonial palaces — and indeed the crowd is always compact about the diamond and copper and ivory and gum and rubber displays of the Congo companies. But one is tempted always to leave them, to re-

turn to the exhibits of the miniature city under the trees. There one finds the glass and silk and chemicals and porcelains and linens and lace, the wool and leather and iron-work, the horticultural and other products, for which Belgium is so well-known to the world. On the whole, the stands most difficult to approach because of the constant crowds before them are those displaying building materials, — whether tiles, or slate shingles, or marbles, or brick, or wood, — or household appliances of any sort; and undoubtedly the highest point of interest in the entire Fair has been a charming little white-and-green portable house, built of concrete sections, which the inventor claims can be set up for fifty francs less per square metre than the price paid by the government for the temporary wooden houses it is placing in the devastated areas. I have seen the wooden houses, and they do not bear comparison in appearance and comfort with this attractive white-and-green cottage, with its pretty window-boxes and brick entry and fireplace, its water-pipe system and convenient kitchen arrangement. The Fair is to continue a fortnight, and by the end of the first week the concrete portable house firm had received orders from the north of France alone amounting to three hundred million francs! Thus, in the midst of all the appearance of industrial reestablishment and success, one cannot escape the fact that just below this appearance is the still tremendous and poignant problem of Dixmude, Nieupoort, and Ypres.

I looked down the textile avenue, past the green branches and stands, off across the city, where the great Palace of Justice closed the long vista, and from the main parkway to the King's Palace, where the flag floated. In the middle of this way stood the victory statue, the Brabançonne, — which I had seen set up in the Place de Ville on the

day of Liberation,—with forget-me-not beds about its feet; all about me clustered the tiny houses. We in the United States do not know this kind of picture. I cannot imagine any committee of American men thinking it possible to accomplish such an extensive and comprehensive exhibition plan in miniature. The note here is restraint rather than repetition, most careful selection of specimens, meticulous care in arrangement. The little houses are daintily curtained and gayly painted, often with quaint insignia, as well as with bright advertising slogans. Each morning, as I go by, women are about with pails and brushes, polishing windows and doorsteps, on the lookout for a possible dust blur anywhere. They brush off the washing-machine exhibit set up beside an embowered statue of Apollo with such cleverness that Apollo is in no wise offended.

When the wagons and little carts, some of them again drawn by dogs, unload their exhibit pieces, they furnish another contrast with American method. Belgian workmen handle each article as if it were fragile and precious. Each workman seems to have a feeling of responsibility, not only to his employer, but to the object he handles. The more one travels about Belgium watching its people at work, the more one must be impressed, not only by their love of work for the work's sake, but by their respect for what it produces. These qualities are in a large degree the secret of Belgium's resurrection. Her work-song sounds from the soil to the skies.

Perhaps one hears it most clearly in Flanders, where men and women and children, and their animals in close comradeship, are early and late in the fields. Indeed, all along the Flanders way, he who runs may read. This April, under a continuous bower of pear-bloom, the low-sloping red-tiled

farm cottages shone like jewels on the plotted plains, where the gold mustard-beds alternated with the claret-brown of freshly turned soil and the emerald of grain-plots. The rudest temporary hut has wall-flowers and mignonette beside the freshly scrubbed doorway, beneath the gayly painted lintel. Every living thing is at work, digging or planting or cutting or building or embellishing, or packing his *chicorée* and potatoes for export.

The work-song is loud and strong in the smoking Liège and Hainault regions, which have sent their metal and coal and quarry and chemical products to the Fair. The individual Belgian, in every district, asks you for little more than the freedom to go about his work. He says, substantially, 'What the government proposes to do about this particular tomb of a factory, or cemetery of a village, is not my primary concern. I shall not wait to find out. Only let the government keep out of my way and not bother me with its red tape and regulations.' And he sets about his reconstruction job.

Yesterday I came back from Furnes, where in the early morning lace-women balanced their cushions on odd planks or bars in the ruined fields, and began busily shifting their bobbins. Along the immortal Ypres-Menin way I saw men in the late dusk still sorting the bricks of a débris-heap, or trying to lay the tiles of a roof. And this morning, in the southwest, the director of one of the most important glass-factories in the country told me of the way his men (on the eight-hour schedule) linger at their work, eager to add something here or there if they can. All of which is just a glimpse behind the scenes of the sparkling Fair village in Brussels.

It was rewarding to go further behind the scenes in an attempt to get a closer view of the general industrial situation illustrated by exhibit speci-

mens in Brussels. And I have, as a result of my visits to the focal points of industry, a respectable *dossier* of facts and figures. They were given life and intense interest by talks with such leaders of Belgian industry and banking as M. Eloy and M. Allard, and by the friendliness of engineers and directors. But it would be futile to set down in detail figures which, happily, are continually changing. The most satisfactory thing one can do, after all, unless one's interest is specialized and technical, is to try to find out how far, in general terms, Belgium has advanced on the road of recovery, something of the momentum with which she is advancing, and above all, to take account of the precious racial trait or quality that makes her inspiring forward march possible.

II

Belgium is, of course, one of the most highly industrialized tracts in the world: the 1910 census showed 40 per cent of the population engaged in industrial pursuits, whereas in Germany, widely reputed for its industries, only 22½ per cent, and in France 23½ per cent, of the population is thus engaged.

But it is important to bear in mind that the greater part of Belgian industry consists in the transformation and manufacture of raw products, and that since the Germans requisitioned the entire reserve of stocks, all attempts to rehabilitate industry have been at the mercy of a crippled transportation and an unfavorable exchange.

Europe's morning prayer to-day is, 'Give us our coal, our daily coal.' And in Belgium, as elsewhere, coal is at the base of all production. As to coal, she is very fortunate in one respect, and unfortunate in another. Before the war the mines yielded twenty-two million tons yearly, some of which was exported; but on the other hand, it was

necessary always to import coal, chiefly for coke, from Westphalia. To-day Belgium's coal production is completely back on a pre-war basis — indeed, the present production is 103 per cent of the pre-war production. But Belgium always imported a certain needed amount from Germany, especially of coke-making coal. And so, while she now is producing nearly enough coal to use as coal, she most seriously lacks coal for coke for her factories. The great blast furnaces at Thy-le-Château, for instance, are ready to operate, but they stand idle for want of coke. The solution rests with the increase of coal importations from Germany or elsewhere. If there were sufficient coke, the steel output would soon be doubled.

But, despite the coke famine, there have been marvelous accomplishments in the metallurgic field, which depends, too, on the importation of iron ore from the Grand Duchy and Lorraine; for Belgium has no iron mines on her own territory. We all know of the systematic destruction of the steel plants, of the ruins of such important works as the Cockerill, Ongrée, and Angleur establishments near Liège; of La Providence and others in the Charleroi district. They have had to push ahead literally foot by foot in their débris-covered areas, while they fought to regain their outside connections for import and export. M. Eloy told me that he believes that, despite the fact that they were three fourths destroyed, La Providence works at Marchienne may attain a normal production by the end of this year. Marieheye will be producing one fourth of its normal output by July, and Ongrée probably as much. On the whole, this major industry may be said to have recovered between one fourth and one third of its pre-war capacity.

But while the great production plants are still seriously crippled by the dif-

facilities of coke importation and of the reconstruction of their plants, the *petite metallurgie*, or the factories making up smaller steel products, such as nails, wire, and the like, are going on excellently: they are turning out about two thirds of their pre-war production. The locomotive works at Liège are now functioning, and, to cite only one example, the Fetre de Feze manufactory of tools expects to be quite reestablished by July. These smaller metal industries show up particularly well at the Fair.

After having looked down through the Occupation years on the dead plains where Mons and Charleroi lie, it has been thrilling this April, as soon as I had crossed the coal-deposit frontier at Manège, to look down on the clustered smoking chimneys of the Hainault basin, and on the coal-mine dump-hills on which the Belgians are encouraging delicate birch forests to take root. The Germans left the chimneys of Belgium standing, doubtless in the hope of one day possessing them, while they destroyed those in Northern France. It was good, too, to see the coal-carts again drawn by horses or donkeys instead of by the human animal. At La Providence steel mills, one finds the dramatic proximity of utter ruin and throbbing activity, fresh ore from Lorraine being dumped beside a group of workmen still battling to clear away twisted iron and fallen walls, with the new steel skeleton of a great hall, made on the premises, etched against the satin sky.

In close neighborhood with the steel plants of Hainault, are the glass factories for which Belgium has long been famous, and in which she covers all the varieties of production between the basic common window-glass of such a plant as Mariemont, and the plate and mirror glass of Roux, and, finally, the 'articles de luxe' made in the Val

Saint Lambert near Liège, with their countless exquisite forms of brilliant crystal, unsurpassed in any country. On the whole, this important glass industry has regained a 60 per cent production. Here again the one hundred per cent return is chiefly a question of coal. For Belgium finds all the necessary sand in her own rich quarries, which, though ruthlessly used by the Germans, especially in the porphyry sections, are rapidly regaining a normal position. I spent some time in the Mariemont works. From the circle of human beings moving back and forth before the white-flamed furnace mouths, swinging and blowing the long cylinders into shape, past those who cool and carry and spread and polish them, I came to those who finally pack the clear sheets between straw in the wooden cases marked Alexandria or Mexico or China or Canada. In every working group was revealed one of the primal secrets of Belgium's industrial success: it is the attention to minute detail and finish.

The plate and mirror works at Roux have been in operation since February, 1919. Aside from their exports to us, they have other American connections. They set up the first American oven in Belgium. And the Director, M. Jean Jean, had on the day of my visit, just completed arrangements for the purchase of American coal, which, he said, he could buy cheaper there than in England. At the Charleroi works at Roux, in contrast with Mariemont, everything that can be accomplished by machinery. The director told me that his greatest personal pleasure in the re-establishment of his plant was in finding that his men, — there are 1250, — who had been enforcedly idle for over four years, had taken hold again with no apparent loss of skill, and with a spirit that admitted no slacking anywhere. Of their product 90 per cent is

exported, of which 60 per cent goes to England and the United States.

One is tempted to go farther and farther away from the little park city in Brussels. There are the various textile industries: the linen looms of Courtrai, still very seriously crippled because of the lack of imported flax; the woolen mills of Verviers, in better condition, since they have been getting wool from England, and during the last three months have been exporting the woven fabrics; and, of greater interest still, since the United States is one of their best patrons, the artificial silk factories of Toubise and Oburg and Alost, where a silk substitute is produced from wood-pulp or cotton-powder or rice-straw. In 1914 Belgium produced one fourth of the world-output of this 'silk,' selling in a year as much as 140,000,000 francs' worth. With these industries, recovery is not a question of coal, but of necessary ether and alcohol. On the Fair grounds I heard that a Belgian company is about to erect an important artificial-silk factory in the United States.

One might go farther and farther, even to the lovely valley of Oudenarde, and Knokke with its brick and tile and ceramics factories, which have not only already furnished roofs for the destroyed sections about it, but are exporting to Northern France; or way off north, to the chemical works of the Campine — everywhere one would find the same inspiring progress and faith in an ultimate complete victory. Industry as a whole is employing 76 per cent of its 1914 personnel, and in the coal and transport departments more than its 1914 numbers. Belgium's total exports for January and February of this year were equal to one half the entire

exports of 1919, among the most important of these being textiles and glass.

The April report of the *Echo de la Bourse* on the activity of the port of Antwerp further illustrates what is back of the Fair at Brussels. During the first three months of 1920, 1876 ships, aggregating 2,252,217 tons, put into port. In 1914, there were 1748 ships aggregating 3,493,425 tons. In view of the present Scheldt controversy, it is interesting to notice that the report for Rotterdam entries during the first quarter of 1920 reads 773 ships, of 889,987 tons.

One of my most vivid memories of desolation is of the Antwerp docks at the close of 1916. Not a human step broke the silence of the long landing-platforms, grass grew between the paving-stones, not a boat lay at anchor, but off in the distance a single giant canal-boat poured a stream of golden wheat, the life-blood of Belgium and Northern France, into the 'Commission for Relief' smaller barges below by its side. This week I revisited the docks, now a forest of funnels and masts, a teeming sea-world of barge and ship and schooner, with the wharves heaped with wares from the corners of the earth.

Belgium has been bound for four and a half years, but nothing can hold her now she is free. Through Antwerp she reaches her hand to accept from and to give to all the world. These are days when we need encouragement. Well, we can find it if we will, in Belgium, in what the gay little Fair represents. Belgium kindled our spirit during the war; then we heard her stern chant of courage and endurance, and the will to die, if honor or duty demanded. To-day we can hear, if we listen, her passionate work-song, the song of her will to do and to do well.

WHAT ARE AMERICANS?

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

To many thousands of intelligent Englishmen the United States is merely a foreign nation, distant three thousand miles from Great Britain. Social and economic conditions in America, when discussed in British magazines, can be expected to arouse in their readers little more than mild and passing interest. Naturally, however, equally intelligent Americans have a lively interest in British or Continental comment upon affairs in their own country. Hence those who read Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer's paper in the February British *National Review*, entitled 'Americans Mirrored in the English Mind,' found food for reflection in the lively comment and criticism it contained, and were inclined to give most of the paper amused approval. At one point, however, the mirror distorted the image, and the real population conditions in the United States seem not to have been understood. At any rate, just where Mr. Hueffer should have made an important explanation, he falls into his only serious misstatement. It relates to the composition of the American population, as follows:—

'To begin with, you must dispossess your mind of the idea that there is an American people at all, as we understand a people in Europe. . . . If you took the whole population of Europe, mixed it roughly in a mortar, added a certain flavoring of Africans, Asiatics, and the like, crushed it with your pestle and scattered the result thinly over the Continent, you would have something approximating to America. It would, however, more closely ap-

proximate to a "people" than do the Americans at present; for instead of being properly mixed, they are divided into ethnographic strata, which only touch at the edges. America tries to forget this, and succeeds by vigorous newspaper propaganda in making Europe forget it, because in these stirring times it is well to belong to a "united people."'

Curiously enough, almost every English writer upon American conditions fails to understand the composition of our American population, or at least to make clear or accurate statements concerning this subject. American men of letters or affairs returning to the United States from visits to England often complain of the apparent inability of Englishmen—however well educated—to understand America. All sorts of misconceptions exist in Great Britain concerning American characteristics, intentions, and ideals, and particularly concerning the American people themselves. In the hope that a brief analysis of facts which seem to be so uniformly overlooked or misinterpreted may be of real service in making American social conditions and problems more clearly understood, an American ventures to answer the heretofore seemingly unanswered question, 'What are Americans?'

The United States has become, and is likely to continue to be, so great a factor in European affairs, that some knowledge at least of the real composition of the American people becomes increasingly important. The British public ought to make a business of un-

derstanding us. The affairs of the world demand it. In the United States, also, there are many citizens who are themselves as ignorant of this subject as if it did not intimately concern them. Racial excitements, moreover, have added to the confusion. It is time that the fog should be cleared away, even in America.

In 1790 the white population of the United States was, in round numbers, 3,200,000. In 1910 (the result of the Census of 1920 not being available, this analysis is based upon the Census of 1910) it was 82,000,000, and in 1920 it may be estimated at 94,000,000, or about thirty times the number returned at the First Census. Of what is this large total composed?

In 1910 the census classified the population as follows:—

<i>White—</i>	
Natives of Native Parentage	49,488,575
Natives of Foreign or Mixed Parentage	18,897,837
Foreign-Born	13,345,545
<i>Colored—</i>	
Negro	9,827,763
Indian, Japanese, Chinese, etc.	412,546
Total	91,972,266

Increase in the white population has been derived from two obvious sources:

natural increase of the population enumerated at the First Census, and arrivals since 1790, their children and descendants.

The United States, according to what seems to be the European view, consists principally of a conglomerate of immigrants from all nations and their children, loosely held together by self-interest. It is important, therefore, first to test the accuracy of this belief.

Together, the foreign-born and natives of foreign and mixed parentage, as specified above, in 1910, numbered, in round figures, 32,500,000. To this important section of the population Great Britain, Ireland, and Germany together contributed more than half.

Persons born in England, Scotland, Wales, and English Canada, with the natives of the United States having one or both parents British or English Canadian, together constituting the British element, numbered 5,100,000.¹ Deducting this element from the total census class already referred to as foreign-born and natives of foreign or mixed parentage, leaves a remainder of 27,400,000.

Persons born in Ireland resident in the United States and natives of the United States having one or both par-

¹ PERSONS RESIDING IN THE UNITED STATES BORN IN GREAT BRITAIN (INCLUDING ENGLISH CANADIANS), IN IRELAND, AND IN GERMANY, AND NATIVES HAVING ONE OR BOTH PARENTS BORN IN THOSE COUNTRIES—1850-1910

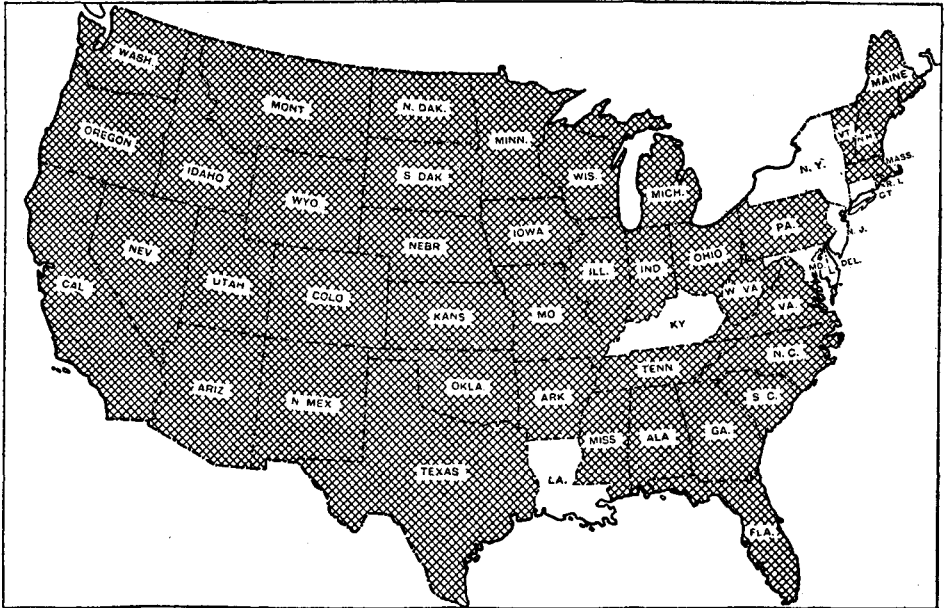
Census Year	BRITISH ELEMENT			IRISH ELEMENT			GERMAN ELEMENT*		
	Total	Born in Great Britain or English Canada	Natives having one or both parents born in Great Britain or Canada	Total	Born in Ireland	Natives having one or both parents born in Ireland	Total	Born in Germany	Natives having one or both parents born in Germany
1910	5,063,311†	2,040,837	3,022,474	4,504,456	1,352,251	3,152,205	8,282,770	2,501,333	5,781,437
1900	4,665,843	1,952,419	2,713,424	4,827,131	1,615,459	3,211,672	8,111,668	2,813,628	5,298,040
1890	3,983,500	1,929,844	2,053,656	4,795,681	1,871,509	2,924,172	6,857,229	2,784,894	4,072,335
1880		1,428,598†	**		1,854,571	**		1,966,742	**
1870		1,120,414†	**		1,855,827	**		1,690,533	**
1860		787,775†	**		1,611,304	**		1,276,075	**
1850		479,093†	**		961,719	**		583,774	**

* Prior to 1900, persons reporting Poland as country of origin are not included.

† English, 2,323,706; Scotch, 659,705; Welsh, 248,956; Canadian (English), 1,830,944.

‡ English Canadians computed prior to 1890.

** Not separately tabulated prior to 1890.



STATES IN WHICH THE AGGREGATE NUMBER OF PERSONS BORN IN GREAT BRITAIN AND ENGLISH CANADA EXCEEDS THE NUMBER OF PERSONS BORN IN IRELAND. 1910

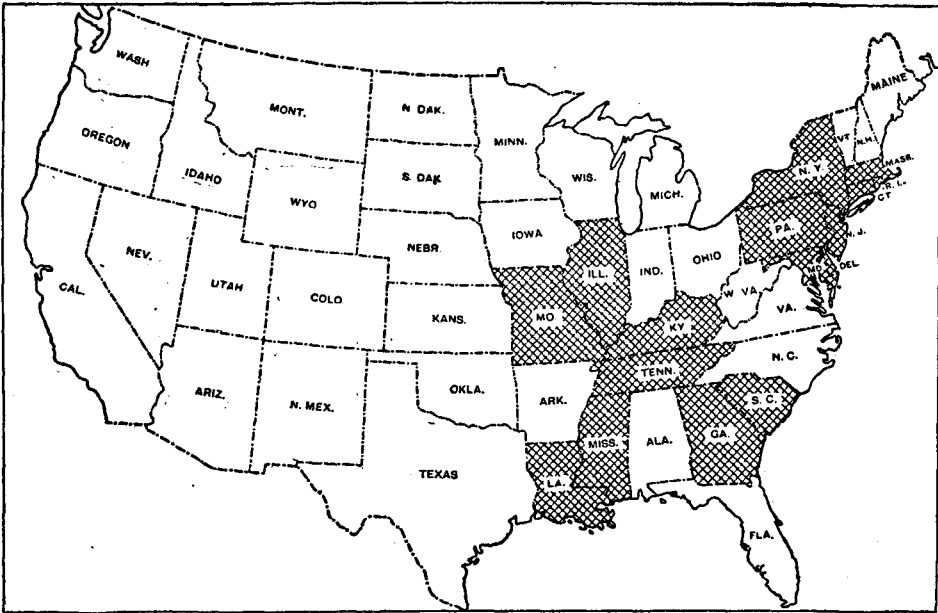
ents born in Ireland, together numbered, 4,500,000.¹ Deduction also of this group leaves 22,900,000.

Of this remainder, which, it will be remembered, now comprises the foreign-born and natives of foreign or mixed parentage exclusive of the British and Irish, the German element — persons born in Germany and natives of the United States having one or both parents of German birth — numbered 8,300,000.¹ Deduction in turn of the German element leaves 14,600,000 as the contribution in 1910 of all other foreign nations to the population of the United States.

In determining the number of persons in the British, Irish, and German elements, as given above, three classifications only have been employed: foreign-born, natives having both parents born in the same foreign country, and natives having one parent native and the other born in one of the three countries specified.

¹ See table on p. 271 (footnote).

Study of the foreign elements in the United States always leads quickly to the statistical complexities of 'mixed foreign parentage.' This constitutes, of course, a fourth classification of the foreign element, by country of origin, and even though not utilized here, it should be clearly understood. Persons included in this group are defined by the Federal Census as 'natives having mixed foreign parentage.' They include, for example, those having fathers born in Germany and mothers born in England, or the reverse. Persons thus classified comprised in 1910 large and significant groups. Mixed foreign parentage necessarily is an important fact in the population of the United States. Under this classification, in 1910, the British, Irish, and German elements appeared, in round numbers, as follows: persons having one parent born in Great Britain or Canada (English) and the other born in some other foreign country, 580,000; persons having one parent born in Ireland and the other born in some other foreign



STATES IN WHICH THE NUMBER OF NATIVES HAVING IRISH PARENTS EXCEEDS THE NUMBER OF NATIVES HAVING BRITISH OR ENGLISH-CANADIAN PARENTS. 1910

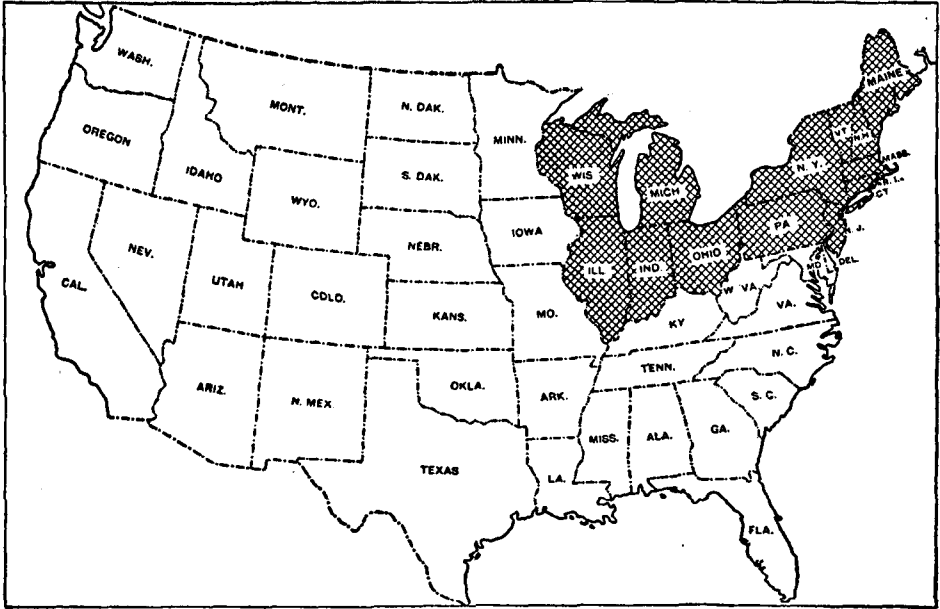
country, 360,000; persons having one parent born in Germany and the other born in some other foreign country, 430,000; total, 1,370,000. Such combinations lead at once toward the troubled waters of racial antagonisms, so that the natives concerned obviously cannot be classified as identified with any one foreign nation. The degree of readiness, however, which both sexes of each of the three leading immigrant nationalities manifest to marry outside of their own race is suggested by the figures given above for 1910.

British immigration began, of course, with the earliest settlers, and has continued in varying volume to the present time. Between 1880 and 1890 the number of persons born in Great Britain, living in the United States and also those born in Germany, showed the largest increase reported thus far for those countries in any one decade. Much earlier — between 1850 and 1860 — the Irish-born reached maximum numbers arriving during a census ten-

year period. The largest number thus far of persons in the United States of English, Welsh, and Irish birth was reported at the Census of 1890. The German-born attained their maximum numbers thus far at the Census of 1900; Scotch- and English-Canadian-born, at the Census of 1910.

Persons born in Great Britain and English Canada, considered together, showed in 1910 the highest total thus far reported. In contrast, persons born in Ireland decreased sharply in number after 1890, so that in 1910 the number of Irish-born in the United States had declined more than half a million souls from the maximum return made twenty years earlier. This was a reduction from 1890 to 1910 in the Irish-born living in the United States of 28 per cent. The census reported in 1910, for the first time, a decrease in the number of persons of German birth living in the United States. This decrease amounted to about 12 per cent.

Natives of Great Britain and of



THREE GEOGRAPHIC DIVISIONS OUT OF NINE (FOURTEEN OUT OF FORTY-EIGHT STATES)
IN WHICH RESIDE 83.5 PER CENT OF THE IRISH-BORN, 72.2 PER CENT OF THE
BRITISH-BORN, AND 69.8 PER CENT OF THE GERMAN-BORN. 1910

Canada (English), in 1910, together exceeded the natives of Ireland in forty-two out of forty-eight states; while in the second generation, persons born in the United States, of British and English-Canadian parentage, exceeded those having Irish parents in thirty-two states or two thirds of all. In 1850 the number of persons in the United States born in Ireland was nearly double the number born in Germany, but in 1880 the German-born exceeded the Irish-born and ever since have greatly outnumbered them.

Among the Irish-born in the United States, the females greatly outnumbered the males. Among the British- and German-born the males were in excess.

The number of natives having parents born in Ireland to each thousand persons Irish-born was 1562 in 1890 and 2331 in 1910, the proportion having increased 50 per cent in thirty years, although the Irish-born element decreased sharply during that period.

The same analysis of the British element shows 1064 natives in 1890 to every thousand British- and English-Canadian-born, and 1481 in 1910; and of the German element, 1462 in 1890 and 2311 in 1910. Thus the number of natives reported a decade ago as having parents of Irish and of German birth was more than double the number of the natives themselves of those countries then in the United States.

In 1910 three out of nine geographic divisions, — the New England, the Middle Atlantic, and East North Central States, — comprising fourteen out of forty-eight states, contained 72.2 per cent of the persons living in the United States born in Great Britain and Canada (English), 83.5 per cent of those born in Ireland, and 69.8 per cent of those born in Germany. Hence the other geographic divisions, comprising the remaining thirty-four states, vast and widely diversified areas representing somewhat more than half the entire

population of the nation, claimed but 27.8 per cent of the British-born, 16.5 per cent of the Irish, and 30.2 per cent of the Germans. The fourteen states in which these elements tend to concentrate contain the great Atlantic seaboard urban centres and the principal industrial areas.

It would be reasonable to expect the second or native generation to push forth into other communities. The extent of this tendency is easily measured. Of all natives having British, Irish, and German parentage (or one native parent), those resident in the fourteen states before specified constituted 65, 79, and 66 per cent respectively. It is clear that the tendency to spread is not especially pronounced.

Having deducted the British, Irish, and German elements from the population reported as of foreign birth or parentage, it will be recalled that there remained in 1910 in the foreign-population class 14,600,000 persons. The principal racial elements comprised in this total were: Austro-Hungarians, 2,000,000; French and Canadian French, 1,200,000; Italians, 2,100,000; Russians (principally Hebrews), 2,500,000; Scandinavians, 2,800,000; in all, 10,600,000.

Nationals of these countries also tended to concentrate in the three geographic divisions previously specified, in proportions even greater than those shown by the British-, Irish-, and German-born. The proportions of such concentration in 1910 were: Austrians, 80 per cent; Italians, 83 per cent; Russians (Hebrews), 85 per cent, and French Canadians, 91 per cent.

Withdrawal of the groups shown above leaves still about 4,000,000 persons of foreign birth and parentage as reported in 1910. These are divided between native white persons of mixed foreign parentage, already defined (about one third), and natives, or children of natives, of all the remaining

countries of the world. Contributions by individual countries were comparatively small and do not justify detailed consideration.

The foregoing brief summary sketches the distribution of the foreign-born and their children in the population of the United States as reported at the last census. Large as the aggregate is (about one third of the total population of the nation), does it justify the European conception of a mongrel America? Before such a claim could be admitted, it would be necessary to attack, and prove to be largely foreign, the principal element of the white population, to which thus far no reference has been made. This element, classified by the census as 'natives of native parentage,' numbered in 1910 nearly fifty millions of persons, and constituted much the largest group of the population of the United States. Has this great majority section of the people a foreign or mongrel character?

At the First Census the white population was principally English and was practically all of British origin. A small proportion was Irish. There were Dutch in and about New York, a few Germans in various scattered communities, and still smaller and negligible numbers of natives of other countries. The immense majority of the white population was of English descent or parentage. So great, indeed, was this preponderance that to all intents and purposes the entire population was homogeneous and Anglo-Saxon. This was the basic or original population of the nation, from which all census computations begin; and this original white stock, for the first half-century of the Republic, was exceedingly prolific. Hence, a very large part of the fifty millions of Americans classified in 1910 as 'natives of native parentage' is descended from the basic British stock

(or the minor but fully assimilated elements) enumerated in 1790. It is important, however, to determine approximately the proportion.

From 1790 to 1830 practically no immigration to the United States occurred. Such accessions as there were came chiefly from Great Britain. The total immigration for this forty-year period was estimated in 1850 to have been approximately 234,000. It was also estimated in 1850 that the number of persons arriving after 1790, and their offspring, numbered approximately 3,000,000. At that census (1850) the total white population was 19,500,000. The native white population enumerated in 1790 had increased, therefore, in sixty years to 16,500,000, or fivefold.

The subject of increase in the original white population enumerated in 1800 was carefully analyzed in 1909 by the Federal Census Office. One of the three methods of inquiry employed eliminated as accurately as possible the foreign element. By this method 35,500,000 was established as approximately the number of persons in the total population in 1900 who were descended from the white population enumerated in 1800. Assuming an increase of 10 per cent from 1900 to 1910 in the native stock, this element in the United States in the latter year doubtless closely approximated 39,000,000.

Classification based solely on descendants of the original white population resident in the United States in or before 1800 is too exclusive for a study of present conditions, since immigrant arrivals from 1790 to 1860 (a large proportion of whom were British), and their descendants, have now become so identified with America that for all practical purposes they are part of the original stock. Furthermore, it should be remembered that German emigrants to America prior to 1860 were nearly all serious and high-minded men and women, most of

whom were fleeing from oppression. They were easily and quickly assimilated.

Since, then, the descendants of persons arriving between 1790 and 1860 are indistinguishable, as all Americans will agree, from the distinctly native stock, there is no good reason why they should not be included. It was estimated by the Census Bureau that in 1900 the contribution to the native white population by immigrants arriving between 1790 and 1853 amounted to 1,500,000, and by those arriving between 1853 and 1870, to 6,000,000.¹ Of this total of 7,500,000, comprising the contribution of persons arriving prior to 1870, at least half can be regarded as representing arrivals from 1790 to 1860, and their offspring now completely identified with the native element. Allowing an increase of 10 per cent during the succeeding decade, and combining this group with the estimated original stock, the total in 1910 was 43,100,000.

It will be recalled that in 1910 the total number of native whites of native parentage was 49,500,000. Thus, in addition to the element of native stock as above specified, there were 6,400,000 persons apparently not eligible to that classification. Since this group comprises the grandchildren of all foreign-born other than those of persons who arrived before 1860, it must contain the grandchildren of the combined British elements arriving since 1860; but to determine accurately what proportion of the entire group is of British parentage is obviously impossible, though the Anglo-Saxon element undoubtedly was large. It will be observed that natives having one or both parents British or English Canadian formed roughly one sixth of the total native whites of foreign, or mixed foreign and native, parentage. If this proportion be utilized in

¹ United States Census, 'Century of Population Growth,' p. 87.

the absence of an accurate one, approximately 1,100,000 persons had British grandparents. This figure may thus be utilized to represent the number of persons having English, Scotch, Welsh, and Canadian-English ancestors in the entire white population having foreign grandparents who arrived since 1860. The aggregate of original stock reinforced by offspring of later British stock thus computed becomes 44,200,000.

The foregoing analysis has indicated the development and probable numerical strength of the homogeneous element constituting the native white stock. Why, then, should not newcomers of British stock since 1860, and their children, be regarded as allies, as well as their grandchildren? With common ancestry and ideas, they should, for some purposes, at least, be reckoned with the original stock element. In Rhode Island, far back in the early Colonial days, colonist arrivals were entered in the town records as 'from home,' if from Great Britain, or as 'foreigners' if from other countries. Clearly the only foreign-born eligible for classification for any purpose with the original stock would be the natives of Great Britain. Furthermore, emigration to the United States of persons born in Great Britain has no doubt occurred in each year that has elapsed since natives of Britain founded the North American colonies in the seventeenth century. Hence the number of natives of England, Scotland, Wales, or Canada (English) returned as residing in the United States in 1850, and at each succeeding census, may be regarded merely as the late manifestation of the oldest immigration movement to eastern North America. It will be recalled that there were enumerated at the Census of 1910 5,100,000 persons of Anglo-Saxon birth or parentage. By including this element with the native and allied stock, the total becomes 49,300,000.

In the second division of the table on page 271, the Irish element in 1910 was shown to include four and a half million persons. This total includes the so-called Orange group, or North of Ireland Scotch-Irish, opposed in all particulars to the Celtic Irish, and identified by race-sympathy and religious beliefs with natives of Great Britain. The proportion formed by this group of all those persons in the United States classified as Irish or of Irish parentage is not known. Approximately one quarter of the present population of Ireland is Protestant. Hence, if only 10 per cent of the persons classified as belonging to the Irish element in the United States should be regarded as of Scotch or North of Ireland ancestry, and classified on the basis of race and belief with the British element, as these people insistently demand, rather than with the Irish, the latter would be reduced about half a million persons, and the former increased correspondingly. Inclusion of the Scotch-Irish element with the native and allied stock increases the total to 49,800,000 in 1910.

The Census of 1920 is likely to show stationary numbers, or even a decrease, for the principal elements of the foreign-born, and increase for all the native elements. The total population in 1920 will be found to approximate 105,000,000, of which, as estimated at the outset, the whites number about 94,000,000. Applying again but 10 per cent increase to the distinctly native and allied elements, the latter group increases in 1920 to 54,800,000.

Since this analysis has been concerned solely with the white population, the negroes have not been considered. In a sense the negro is the most native of all racial elements. He alone has no historic background. Brought to North America by force, from savage environment, mostly during the Colonial period, the American-born negroes quickly

lost all tradition of their African origin. In 1920 the negro knows nothing but America. Moreover, his interests are associated with the native whites, and he takes his ideas and ambitions from them. He has little use for the foreign-born. The Civil War freed the African element from slavery, and though its members are still principally employed in the humbler callings, the race as a whole has made great progress. In all justice, at least half the negro population, comprising the more intelligent element, ought to be classed as standing with native white stock in purposes and ideals.

Thus far, racial composition alone has been considered. Such information, however, presented as clearly and concisely as possible, is only a necessary preliminary in answering the question, 'What are Americans?'

Primarily they are a mighty company of nearly fifty-five millions of men, women, and children of British ancestry, including the descendants in the second or later generations of Irish, German, and other immigrants who came to America sixty years ago, or earlier, and including also later Anglo-Saxon arrivals and their children, welded into one vast and surprisingly homogeneous element. This element is the pillar which supports the Republic. It is the element which manages and controls the United States. Even in places where it is in a minority, it generally leads. The activities of the nation, infinite in variety and extent, both intellectual and material, are principally in the hands of persons of the native and allied stock. The farmers are largely native, as are lawyers, clergymen, physicians, school-teachers, bankers, manufacturers, and managers. Yet this is no exclusive company or class, since these vocations are open to all who qualify.

At the close of the Revolution, the

young Republic occupied a sparsely settled but extended coast-line. Through the years that followed came the steady march westward and northwestward into the wilderness of the descendants of the early settlers. Connecticut and Rhode Island Colonial stock, for example, moved north along the Connecticut River and west to Ohio. Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania sent their sons and daughters to the Middle West; Virginia and North Carolina to Tennessee and Kentucky; South Carolina and Georgia to Arkansas, Missouri, and northwestward. Iowa was settled largely by New England, and in turn contributed to the settlement of California and Oregon.

Hence it comes about — no American needs to be told — that the great central, inspiring, and controlling element of American population over a domain of three million square miles is singularly homogeneous and singularly at one in ideals. Any intelligent stranger from New England, entering the home of a well-to-do family selected at random in a far Southern state, would, upon inquiry, find similar origin, — perhaps the same English county, — and the existence of opinions, hopes, and principles varying from his own only to the extent which might be expected as a result of totally different climate and different environment. He would find, also, exactly the same language, varied only by a slight local accent. Were he similarly to enter a farmhouse in Iowa, he would be likely to find the descendants of respected citizens of his own state, or even county, a century ago; and they probably would exhibit among their household goods some prized bits of furniture or silver that were brought over by the Pilgrims or made in Colonial days. In such households are found the old national spirit, and here, also, the traditions of the past. They are substantially the

same in this basic national stock, whether its members be resident in New England, the far South, or the far West.

The American native stock, with its assimilated early additions, is the greatest Anglo-Saxon element in the world. In numbers it is greater than the entire combined population of England, Scotland, Wales, and Canada. It possesses, except in small areas in the South, a strikingly high average of education. The real American, like his distant British forebears, is undemonstrative. He is patient under provocation, but intensely independent, and, once aroused, rather pugnacious. During the past century the native-stock element has been so strong of character that it has imparted its own ideals to many hundred thousand newcomers. It was this element that aroused itself when America entered the Great War. Large as were both population and geographic area, the nation then had no two opinions. Men and women of Maine and Oregon and Florida were doing the same things in war-preparation and doing them in the same way.

The average native American is not especially pro-British. The ancestors of many of this element emigrated from Great Britain two or three centuries ago. The relationship is far removed. Moreover, the Revolution left lingering traces of animosities only recently wiped out by the realization that German influences were potent even in 1776. Nevertheless, the American and the Briton, springing in the main from the same blood, speak the same language of ideals and purposes. They have much the same weaknesses and likewise similar elements of strength. When General Haig, in his famous appeal to the British armies in the dark days of 1918, told his men that their 'backs were against the wall,' a thrill went through listening America. The Anglo-Saxon stock *understood*.

It is high time that public opinion in the United States should be reminded, and also that the perplexed Englishman should be informed, of the significance of the great basic population of the Republic. Talk of serious disagreements between Great Britain and the United States is preposterous. Were Irish agitators to attempt to precipitate trouble, the great Anglo-Saxon bulk of the nation would be heard from in no uncertain tones. Meanwhile, it is hard — especially for foreign observers — to realize that, just as the waves break and roar upon the surface over untroubled deeps, so on the surface of the great body of the American people, nearly fifty-five millions strong, Irish agitators roar and the restless and frothy of other nationalities shout and intrigue. With us, patient endurance is part of the great task of assimilation.

Englishmen, as a matter of fact, should not become impatient concerning breaches of propriety in America over Ireland. They who themselves have struggled vainly for centuries to solve the Irish problem should have full understanding and sympathy with Americans when they realize that the same problem has been thrust upon our unwilling shoulders, although Ireland is no part of America's business.

It is not surprising that even the most intelligent visitors to America from England and the Continent completely fail to grasp the facts here outlined. The traveler from Europe generally lands at New York. With its huge population and wealth, New York has become the world's capital in both respects. All the races of the earth meet there. Out of every thousand of population, 786 are foreign-born or of foreign parentage, and but 193 are in the class even of white natives of native parentage. Is this extremely large foreign element in New York exceptional? Have not world-capitals through the

centuries been gathering-places for the nations? Obviously assimilation is well-nigh impossible. In fact, it is creditable that so much of American traditions and ideals persists, and remarkable that, comprising less than one fifth of the total, the native grandparentage element, as classified by the census, still controls so great a part of New York's business, finance, and society.

In the fourteen states comprised in the three urban and industrial geographic divisions elsewhere referred to there were twenty-nine cities in 1910 with a population exceeding 100,000. In every thousand of the aggregate population of these cities the white natives of native parentage number but 266. Within the same geographic areas were forty smaller cities with populations, in the same census year, ranging between fifty thousand and one hundred thousand. In these cities white natives of native parentage averaged 413 persons per thousand. But if we discard both groups of cities and consider only the population (in the same geographic areas) residing in cities of less than fifty thousand inhabitants, and in towns and country districts, the number of white natives having native parents rises sharply to 595 in each thousand inhabitants. Thus, outside of large cities, even in the foremost industrial states, white persons either of original native stock, or, at the other extreme, those having foreign grandparents, contribute three fifths of every thousand of population, in contrast to the low proportions shown by the large cities in the same group of states.

Leaving New York, the traveler from England or the Continent journeys to other cities, generally located in industrial states; he seldom has access to the inner life of a community: he lives in hotels and public places, he sees and hears principally the foreign element; he marvels (as does Mr. Hueffer) at

the dangerously numerous and separate strata of American society and passes by in ignorance the myriad homes of the native stock which bind the whole of that society together. He knows nothing of the hundred thousand cities, towns, and villages scattered over the wide domain of the Republic in which the native Americans follow their profitable tasks in field and factory and mine.

In all justice it must be added that the burden of control and assimilation does not fall entirely upon the original or native element. We rejoice to testify that there are thousands of newcomers, foreign-born, and especially their children, of all races, who have realized the real meaning of America, and their own opportunity. They exist in all walks of life. They labor earnestly and helpfully with those who have the widest vision. Many of these allies are to be found among the Italians and Scandinavians even of recent arrival. There are many Germans and Irish who take no part in agitating, but perform irreproachably their duties as citizens and workers. For such men and women the opportunity in America is as wide as the continent. When they join the native element in the effort to preserve the Anglo-Saxon ideals of law, order, and wise freedom, every privilege is theirs.

If, to bewildered observers, whether at home or in distant Europe, America seems inconsistent and uncertain; if there appear vagaries on the part of government or public; if echoes of the shouts of agitators who claim to voice American opinions resound through the land and across the water, remember then the unruffled fifty-five millions. Assuredly they are the placid deeps of the nation, which lie far beneath the roaring surface waves. If foreign complications were actually threatened by the latitude allowed to public expression, swift and overwhelming would be their condemnation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PINK LUSTRE

ON a day when the wind is in the east you run in, urged by a cheering intent, to see Aunt Selina, and she informs you, with a light humor vastly becoming to a lady in her eighties, that she has, as to her powers of locomotion, set, — or, to use housewife's patter in preserving-time, jelled, — and can scarce move hand or foot. Her enemy is upon her. At last she is old. But you, harking back to the immediate past of her late seventies, 'deny the allegations.' She never will be old. With the first sun-ray she will find herself at the piano, rehearsing, not the tinkling tunes of yester-year, as their quavers peep out from 'Ladies' Annuals,' but the great old delights of everybody's past and present; she may even make circumspect way into the garden, as soon as the dirt begins to dry, kneel in the spring ceremonial she loves, and, with long-practised hand, transplant a few Canterbury bells.

Thus you venture to prophesy. She shakes her head. Then she wavers. She is within a hair's line of accepting the ameliorating prophecy, but on one point she holds firm.

'This, at least,' she says, 'I have learned: that I have done with things, even with presents, your presents, Sweet Thing. Don't give me any more silk bags or cushions or footstools, or any of the buffers you are always tucking in between me and this rude old world. The minute has come when they're going to worry me to death: the sight of them, the dusting, the putting away, the thought of them, even. Yes, I have done with things.'

'Joined the Anti-Thing Society?' you suggest; and she returns wistfully, —

'I am the Anti-Thing Society, I myself, in my own proper person.' Then she smiles, somewhat in her fashion on non-rheumatic days, and concludes out of mock solemnity, 'I am all soul.'

Leaving her and musing along over age and youth, it comes over you that although you yourself are many a lap behind the eighties, you also may as well have done with things. After all, the ones you really care about are impalpable as air, and they are, besides, imperishable. You recall what seems to you the one significant passage in Arnold Bennett's *Glimpse*, the enhanced vision of the disembodied spirit when he 'had a view of the whole human race engaged in the business of moving matter from one place to another.' Your mind traverses the reach of years you have spent in this moving of matter, tons of it: suit-cases with their plethora of ignobly perishable stuff, shoes, gowns, brushes, paper, pens, long, long lists of impedimenta that have often bred in you the vain regret that you were not started on this mortal journey in fur or feathers, not subject to the ignominy of having your life-progress set to an echo of the elevator man's chant when he wafts you from bottom to top of a department store.

How is humanity handicapped in its fancied need of these orderly accessories to living! And recalling the struggle with matter on a still larger scale, the mind baulks at it anew: the building of houses by the laying of one brick upon another, the furnishing, the assembling of bureaux and beds and curtains and pitchers and double boilers, spades and

rakes and beet-seed and onion. It is the litany of the material, the tangible, the earthy, which man did not bring into this world, and which he shall carry out no farther than the oblong house builded by the pickaxe and the spade. Your entire life has been a dream of things, acquiring, conserving, cherishing, rejecting — and acquiring again. You could have done at least the manual labor of a hundred epics in this time you have spent in the struggle, perpetually renewed, over subjugated atoms. And there is a further step it is as well not to take in these speculations, lest the imagination turn fantastic. For were the atoms subjugated after all? Certain it is that you go and they remain, subject to no ordered period of decay, only to chance and change.

The bust outlasts the throne,
The coin, Tiberius.

Rossetti's lady dies, but her portrait lives. Your best beloved disappears into the great obscurity, but she leaves her dress behind, her gloves curved to the moulding of that hand, the worn, pathetic slipper she loved next to her bedside book, in lazy hours. These are still here, poignant reminders of her eternal absence, —

. . . though of herself, alas!
Less than her shadow on the grass
Or than her image in the stream.

But, as for you, thinking on these things, at last you are emancipated. The breath of a word has done it. Aunt Selina, snatching at her own immunity, has also shared, by suggestion, with you, a new freedom, at once attainable. You walk lightly and eat your bread in hope. You are pure spirit, ready for flight from the body of this death, yet you also think with delight of the years possibly left you here, because they are to be spent in absolutely untrammelled progress on the open road. Once, on this road of

free choices, you drove a loaded van, whereas now you step off on your free feet. Your generosity becomes astounding to such as happen to express an unthinking admiration for your spoons or your lace. What to you is the lineage of silver, what the exquisite meandering of a priceless web? You scatter with both hands, not like her who gave her breast-pin to a more worldly sister because of its potentiality of dragging the owner's soul to hell, but in the sheer exhilaration of 'traveling light.' You even dream of a dizzying possibility, a blinding race, though it imply an Icarus fall, toward those epics still uncharted in the dizzying ether, your native air now since you forswore earth-pilgrimage and the tyranny of things.

A week or two, a month, a season, your exaltation stands every test of habit and fresh allurements. Then you halt before the window of the antique-shop that has more than once inoculated you with the fever-germ of possession, and your eye is met by the pink lustre tea-set you probably were born dreaming of, have dreamed of all your life, and have not yet found in its entirety. The spider hung up on his web of expectation inside the shop comes out and psychologically pounces.

'Got your lustre at last,' he says.
'Full set, every piece a gem.'

'Ah!' you return, with a carelessness often assumed for trade purposes in the past and, it may be, so unconvincingly as to deceive nobody. 'I'm out of the notion now. Sorry.'

He smiles that smile which, though of an unimpeachable decorum, has all the value of a wink, and you, too, smile, going on and musing, —

'Think you've got me, don't you? Well, you have n't. I'm not the man I was. What is pink lustre to pure spirit of the upper ether? For that's what I am, I tell you, pure spirit. I've done with things.'

That night, before you settle down to evening tranquillities, you telephone Aunt Selina about your find, because she, too, has been for years on the pink-lustre quest; adding, with what seems to you a neat humor, that you thought you knew all about pink lustre, its desirability and perfection. But here it is, going a mile or two further on the road of actual use, and starting up just at this time, to show you how little need the soul has for any form of matter whatsoever, since if you find that you don't in the least covet its glazed loveliness, there's nothing created you could covet.

'And is n't it a joke,' you inquire, 'one of those dear old queernesses the celestial humorists love to play on mortal man, that just now, in the nick of time, when we are, so to speak, under conviction of past materialism, they should flaunt this old heart's desire before us, just to show us on how firm a foundation is set our tent of no desire at all?'

It is a joke, she owns, and you chuckle in unison. Then you settle to your reading and the fire purrs and the train shrieks through the fog its regret at being too far away to lay a sooty finger on you, and at the desk is the run of the pen with a beloved hand guiding it; and although your book is a well of deepest pleasure and you eye to eye with Truth at the bottom of it, somehow it is limpid enough to let a sudden light pierce down to Truth and you, and you look up, a finger between the leaves, in luxurious musing, and you are confronted by — what but *things*? There they are all about you, the patient, kind ministrants to your comfort and your safety and delight. It is not as if you saw them, as but half an hour ago when you plunged into your bath of pleasure, with the careless recognition of habit. Some inward eye has flashed open on them, and

their beauty and their preciousness are blinding almost, they search the heart with such a poignancy of sweet relationship. Words forgotten rush into your mind, all to the defense of these disparaged friends and servitors. You remember that lovely paragraph touching the Egyptians, in the *Golden Bough*.

'Not only human beings, but gods and animals, stones and trees, natural and artificial objects, everybody and everything had its own soul or double. The doubles of oxen and sheep were the duplicates of the original oxen or sheep; the doubles of linen or beds, of chairs or knives, had the same form as the real linen, beds, chairs, knives. So thin and subtle was the stuff, so fine and delicate the texture of these doubles, that they made no impression on ordinary eyes. Only certain classes of priests or seers were enabled, by natural gifts or special training, to perceive the doubles of the gods, and to win from them a knowledge of the past and the future.'

Humbly you know that you are not of those who can by gift interrogate the doubles of the gods; but does that prevent you from perceiving the doubles of these dear and kindly beds and chairs and knives? You can at least see what the kettle is trying to say when it boils your water for you, and how the benevolent old chair loves to receive you when you drink the cup of tea the kettle makes. 'Spirits of old' that walked the sands of Egypt and built her temples, tell us whether pink lustre is not spirit, too? Why, these are all your friends, your family, your homely loves! Done with things? You've just begun with them. The inward eye convinces you of that. You can't indeed, in the sardonic old phrasing that was but now a step in your formula of repudiation, take them with you on that mysterious, long-anticipated journey where you wear not even your own body; but who knows whether you may not find the

doubles of them that the inward eye has glimpsed in their integrity for the first time? You are told there are 'many mansions.' You have been used to considering that the great imagery of a poetic book. But why not mansions and one of them for you? And why not, when you cross the sill, and the low-hung lintel is, in generous breadth, an ample arch of welcome, why not the double of these fire-dogs you have loved so many years? why not the kettle ready by the hearth, the candles that have thrown absurd enchanting shadows all your life? why not these ever blessed *things*? And because one thought always signals another kindred thought to keep it company, a little door in the cupboard of your mind flies open and you remember Harold Monroe, who has sung the too-seldom-heeded claim of things.

Since man has been articulate . . .
 He has not understood the little cries
 And foreign conversations of the small
 Delightful creatures that have followed him
 Not far behind;
 Has failed to hear the sympathetic call
 Of Crockery and Cutlery, those kind
 Reposeful Teraphim
 Of his domestic happiness; the Stool
 He sat on, or the Door he entered through;
 He has not thanked them, overbearing fool!
 What is he coming to?

It is he, this Harold Monroe, who may not perceive the doubles of the gods, — an austere height to climb, a dim grove to penetrate, — but who does give a heartening call to these dumb comradeships of ours. He, too, has had his moments of ignoring them; but now, hav-

ing once seen them with the inward eye, he humbly beseeches them to accept his altered frame of mind. He promises them: —

You, my well-trampled Boots, and you, my Hat,
 Remain my friends: I feel, though I don't speak,
 Your touch grow kindlier from week to week.

You sit in a gentle ecstasy of recognition and gratitude toward these darlings of your outer life. Going up to bed, you touch the stair-rail with an impetuosity of benediction. The playing shadows on the ceiling break into inarticulate language of these homely wonders you have just begun to understand — your other family, only a step outside the human circle. The pillow is ready with the cool caress it never denies your cheek. You float off at one with things — for are not they and you a part of everything?

In the morning it is the same. Your first thought at breakfast is of Mytyl and Tytyl after their return from the reality of things with the Fairy Bérylune, and their impulse to salute the beneficent, unpretending friends of daily life: 'Good-morning, Water! Good-morning, Bread!'

And all day — for some revelations are not of the moment but forever — it is the same, and at night Aunt Selina telephones. Her voice is as the voice of one newly entered upon life, not leaving it.

'I have bought the pink lustre,' she exults. 'I am keeping six cups and saucers and six plates. The rest I'm sending you, and you'll get all of it by-and-by.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Leighton Parks, one of the most interesting and eloquent preachers of the Episcopal Church, was from 1878 to 1904 rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston. Since 1904 he has been the rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City. **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** is one of the most brilliant of contemporary essayists and story-tellers. Her admirers will be peculiarly interested in an essay which shows an unfamiliar and very positive side of her character. **William James** wrote as he talked. These letters come nearer to a reincarnation of the man in his habit as he lived than any modern collection with which we happen to be familiar.

* * *

William J. Locke is one of the pleasantest and most popular British novelists of the present day. **L. Adams Beck** is an Englishman who has traveled much, and has gone deep into Oriental lore, having among other things translated a volume of ancient Buddhist writings.

I have always thought [he writes] the Book of Kings in the Bible an uncommonly dull book, but it struck me that the Wives of the Kings might be more amusing. Accordingly, the stories I am doing now are all scenes from the lives of the Wives of the Kings in various times and places. 'The Incomparable Lady' is one.

Other stories in this series will follow. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie**, missionary, poet, essayist, and sympathetic observer continues her inimitable proof of what a thing it is to have a biographer in the family. **Sarah N. Cleghorn** is a familiar poet and occasional novelist.

* * *

In this issue the serial publication of the *Story of Opal Whiteley* comes to an end.

The journal of these first years, including more than twice the amount of material which has appeared in the *Atlantic*, will appear in book form about the first of September. Perhaps the best test of the permanence of this new-classic of childhood comes from reading it aloud to children of the

diarist's own age; for children have eyes to see and ears to hear the things of childhood.

* * *

George Boas is now connected with the Department of Public Speaking of the University of California. **Number 13** may not be identified. It is sufficient to say that he speaks from first-hand and repeated experience. His point of view is as unexpected as it is interesting. **Herbert Ravenel Sass**, a South Carolinian, is a journalist by profession, and by natural attraction a naturalist. Our older readers will remember his delightful paper on the birds in a Charleston garden, printed half a dozen years ago. **George Herbert Clarke**, editor and poet, is Professor of English at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. **Randolph Elliott** sends us from San Francisco these vivid impressions of a deservedly famous old-time private school.

* * *

John Alleyne Gade, an architect of New York, as U.S. Commissioner to the Baltic Provinces was nearer to the seat of trouble in those regions than any other American diplomatic representative. He writes from first-hand accurate knowledge. **Rita von Wahl** belongs to an old family of Baltic Sea Barons, which formerly owned a large estate in Livonia. Her experiences under Bolshevik rule show plainly enough why she and others in a like position welcomed the appearance of the German army of occupation. **Charlotte Kellogg**, wife of Vernon Kellogg, had the distinction of being the only woman member of the C.R.B. working in Brussels during the war. She has recently revisited the field of her old labors. **William S. Rossiter**, long an occasional contributor to the *Atlantic*, was formerly an official of the Federal Census Office. He is at present Chairman of the Joint Advisory Committee to the Director of the Census from the American Statistical and American Economic Associations. His striking paper proves the falsity of many current opinions.

We are glad to give space to this interesting comment on Herr Rohrbach's discussion of the German situation.

SIR,—

It would be a perfectly just criticism of Mr. Paul Rohrbach's article in your May number to say that when, in 1871, Prussia squeezed France for the uttermost farthing, France paid in full and on time. It does not, now that the tables are turned, look well to see the Hun whining, 'They starved us,' and casting about to sow discord among the Allies by crying that the terms are too hard, and at the same time not keeping the terms he agreed to. A yellow streak has appeared in German modes of thought and consequent actions that must be eliminated before she can fill her place among the nations. To some this would appear to be her departure from Christian ethics, which applies equally to those in the Roman obedience and to her Protestants; so the trouble must lie in her educational training, or in a racial defect. Those who have most knowledge of her educational institutions know how far they have departed from any Christian standard, as they also know how far many of our own institutions and professors have been disposed to follow the Roman lead to the detriment of what we pride ourselves on, namely, our Christian civilization.

W. C. HALL.

* * *

Do our readers recall the delicate and original story which Miss Wilson contributed to the April *Atlantic*? Here is an interesting footnote to that very unusual sketch of character.

HONOLULU, T. N., 20 May, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I ripped the cover from the *Atlantic* and dipped into 'A Marginal Acquaintance' while I stood on a sweep of thick *maniani* turf, fringed around with hibiscus and plumeria and palms, waiting for the car to come and take me home. My eyes ran down the pages the faster for a certainty that was growing in my brain. With the line, 'While training to become a nurse,' it reached full stature. I no longer felt the languid Hawaiian air. I was transported across nine years and two thousand miles to a hospital room, with a stiff breeze from San Francisco Bay blowing into it. I was struggling out of anæsthesia, conscious of but one comforting thing in an aching world—the steady grip of Miss Peeples's hand.

My slowly clearing brain discovered her to be a short, squareish woman, with a face whose very immobility made it the more dependable. She stayed with me that night long after the night nurse came to relieve her. She had what seemed an omniscient knowledge of where I hurt, and of what a pillow slipped in here and another doubled up there would do to relieve me.

The next day, after she came upon *Nostromo* among the books my husband had brought down, she commenced to talk a little. I was hardly

more than out of college, and we compared the courses in composition she had taken in her years of special work in English at Stanford University with those which I had had at California. When she learned (what was an easy thing to learn in those days when it was the proudest fact of my experience) that a story written for one of them had been accepted by the *Atlantic*, she confessed to me her own attempts at marketing manuscripts. But, plead as I would, at the manuscripts themselves I was never permitted a glance.

Of her life I learned a great deal. She had been orphaned early. Her grandmother had brought her up. They had lived on the tiniest of small incomes, which she had eked out, as soon as she could, by teaching. For as long as she could remember there had been two things she wanted to do: to write and to travel. When her grandmother died, she had gone to Stanford to fit herself, if she could, for the former of them. The house in which she lived at Palo Alto was so small that a sofa and chair which had been the elder woman's could not be got into it, but had to be left on the porch. Miss Peeples had loved them. They had been a sign of the only real relationship which her existence had brought her. (To me, with all the warm companionship of college just behind me and the dearer companionship of marriage just begun, she seemed the loneliest, the most pathetic figure.) But scanty as her space was, when winter came her pennies would not stretch to heating it, and for mere wood and coal she had to sell the lovely walnut things with their suave early Victorian curves. It chanced I knew the man who bought them of her, who came offering her a price, week after week, until her physical need drove her to accept it. He is a scholar, a distinguished gentleman, married to a rich wife. I shall never forgive it to him that he bargained with Miss Peeples in her extremity; that for ten dollars he possessed himself of her treasures.

It became apparent to her that she could not write. She had not money enough to travel. So she started, at forty-something, her hospital training. She had an idea that with that equipment she might become a sort of nurse-companion to some wealthy elderly woman and realize her foiled desire to see the world.

I have said she was pathetic. It was the last thing she desired to be. Her tales, even that of the departed furniture, crackled with dry humor. To me she talked nonsense, in burlesqued Elizabethan English. She would come into the room with a square swoop, demanding: 'Hast seen the towel that I left erstwhile?' Or she would depart with the announcement: 'I go; but I'll return anon to brush thy curly locks, fair lady.' My locks have never been so well-cared-for, my fingernails so unremittingly 'done,' as in those two weeks of Miss Peeples's shameless spoiling.

The girls of less than half her age who were in training with her had come, I could see, to depend on her interest and to wait for her advice. Because she was much in my room, the whole pack of them would gather there in the little space toward the end of the afternoon when

patients temporarily cease from troubling. They addressed her by all manner of half-teasing, wholly affectionate variations of her name, which differed by only two letters from the one Miss Wilson has given her. One of them, a high-headed, tall young beauty, with no family to go to, and a half-dozen youths offering up candy and theatre-tickets and motor-rides, confided to me that she had saved herself some bad moments by 'talking things over beforehand' with Miss Peebles.

When I had gone home from the hospital, she used to come out, now and again, to our Sunday night suppers. At them she was a somewhat silent guest. 'I don't meet people well,' she said after one of them. 'I'll ring you up, some time when I have an afternoon free, and if you're going to be alone, I'll come out. Then I can talk.' Within the month she was dead.

Life did its best, by the personality it gave her and the circumstances in which it placed her, to make and keep Miss Peebles no more than a marginal acquaintance of all the world. Miss Wilson has in that one felicitous phrase summed up most of her characteristics and all of her limitations. She was shy, plain, precise; she was inarticulate; she was poor. But she was brave; I think through a hard life she never knew self-pity; I know she was a lonely woman who yearned to her kind.

For justice's sake, then, and because I loved her, I have been constrained to bear witness to the unquenchable humanity of Miss Peebles.

Yours very sincerely,
AN OLD AND CORDIAL FRIEND.

* * *

Nowadays, when even the theologians are losing their 'punch,' nobody spoils for a fight quite so spiritedly as the naturalist. Mr. Clough's ingenious and suggestive paper on the Soaring Hawk brought many hot replies. We print, however, this moderate comment.

You have 'done gone and done it' again. In Mr. Clough's article on the 'Mystery of the Soaring Hawk' you win a responsive thrill—one of many—from one who loves a good piece of writing, whether it be narrative, expository, or descriptive. For clearness, Mr. Clough could not well be surpassed. He has given us an excuse, too, for lying out on a sunny slope, gazing heavenward. This has always been a favorite posture of mine, but heretofore conscience has always interfered with urgings to be about more useful business. But now, let there be only a hawk in the field of vision, and mind is occupied and conscience at rest.

Here, then, are the first-fruits of such cogitation. Mr. Clough does not go quite far enough. He explains the upward motion but not the forward. He also leaves out of consideration the third point of support, the tail. Without this essential organ, I feel sure that the bird would be 'driven down the wind' as surely as a keelless ship. How, then, is this wide-open fan of a tail

used? Between the alternate wing-beats, does the tail lift the posterior parts, so that the head points slightly downward, allowing the creature to 'coast' a little before the next lifting of wing?

And now, having put the question, I feel that my duty to science is accomplished, and shall retire modestly from the field, leaving the answer to men of Mr. Clough's ability.

Respectfully yours,
PAUL S. BURDICK.

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It is in the remoter places of the earth we think, that the *Atlantic* has its nearest friends. In Angola, for instance, only the amiable hippopotamus can divide its popularity.

MISSAO AMERICANA,
K. 501, C. F. BENGUELA,
ANGOLA, AFRICA, Jan. 20, 1920.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has arrived, and how I did enjoy Beebe's article, 'The Home Town of the Army Ants.' In fact, our whole little community here has read it with great interest. It was especially timely, as we are having an unusual number of visitations from various raiding parties of army ants. None of us, however, has had the good fortune to find their home town. One day last week they marched through our yard, a column six deep, all day long. I longed to follow them, but there was work to do, so it was evening before I got a chance. They were still hurrying along between the walls of earth they had thrown along their path. Sometimes the line rushed along on top of the ground, and sometimes it vanished into the ground; always, however, by a little careful digging I found them again still going on. It was fascinating, and I was completely oblivious to the fast-approaching storm, until I met some natives hurrying to get under cover before the rain came. I told them that I was trying to find 'the village of the chief of the army ants,' and asked whether they knew where it was. They did not, but they said it was far, far away in the bush, for they had crossed the paths of several armies going west, and the Ndona must hurry home for it was soon going to rain *yaka-handangala*, which meant a steady downpour for several hours. So my attempt at investigation bore no fruit.

It seems that the *ovisonde* are both a blessing and a curse here. So far as my own personal experience is concerned, only the blessings have been apparent. Last dry season they raided our kitchen at night, and the boys had a lively time getting them out in the morning; but after they were gone we found to our joy that not a cockroach was left, and we have been free from the horrid nuisances ever since. And only last week we discovered the ants in our cornfield, creeping into the ears of corn to eat the worms that might be there, and we were n't a bit sorry for that. Though they are often found marching through the yard, we have no especial complaint—yet!

They are sure death, however, to any animal

they set upon, if it cannot escape. One of the worst stories is that of their attack on a sitting hen. When the lady of the house went out to examine her poultry, she found, in the place where the hen ought to be, only bones, feathers, and bits of shell. The ants had been there.

There is also the story that the natives would take a person condemned as a witch and tie him in the path of the army ants. They enjoyed the result much as the old Romans enjoyed the gladiatorial combats between criminals. That army ants are not averse to a diet of human flesh is evidenced by an incident that occurred a number of years ago at Cisamba. An epidemic was sweeping the country, and white traders as well as natives were suffering. A number of these white men came to Cisamba to be under the medical care of Dr. Currie, and were lodged in small houses at some distance from Dr. Currie's residence. At last, all had recovered but one man, who was still very weak and who had temporarily lost his sight. He was alone in his house, with no native boy to tend him. In the middle of the night Dr. Currie heard a faint call, and fearing that his patient was worse, he pulled on his slippers and went with all speed to the house where the Portuguese was sleeping. He found that the ants had first attacked the bed. To escape them the sick man tried to get out of bed, but was too weak to walk and fell upon the floor.

When Dr. Currie arrived, the Portuguese was a mass of ants, and the room was full. Dr. Currie swung the man on his shoulder and rushed to his own house with him, where he worked for hours getting off the ants that were on his patient and himself. Their whole bodies were bitten, and even their heads. It is dreadful to think of what might have happened if the call had not been heard.

I am very busy and very happy in my work here. We have forty-five girls in school and they are forty-five different problems. I have been very fortunate not to have had any fever yet, and although heavy colds are prevalent now, due no doubt to constant rain and dampness, I have escaped so far with only a slight sore throat. We are having an unusually rainy season and are daily living in expectation of a visit from a hippo. There are many of them down the river, but ordinarily our stream is too small to attract them. It is much swollen now with the rains, and we hope Mr. Hippo will deign to visit us this season. I'm so eager to see one.

Most sincerely yours,

LEONA STUKEY.

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If we may trust the impression our correspondence makes upon us, Opal's story has reduced the average age of new readers by some three or four decades. A younger member of the *Atlantic's* circle sends this delightful contribution.

A WONDERFUL CAT

By Cecelia Reiniger (age 5)

Once upon a time there was a beautiful mountain. It had all beautiful colored stripes upon it. It had red and green and yellow and orange and brown and lavender and purple stripes on it. And it had silver and gold! It was so beautiful it just shined! It shined in the sunlight! It was God's mountain.

And some of God's people climbed way up to the top of that nice mountain that was so lovely and beautiful. And when they got to the top they saw a little hole, and they thought they would find something so wonderful and gorgeous! And what do you think they saw? They saw the most gorgeous and wonderful cat, that had the most gorgeous fur of silver and gold and green. And all colors that were all pure and would never rub off. My, but it was a gorgeous cat!

Do you know whose cat that was? It belonged to the best man in the world. It was God's cat.

When God lived down on this world he lived on that mountain, and he owned a million houses, and a million cats, and that was his best cat. He lived there for years and years and years, just five years. And then some real, real, real bad men killed God, and God died and went to Heaven, where his good blessed-heart Father was. And God forgot to take his cat with him. So God made the cat die and took it up to Heaven with him.

And then what do you think happened? There was a great well. The top of it was way up in Heaven, and the bottom of it was way down on this earth. And the cat fell down to the bottom of that well! But it did not get hurt! Because it was a magic cat, and a magic God, and a magic well.

And the bottom of that well ended right in the bottom of a house. It went right through the house. And the people heard the cat fall in that wonderful well. And the bottom of that well was made of straws and mud and painted so it would stick together. And there was grass on the bottom.

And the people broke the straws and mud so they could see what was inside of it. And what do you think they saw? That cat! They were just scared green, as green as grass and as white as snow! Because they thought that cat would get dead or hurt. But it did not, because there was nice soft grass at the bottom of that well.

And do you know, that well had wonderful steps in it. And the people climbed up the steps to take the cat up to Heaven to God Dear, who was so wonderful and good and nice, and minded everything everyone said. And God was so happy to get his cat back that he let them all stay there forever and ever and ever.

And after everyone got dead and got up to Heaven, God made this world all soft, so soft that no one could get hurt if they fell on it out of Heaven. Because, you know, some people up there haven't any manners. And they might not know that this air was just air, and they might walk on it and fall out.